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To dear Papa,

In sweet remembrance
of his birthday, and also
the pleasant days we passed
together last Summer.

This 13th of May 1875.



God bless you & keep you in 3^d & 4th
of the Holy Spirit

Ever most affectionately

F. W. Faber

+

THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.,

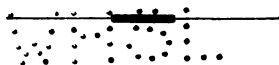
PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NEERI.

BY
JOHN EDWARD BOWDEN,

OF THE SAME CONGREGATION.

With an Introduction by an American Clergyman.

“Look out to God, love His glory, hate yourself, and be simple, and you will shine, fortunately without knowing it or thinking of it, with a Christlike splendour wherever you go and whatever you do.” — *Growth in Holiness*, chap. vi.



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.....

JOHN

Introduction to the American Edition.

IT has been the happy lot of some of God's servants to live in the affections of their fellow-men long after they have finished their course and entered into the joy of their Lord. To others a still greater privilege has been granted: to win the hearts of men to God, to enkindle within them the love of Jesus Christ, and bind them to His service. Who shall say to what a multitude of souls the name of St. Paul has been as a household word from the earliest days of Christianity to this hour? Once converted, the very errors of his previous life have ever since worked together unto good to those who love God. That union of the heart of the man with the soul of the Apostle, which his character so clearly exemplifies—that fusion of all human sympathies with divine virtues of the highest order—how many has it drawn from the ends of the world of unbelief and sin to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and then to the courageous imitation of His Sacred Heart, never more to be separated from Him? How truly may the same be said of St. Augustine. In one of his calmer moments, Luther asserted of him that he was the greatest teacher God had given to the Church since the days of the Apostles. But in that moral world, for the most part hidden from human scrutiny, who can appreciate what influence his name, his vir-

tues and labors, perhaps even his faults, have had in promoting the one grand object dearest to the angelic hosts—to their and our Saviour-God—the glory of His Father, the salvation of sinners? May not the same be asserted with perfect truth of a St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis de Sales, and of many others whom history makes known to us: “rich men in virtue, whose memory is in benediction, and whose remembrance shall be sweet as honey in every mouth, and as music at a banquet of wine?” — *Eccli.* xliv. 45, 49.

In this singularly favored class of God’s servants Father Faber’s name is enrolled; as far, at least, as human gratitude, reverence and love can forerun the judgment of that day when the good and evil of all hearts shall be revealed. Such is the thought of men who knew him long and well, themselves eminent for virtues and learning, and whom the Church has folded to her bosom and consecrated to the same eternal cause, heroic devotion to which has made so many of them confront one of the most worldly-minded generations this century has seen, with the doctrine: “Comfort, and luxury, and home, and ease, are not meant for those who wish to follow Christ—God’s WILL be done, whatever that gracious Will may be!”*

As long ago as August, 1835, when just on the verge of manhood, “his whole soul filled with the love of Christ,” and the thought already often recurring “in what way he could best serve His cause,” an acquaintance said of the youthful Faber: “I cannot tell why

* Lett. lxxi., lxxii.

it is, but that Faber fascinates everybody." The speech was reported to him by another, perhaps one of that circle of religious men whom, in an "incredibly short time," he had gathered round him at Oxford. "This sunk deep into my mind," Father Faber wrote in one of his letters, "and I could not but feel that I should *hasten to lay this talent at the feet of my Redeemer.*"* Truly the talent gained its ten, yea its hundred talents, over and above. Now that he has gone from their ranks, how deserving of consideration are such tributes to his worth as the following, from well-known writers whose position in English society and in the Church imparts additional value to all they publish: "He being dead, yet speaketh." "There is no man to whom these words are more applicable than to him whose beautiful and touching life is now before us. His influence extends far beyond his native land; his works have been translated into almost all European languages; his words sink into the heart and have moulded the characters of Catholics wherever the faith of Peter is held; his voice brings comfort to the mourner, courage to the faltering, peace to the troubled, strength to the weak. His intense and genuine humility is a standing reproach to our vanity and self-conceit; his tenderness and forbearance contrast painfully with our roughness and impatience; his heroic penances in the midst of a life of continual physical suffering, shame our cowardly self-indulgence and shrinking from pain; but above all, his zeal for the glory of God, his thirst for souls, and his devoted charity, have left

* Lett. viii.

us an example which is ably summed up in the words of his biographer: '*He served Jesus out of love.*'"*

To the genuine children of the Church, how suggestive of heavenly longings and of the purest gratitude to God is the following: "Within the last few days one of the most important and most welcome works ever written by an English Catholic has appeared, '*The Life and Letters of the late Father Faber,*' edited by the Rev. Father John Bowden, of the same congregation—the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Every page of the volume bears witness that the writer is an earnest Catholic, a devout priest, a thorough Englishman and an accomplished scholar; and that he has brought every one and all of these qualifications to bear upon the work which he has just published. The '*Life of Father Faber*' is an invaluable volume giving as it does an account of the gradual conversion from Anglicanism to the Catholic Church of one of the most eminent men ~~that~~ has yet joined our ranks from those of Protestantism. . . . And if the compiler of this Life leaves anything undone, the good work is completed in the letters he gives us of Father Faber's. There is throughout them such a genuine, earnest, honest tone of practical piety, that the reader who would not be charmed with them must be difficult indeed to please. To a devout Catholic their perusal must be like one of our very best books of spiritual reading; to a non-Catholic their effect must be to increase greatly his reverence for the Church. In a word, good cannot fail to come of this

* The Tablet.

volume, and it will be, humanly speaking, the cause of many conversions to the Church."*

It does, and will forever enhance the importance of Father Bowden's labor of love that he is himself one of that noble band, who, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure of the Egyptians,"† has left all to follow Him.

To an intelligent and yearly increasing number of American readers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, we commit with confidence this interesting and instructive biography. "We know of no one man," says the first Catholic Review in our language, "who has done more to make the men of his day love God and aspire to a higher path of interior life; and we know no man who so nearly represents to us the mind and the preaching of St. Bernard and St. Bernardine of Sienna in the tenderness and beauty with which he has surrounded the names of Jesus and Mary."‡ Almost every page of the work throws additional light on the rise and progress of a religious movement, now ever-memorable, in the very heart of what some still consider the greatest nation of modern times. It will enable many a sound-hearted son of the Church to appreciate more gratefully the inestimable blessings he enjoys. And it cannot fail to place distinctly before the eyes of a large body of our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, the actual, startling reality of their position before God. It was no unloving heart that dictated these words: "Children are fond of *playing at*

* London Catholic Register.

† Heb. xi. 26.

‡ Dublin Review, January, 1864.

funerals . . . but to see grown-up children, book in hand, playing at mass, putting ornament before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in Catholic sentiments instead of offering the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity; this is a fearful, indeed, a sickening development of the peculiar iniquity of the times, a master-piece of Satan's craft. This is not the way to become Catholic, again: it is only a profaner kind of Protestantism than any we have seen hitherto." More manly piety, deeper veneration, purer love for everything Catholic, we doubt not, will be among the graces flowing from the perusal of this work. And there are those who will not close it, before they have learnt, we trust, to their eternal advantage, that: "For one of the faithful to look as like an unbeliever as he can, is a sight which never won a soul to Christ, or gained for the church the esteem of an opponent."

BALTIMORE, August, 1869.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE Life of Father Faber will be attractive to more than one class of readers. Those acquainted with himself or his writings will naturally be glad to follow his history, and to trace the growth of those powers with which they have been familiar. But his life will probably have an interest far beyond the circle of those who have thus known him. The change of religious thought in England, arising from the Oxford movement of 1833, is the object of increasing attention in every part of the country; and all who wish to study its early progress will find much information in the life of one who was intimately connected with it.

Father Faber's life was divided into two parts, widely distinct in character, by his conversion to the Catholic Faith. For thirty-one years he belonged to the Church of England, and although in the course of that time his opinions underwent considerable change, he did not withdraw from active work in her service until the moment when his connection with her was severed. Moreover, Oxford was his home for many years, and the object of his most affectionate reverence; and most of his friends were members of the Tractarian party, of which he became one of the most zealous adherents.

These ties were broken at once by his conversion. It made him a stranger to the University which he regarded as a mother, and to those whose confidence and love were among his chief enjoyments. Only a few of his immediate friends took the same step as himself, and even from these he was separated by circumstances in after times. With the exception of the first three years, the second period of his life was principally spent in the foundation and government of the London Oratory. There he found his true vocation; it was a work after his own heart, and his labors in it were abundantly blessed. It was to him, as he once wrote, "the happiest place out of heaven," and its members were united to him by the

deepest affection, no less than by their common rule, and by the difficulties which they had passed through under his guidance.

It was the habit of Father Faber to communicate to his friends with the utmost freedom the phases of opinion through which he passed. Each of these was taken up in its turn with so much ardor, and announced with such clearness of expression and beauty of illustration, that every transition was clearly marked. In his letters he had no thought of reticence or hesitation, but facts were related and theories discussed with a freshness and vigor which were among the greatest of his personal charms. Much of this correspondence has fortunately been preserved, and has been placed at my disposal by his friends. To all who have shown this kindness I take the opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks. I am also indebted to his brother, the Rev. F. A. Faber, for much important information, and I have made considerable use of a collection of memoranda relating to the years 1843 to 1847, made by the late Father Antony Hutchison.

Without this valuable assistance, I should have hesitated to undertake the compilation of Father Faber's biography, because it is only to the later portion of his life that my own recollections belong. I was introduced to him at Maryvale on the 9th of August, 1848, and from the 25th of January, 1849, until his death in 1863, I was under obedience to him in the Congregation of the Oratory.

It will be seen that I have contented myself with a simple record of the events of his life, given as far as possible in his own words. My object has been history, not panegyric: indeed, had it been compatible with my past relations toward him to put myself in the position of an impartial critic of his character and work, it would have been distasteful to me to sit in judgment, even for praise, upon one to whom I owe so much, and for whose memory I have so deep and affectionate a veneration.

The Oratory, London.

St. Philip's Day, 1869.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

CHAPTER I.

1814-1834.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER was the seventh child of the late Thomas Henry Faber, Esq., whose family was one of those who took refuge in England on the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., and preserved with pride the evidences of their Huguenot origin. He was born on the 28th of June, 1814, at the Vicarage of Calverley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, of which place his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Faber, was the incumbent, and baptized on the 12th August, in the parish church of St. Wilfrid. In the following December, his father was appointed secretary to Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham, and removed immediately with his family to Bishop Auckland, where he remained until his death in 1833.

From his earliest years Frederick Faber gave promise of remarkable power of mind: and his talents were carefully fostered and developed by his parents, both of whom were persons of considerable

ability. Owing to the death of the three children who were his immediate seniors, he was separated by an interval of some years from his brothers, and as they were absent at school and college during the greater part of his childhood, his position in the family was that of an elder, rather than a younger child. The same circumstance was doubtless the cause of the special affection which his mother bore him, and on which in later years it was his pleasure to dilate.

It was not long before the power and peculiarity of his character began to manifest itself. Ardent and impulsive, he entered upon everything, whether work or play, with eagerness and determination; and whatever he took up was invested in his eyes with an importance which led him to speak of it in somewhat exaggerated language. The exercise of his powers was naturally followed by the consciousness of possessing them, and by a great reliance upon himself. It was part of the candor and openness of his disposition not to conceal by a false humility the remarkable gifts which he had received; and those friends who watched with pleasure their ripening growth were not slow to predict a successful career for the eager and earnest boy.

One of the principal ingredients in his character was its poetical element, the development of which was materially assisted by the beautiful scenes in which his infancy and childhood were passed. The episcopal domain of Bishop Auckland, intersected by the Gaunless, the brook celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in *Harold the Dauntless*, abounds in exquisite pictures;

as do the neighboring rivers Wear and Tees, which descend from the wild mountainous country on the confines of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In another direction, the ancient city of Durham, wherein at that time the Bishop held his court as Count Palatine with many of the insignia of royalty, was well calculated, with its feudal castle and grand cathedral, to supply images of external splendor.

After a short course of instruction at the Grammar School of Bishop Auckland, under the care of the Rev. Robert Thompson, Frederick Faber was removed to the house of the Rev. John Gibson, at Kirkby Stephen, in Westmoreland. This was his first introduction to the Lake scenery, and the impression which its beauties made upon him was never effaced. It was his chief delight to wander, for the most part alone, amongst the hills and lakes, his rambles sometimes extending over two or three days. He describes himself in "the golden hours of schoolboy holiday," as

"Thoughtful even then because of the excess
Of boyhood's rich abounding happiness;
And sad whene'er St. Stephen's curfew bell
Warned me to leave the spots I loved so well.

"Each hazel copse, each greenly tangled bower,
Is sacred to some well-remembered hour;
Some quiet hour when nature did her part,
And worked her spell upon my childish heart." *

In the preface to the second edition of *Sir Lancelot*, published in 1857, he wrote: "Various circumstances led me to fix the supposed action of my poem in the

* On Revisiting the River Eden. No. VIII., edition of 1857.

reign of Henry the Third. My perfect acquaintance with the Westmoreland mountains, the scene of my first and very free school days, and my familiarity with their changeful features, their biographies of light and shade, by night as well as by day, through all the four seasons, naturally decided me as to the locality of my poem.

* * * * *

“The same choice also permitted me to restore the physical features of the country to the state in which my boyhood persisted in representing them to me, during the many solitary afternoons and long summer holidays spent among the ruined halls and castles and moated houses, which are so frequent on the eastern side of those mountains, the abbeys shrinking rather to the west. The forests were replanted; the chases were filled again with deer, the ancestors of the red deer of the Duke of Norfolk, which still drank at the brink of Ullswater by Lyulph’s tower; the heronries slanted again over the edges of the lakes; the unpersecuted eagles woke the echoes of Helvellyn; spear-tops glanced in the sun on the steep paths that lay like pale green threads across the mountains; the castles rang with arms; the bright ivy had not mantled the ruddy sandstone beacons which warned men of the Scotch; the abbeys and chantries were haunted by church-music, while the lesser cells in the secluded pastoral vales heard once more the nightly aspirations of wakeful prayer, and Cistercian shepherds could scarcely be distinguished, in their white habits, from the sheep they tended, as they moved across the fells, high up

above their moorland granges. As the warder on the battlements, or rather as the alchemist from his turret, saw that land of hills and woods and waters beneath the starlight long ago, so did I see it always in those ardent years. From earliest times it was to me the land of knightly days, and the spell has never been broken. When it became the dwelling-place of manhood and the scene of earnest labor, the light upon it only grew more golden ; and now, a year-long prisoner in the great capital, that region seems to me a home whence I have been exiled, but which, only to think of, is tranquillity and joy."

On leaving Kirkby Stephen, in 1825, Frederick Faber passed a short time at Shrewsbury School, and then proceeded to Harrow, where he remained until he went up to Oxford. During the greater part of his stay the school was governed by Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to whose wise and paternal direction he always professed himself to have been much indebted. At one period, when he had taken up infidel views, the gentleness and tenderness of Dr. Longley saved him from what might have been a serious injury. After this he consulted the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, vicar of Harrow, on his religious doubts, and imbibed from his teaching and prayers much of the Evangelicalism which was apparent in the first terms of his residence at Oxford. It will be seen in the sequel that he received much kindness at Dr. Longley's hands in after years. Whilst at Harrow he gave much of his time to the perusal of English literature, probably to the detriment of his classical studies.

This passion prevented him from taking an enthusiastic part in the ordinary recreations of the school, in which he did not distinguish himself; he was, however, a good rider, and an excellent swimmer. One day, while spending his holidays with the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, he said he had been calculating how much time he could save in his life by signing his name Frederic without the letter k. "I can tell you how much," answered Sir Benjamin; "precisely the time you have lost in making the calculation."

His mother died in 1829, and four years later he lost his father. From that time the place of his parents was supplied to him by his eldest brother, the late T. H. Faber, Esq., of Stockton-on-Tees.

Frederick Faber was matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, in Act Term, 1832, and in the following winter was a candidate for a scholarship there. Although he was unsuccessful, his examination was so satisfactory that he was offered rooms at once, and thus enabled to come into residence in the Lent Term of 1833. "Our first recollection of F. Faber," writes one of his contemporaries in an obituary notice, "is of a graceful and intelligent boy just launched into a great public school; and next, as a young man who had lately won for himself a high place in honors at Oxford. No one could have known him in those days without being attracted by a grace of person and mind rarely to be met with."*

His prepossessing appearance and remarkable talent, together with conversational gifts of a very high order,

* Dublin Review, January, 1864.

made him a general favorite, and he soon laid the foundation of several lasting friendships. The names of many of his friends are to be found in the volumes of poems which he afterwards published ; among them were the Rev. J. B. Morris, Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Beresford Hope, Lord John Manners, Mr. Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford, Dean Stanley, and Bishop Claughton, of Rochester. Some of these were Cambridge men, whom he often visited there, always keeping up a special affection for that University. As yet, however, his commanding powers were not fully recognized ; and as he expressed with his customary freedom of speech the criticisms which his keen sense of the ludicrous, as well as his natural abilities, suggested to him, he drew down upon himself the remonstrance of a friend, to whom he replied as follows :

“ August 25th, 1834.

“ The character of being arrogant I shall most probably never lose, for no efforts can efface a bad name ; I cannot, however, say that this prospect gives me the slightest uneasiness. If by the help of God’s grace I can so far change my disposition as to disprove it to myself and to those friends whose opinions I value and respect, I shall be most completely satisfied, and I shall make daily endeavors to effect so important and happy a transmutation.”

With regard to his occupations at Oxford, the friend to whom the letter just quoted was addressed, who knew him intimately during the whole of his undergraduate career, and whom he regarded with undiminished affection to the last, can attest to the innocence and joyousness of his life, and to the determination

with which, in spite of severe and often excruciating headache, he formed those habits of study which, though little observed perhaps by others, were nevertheless the foundation of his future learning. A similar testimony is given to his blameless manners: he resisted from first to last the temptations to which many succumb, and by the grace of God was able to preserve unstained the purity of his life.

Frederick Faber had not been long at Oxford before he began to find new themes for his verse in its buildings and neighborhood. At one time he would note in the language of poetry the changes of season and weather in the surrounding country with a fidelity which showed him to be a close observer, and at another would draw his inspiration from some one of the many associations connected with the venerable city itself. In the first year of his undergraduate life he wrote one of his most popular pieces, the Cherwell Water-lily, which, however, was not published until 1840.

His heart, however, was still in the beautiful district where he had passed his early years. In his farewell copy of verses at Harrow, he said:

"Nature hath been my mother: all her moods
On the gray mountain or the sullen floods
Have charmed my soul."

"Here in Oxford," he wrote in 1835, "I literally live among the mountain scenes of my schoolboy days, and breathe the liberal air, and feel the mountain influences." In later years, his residence at Amble-

side, and his enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Wordsworth, confirmed the old impressions, and contributed to stamp on most of the productions of his muse the marks of the land of her birth.

When he came into residence at Oxford, his religious ideas had already assumed a very definite shape, for the spiritual training of his parents had indoctrinated him with the Calvinistic views which were traditional in his family, and these had been further strengthened by what had passed at Harrow. There was much in them to attract him: his ardent nature was pleased with the warmth of expression which they encouraged, whilst the personal intercourse between God and the soul which their theory of faith promoted, was well suited to one of his affectionate temperament. How deeply the truths of religion possessed his mind appears from his hymn, "The God of my Childhood,"* which expresses a continual sense of the Presence and Providence of God. . It refers to the teaching of his mother the sweet and wondrous things on which he loved to dwell, and gives evidence of her love of him in the verse:

" They bade me call Thee Father, Lord !
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed."

He brought with him to the University a keen interest in the theological questions which were at that time coming forward into notice, and he entered warmly into such political measures as affected the

* No. 11, edition of 1862.

position of the Church of England. Although very eager in his partisanship, the truthfulness of his character led him to discover the weak points of his own case, and his friends were often surprised at the clearness with which he anticipated the remote consequences of the principles which he had adopted. From the time of his arrival at Oxford, he attended the parochial services at St. Mary's, and soon became an enthusiastic admirer, "an acolyth," as he termed it, of the Rev. John Henry Newman, then vicar of that church. He was not, however, personally acquainted with Mr. Newman until three or four years later.

He threw himself eagerly into the great movement begun in 1833 for the revival of Church principles, the chief exposition of which was the series of Tracts for the Times. His correspondence about this time testifies to the interest which he took in the doctrinal questions thus brought forward; in one letter, dated Jan. 1, 1834, he wrote:

"Transubstantiation has been bothering me: not that I lean to it; but *I have seen no refutation of it*. How can it be absurd and contradictory to the evidence of our senses, when they cannot by any means take cognizance of the unknown being, substance, which alone is held up as the subject of this conversion? Answer that."

In another letter of the same year, he said,

"Ignatius I find to be quite as strong as the most High Church could wish: 'Follow after your bishop, presbyters and deacons; for without these there is no Church.' And again: 'ὅς καθρα ἱερωσύνης τε καὶ λατρύει τῷ διαβόλῳ.' It becomes a very serious question now as to the obedience

demanded from us to his epistles, confessedly corrupt, and about the text of which fresh disputes are daily arising."

There remained, however, in Frederick Faber's mind many traces of the feelings by which he had been formerly influenced, and towards the end of his second year at Oxford his views underwent a change. Foreseeing the lengths to which in consistency the Tractarian party would be obliged to go, and being unwilling to commit himself to such developments, he was disposed to withdraw from their teaching, and to fall back upon the Evangelical tenets which he had forsaken for them. The history of this reaction is given in the following letters.

LETTER I.—TO JOHN BRANDE MORRIS, Esq.

Stockton-on-Tees, Thursday evening,
September 11th, A. S. 1834.

My dear J——,

I begin another letter to you, because I am now never happy unless I am thinking, talking, and writing respecting things eternal. One, therefore, of my greatest pleasures consists in writing to you. If the faith of the good King David — the most cheerful of saints and most melodious of poets — felt renovated and refreshed by going up to the house of God with his familiar friend, how much more should the degenerate Christians of these lukewarm days rejoice in it! No man is more eager after congenial society than a religious man. His heart is teeming with a thousand high themes; and utterance brings the same kind of relief to him that tears do to the stupefied heart-bursting mourner. When, after writing to you and one or two other relations and friends, I turn to pen a letter to my literary intellectual friends, you cannot conceive how weak and uninteresting the topics of

discussion become. It is like one of Tom Moore's melodies after an Handelian chorus, at once ludicrous and disgusting from its inferiority. How pleasant three men, entering into the church, and coinciding in serious views, might make a college life!

Religious biography, which has ever been my favorite study, has this vacation occupied almost all my extra-classical hours: and it would be no difficult matter for me to compile a very respectable code of Christian experience from my late reading. However, I will reserve all discussions on character till we meet. What I am going now to say is this, that it somewhat disheartens me to see the maturity of faith and the spiritual perfection, to which many good men arrive so early. They seem to be made Christians all at once. Their conversion appears to have been almost miraculous; and the process as palpable as the scales falling from the blind man's eyes. It is true that I have often had hours of ecstatic, enthusiastic devotion, but the fever has soon subsided, and my feelings have flowed on calmly and soberly in their accustomed channels. Yet I have had none of those miraculous heart-awakenings — none of those *visible* interferences of the Spirit to pluck me as a brand from the burning. However, I suppose the power of religion acts in ten thousand different ways, and by ten thousand various instruments, according to the constitution and temperament of those over whom its agency is to be exercised. Nevertheless, I must likewise confess that when I look for the fruits of my faith I cannot find any. As old Hooker says: "The little fruit which we have in holiness, it is, God knoweth, corrupt and unsound; we put no confidence at all in it, we challenge nothing in the world for it, we dare not call God to reckoning as if we had Him in our debt-books; our continual suit to Him is and must be, to bear with our infirmities and pardon our offences."

C — brings a charge against Oxford, which I fear we must both acknowledge to be *in the general* true. He says: "I am less acquainted with the interior of Oxford — but Cambridge abounds with men whose ardent desire it is to

glorify the Master who has loved them, and given Himself for them. The great evil which I seemed to perceive at Oxford was the substitution of a sort of zeal for the exterior of religion for the inward spirit of faith and love. How easy it is to mistake the love of our party for the love of our God—to put the Church of England in the place of the Church of Christ—and to care infinitely more for the outworks than the doctrines she so zealously inculcates.” Now, J——, I will fairly plead guilty, as an Oxonian, to this charge. There is a great deal of this in our dear University. Not that it is wrong; these things ought we to do, but not to leave the other undone. I love the Church of England most fervently and affectionately, and with a love which grows warmer and warmer as I become more intimately acquainted with her doctrines and her ordinances. But I will confess that I suspect and mistrust that sort of religion in which *apostolicity, establishment, episcopacy, &c. &c.* are terms in more frequent usage than *depravity, atonement, justification*, etc.: in which the Church is defined to be a body corporate as opposed to Dissent; and not a mystical union and incorporation of its members with Christ and with each other, as opposed to the carnal world. However, more of this anon. I should like to hear *your* opinion on the subject. I think that we best serve our venerable church, not by always lauding her ordinances, but by practising in their primitive purity, her truly Scriptural doctrines. This is a most neglected *truism*.

LETTER II.—TO THE SAME.

Stockton-on-Tees, September 28,
Sunday, A. S. 1834.

My dear J ——,

I write to you on Sunday because I cannot bear to remain even one day without unburthening my mind to you. It distresses me extremely that I should have fallen under your condemnation so seriously as I appear to have done. And

the purport of this letter is to free myself from some of the most grievous imputations contained in your letter. I know the French proverb — *celui s'accuse, qui trop s'excuse* — but I must confess I do think myself somewhat *unintentionally* wronged. . . . When I first felt a Calvinistic bias growing upon me, stronger and stronger every day, it was the subject of most earnest prayer to God that He would guide me into all truth. I had been accustomed to have the most unreserved communication with my Oxford friends on all matters of religious opinion, and I shrunk from anything like concealment. I was perfectly aware of your extreme dislike to Calvinists, and as I knew you were a far better Biblicalist than men of your standing usually are, and an infinitely better one than myself, I felt unwilling to provoke a paper discussion, feeling confident that neither party could clearly convey their impressions save *vivâ voce*: and it is on this account that I still decline paper controversy on this subject; not doubting that all things will be made clear when we meet. The present letter then will not touch the most remotely upon Arminian or Calvinistic or Middle Party opinions. It will only, I trust, place my conduct before you in a somewhat more pardonable light than that in which you now view it. Unwilling, as I said before, to have any concealment on this head, I could not help reflecting that if I entertained this *bias* in silence, and did not mention it till we met at Oxford, and yet kept writing letters to you on religious topics, there would be an unpleasant appearance of hypocrisy, or to say the least, of want of confidence and unfriendly reserve on my part. With this impression I wrote to H —, and desired him to communicate to you — what? That I had become a Calvinist? That I entertained Calvinistic opinions? No — that I had got a *bias* towards *some* of their opinions. I went on to say that I considered the controversy one which demanded long and careful study: that I should not make up my mind on the subject for three or four years to come. I mentioned that I had with prayer read the New Testament through twice without notes, and that hence had

sprung my bias. Now here, my dear Morris, is the grand misunderstanding: you recollect the irrational precipitation with which I rush to a conclusion in political and literary matters, and you recollect also the pertinacious obstinacy with which I adhere to a conclusion once formed, and it was natural that you should imagine I had been doing the same in matters of religion. Now I took care to guard most earnestly against this idea in my letter to H——. I said there, as I repeat here, that I met with several passages, and the whole tenor of several epistles, which I should have said *decidedly* favored the Calvinistic tenets: but I recollected the great authorities against them; I bore in mind my own ignorance and incapability to decide, so *I did violence to my judgment*; I refused to give an intellectual assent, because that intellect was too immature to form a correct opinion of the controversy. I appealed to Commentators: for the most part they were in favor of the Calvinistic interpretation, and where they were not so they seemed at a loss to explain the passages in any unconstrained manner. The result of my inquiry is simply this, that I disavow all Arminianism and all Calvinism; but I have lost entirely the prejudice which I once had against the latter opinions, and I see most clearly that the Calvinism of *Calvin* is not connected in the most remote degree with fatalism, and cannot but be a spur to, instead of a dissuasive from, active and energetic action. You quote Hooker with an air of triumph: I rejoice at it; all the Calvinism with which I have the misfortune to be tainted may be found most clearly explained in that great and good man's sermons on Justification by Faith, and on the Certainty and Perpetuity of Faith in the Elect. I plead guilty to *Hookerism*, and nothing further. At present, then, my opinions on the quinquarticular doctrines of the Synod of Dort are in abeyance. I uphold in the fullest and most latitudinarian manner the tenets of universal toleration and the supremacy of private judgment. But surely this is only the freedom and liberty of the Gospel — not the licentiousness of unsubdued pride. If a mere boy of twenty were

to interpret the Scripture *ad libitum* — form his own creed and attempt to vindicate its infallibility — decide where the best and wisest of men have doubted — rush in with unhal-
lowed precipitation where the angels of heaven fear to tread ; would this, my dear Morris, be the exercise of private judg-
ment, or the insane flights of devilish arrogance and high-
exulting impiety? Do not then, I beseech you, think so ill
of me as to imagine that three months had or could make me
a Calvinist. It must and will take double that number of
years to make me adopt a creed contrary to the one in which
I have been brought up. A *bias* in doubtful religious contro-
versy requires years before it issues forth in settled convic-
tion : do not therefore be afraid of me.

LETTER III. — TO A FRIEND (A.)

University College, Oxford,
January, A. S. 1835.

* * * * *

I am almost inclined to differ from you on the subject
of ambition. I hold it to be a feeling which no generous or
ardent mind is without : and that unless it gains such strength
as to become oppressive, and to give us a wrong bias, it is not
desirable that it should be stifled. The regulation and super-
intendence of it is certainly one of the most difficult things
in the moral government of ourselves. I should never have
been relieved of mine if it had depended upon steady and
vigorous mental discipline ; because as yet I have lived by
impulses. My freedom, or comparative freedom, is a piece
of *εὐτυχία* resulting from the *accidents* of my Oxford career.
In looking calmly back upon the intellectual part of the two
last years—for every man has many biographies running in
parallel lines—it is not difficult for me to point out these
accidents.

a. I had been very much puffed up, very injudiciously so,
at Harrow, and when I came up to Oxford I found myself all
at once in a place where a totally different standard of mind
prevailed, and I became an inferior, a few weeks after I had

been in possession of an uncontested superiority. β . My feelings were crushed down by various heart-chilling things, and I had not any energy left in me. These things were enough to quell the most fiery furnace of ambition, even though it was seven times heated by the applause popularis Hergensis auræ. Besides, a process of quiet self-examination, a retiring to take the measure of myself, showed me the absurdity, while, I think I may add, religion showed me the wrongness of cherishing such wild day-dreams to the extinction of practical virtue and usefulness. One ambition I still have, to be eminently useful in my profession.

* * * * *

The Church (thank Heaven) presents an aspect now peculiarly unpromising to those who would embrace it from mere professional views: and I think that more comfort as to her *future* prospects may be derived from the cathartic effect (*ὡς ἐπὶ τοῦ ἐκτείν*) of her present prospects upon the troops generally crowding to ordination, than from any other symptom whatsoever. At the same time, it is a grievous thing to see the *great majority* (and is it not the case?) of young men of sound intellect and high principle going into other professions, where the path to opulence or to eminence lies more open, and is beset with fewer dangers, while the Church is left to men of amiable, pious, but weak minds, whose *good intentions* would sacrifice her to that mild-spoken philosophy of expediency, so rife in these days.

* * * * *

I quite agree with you that the duties of a clergyman always have been, and are now more than ever likely to be of a stirring nature: but you rather misunderstood what I said about possessing my soul in quietness. I did not mean that dreamy quietism, such as Bramah reposes in, who is, as his worshippers assert, an ocean without waves, a sleep without a dream: but I meant that I could not keep my enthusiasm in one channel—my energies bent upon one object. There is a desultoriness about me which a clergyman ought not to have; but I suppose I can get rid of that. There is no fear

of my changing my profession: I feel to an almost sinful degree that I never could be happy or content in any other profession. It seems my destiny: it has thrown a color over all my boyhood: it has been my life's one dream; so much so that I sometimes fancy I am *called* to it. So high however is the standard which I have set up in my own mind, and so much below that standard do I find myself, that I do at times question my fitness for so *awful* a vocation. The love of display—despicable thing—is, I fear, very strong in me: and the silent conflicts, the under-currents of persecution which a parish priest meets with, must be met with that superhuman energy that places its "strength" (according to that fine *ἀντιστοιχία* of Isaiah) "in quietness and in confidence."

In arranging my thoughts for my Church Article, I have been thinking a great deal on the merits and tendency of Newmanism: and I have become more than ever convinced of its falsehood. There is in the human mind at all times a strong tendency to mysticism; and when you add to this natural propension the accidents of depth of thought, peculiar line of study, and a somewhat monastic seclusion, I do not wonder that Newman's mind has become deeply tinged by that mystical allegorizing spirit of Origen and the school of Alexandria. I can answer from personal experience for the manner in which it captivates a mind which is in the least imaginative. But there is a cause beyond this. Newman felt himself thrown into complete opposition to Whately and that school which embodies the modern notions on religion; and thus was led to take up a more decisive position, to define and systematize floating ideas and theories, and proselytize with greater vehemence than he otherwise would have done. He who hung his dripping garments and votive tablet to the ocean god had no doubt a keener sense of the perils of the sea than any one else: and this perhaps leads me to regard with deep sorrow the spread of this amiable devotional mysticism in Oxford. It must inevitably, as it surely does legitimately, lead to that distinction between the *religio philosophi* and the *superstitio populi* which was the main earthly cause of the tremendous downfall of the huge fabric of paganism.

No such consequences can of course ensue in Christianity; but a very serious blow may be given to the Church by bodies of young men going out to be parish priests, believing that there are inner doctrines, which *it is as well* not to reveal to the vulgar—mysteries—I am using Newman's own words, which are his peculiar treasure—“*thoughts which it is scarcely right to enlarge upon in a mixed congregation.*”

Am I chimerical in anticipating quite as much danger from the mysticisms of Newman as from the rationalities of Whately? It is not in my case, as you well know, that he jests at scars who never felt a wound. I can most sincerely say, that after having been an unprejudiced acolyth of Newman's, an attentive reader of his works, a diligent attender at his church—I found the impressive simplicities of the Bible irksome to me: all its quiet consolations were knocked away from under me, and vague, bodiless Platonic reveries were the food my soul craved for. Observe, I *know* that this is not the case with Newman himself: I believe him to be an eminently pious, humble-minded Christian: but I think that he has sat at the feet of the early contemplative philosophers with an unscriptural humility—that he has imbibed their notions—and that his followers are likely to become a sort of Christian Essenes. Of course it would be preposterous in me to charge upon Newman what was probably in a great measure my own fault; but still I think I may argue that the tendency of his system is bad: whether it is that uncongenial minds misunderstand it, or wayward fancies pervert it, I think it is bad: and I look upon its onward course with fear and with distrust. What makes me fear most is that I have seen Newman himself *growing* in his opinions: I have seen indistinct visions become distinct embodiments; I have seen the conclusion of one proposition become the premise of a next, through a long series: all this is still going on—to my eyes more like the blind march of error than the steady uniformity of truth—and I know not when it will stop. But you must be about tired of this topic; I forgot that it was unlikely your thoughts would have turned just at present in the same direction with mine.

CHAPTER II.

1835.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1834, Frederick Faber was elected scholar of University College, and accordingly took up his residence there early in 1835. Mr. Donkin, now Professor of Astronomy in the University, obtained another scholarship at the same time.

From this time Mr. Faber gave himself up to the task of preparing himself for the schools. "The more however," he had written on the 18th July, 1834, "that I fathom my own classical knowledge and consider my own advancement in scholarship, the more I feel the improbability—if not the impossibility—of my efforts being crowned with a First Class. I surrendered myself, while at Harrow, so wholly and unreservedly to the more easy charms of modern literature that I fear it is too late now to make myself a proficient in the studies of antiquity."

His work did not proceed without interruption. The Oxford University Debating Society, afterwards called the Union, attracted much of his attention. He spoke frequently, and earned considerable fame, even amongst such speakers as Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Ward, and Archbishop Tait. He also contributed much to the establishment of the Oxford University Magazine, which, however, like many similar periodicals, had a very brief existence.

Among the articles written by him was one on "The Christian Year," and another upon "Philip Van Artevelde," which he undertook the more readily from the fact of Mr. Taylor's father being an intimate friend of his family. His work in the magazine is thus spoken of in one of his letters:

LETTER IV.—TO A FRIEND (A.)

January 15, 1835.

I am now going to tell you what I have been writing: *imprimis*, a brief article on Burns, Byron, and letter-writing. The thought, if there is any thought in it, struck me while I was working at my Church Article, so I sat down and scribbled it off at a sitting; and now cannot for the life of me correct one word in it; so you may imagine what a screed it is.

As to my Church Article—one more hiss at the expediency men, and my snake will coil itself up in quietude and joy, never more to be uninvolved in politics: because they asperitize my mind, a thing which ought never to happen to a Wordsworthian.

In one of my articles the other day, I had occasion to allude to the pleasurable emotions resulting from a sense of power; and after a great deal of *clear-spirited thought* (!) I have come to the conclusion that, apart from religion, the *potestas efficax* of which does not reside in or result from man's own heart—the greatest pleasure of life arises from the felt sense of power: the greatest intellectual pleasure is the sense of intellectual power; for creative energy is clearly the most luxurious, and it is power solely; nay, even sympathy with the author you read is a modification of power; the power, e. g., of applying his ideas to your own, and eliciting the magical congeniality whence the pleasure of sympathy arises. And the greatest physical pleasure we have is the sense of physical power; and it is the most closely connected with mind, for mind is the directrix of animal energies, or

ought to be; and the more the integrity of her regulating power is preserved, the nobler is the nature of the individual. Therefore a felt sense of power constitutes the greatest pleasure we enjoy. Q. E. D.

I want you to read Burns' letters when you come back: they have given me such unmingled pleasure that I am anxious you should participate in it. In discussing the question why an author is incapacitated from passing a just judgment on his own works (which, *en passant*, using the word *just* in a popular sense, is true; in any other sense, quite false) he explains it by saying that the poet pores and pores so often on every part that at last the words hardly convey the proper ideas to the mind; and he becomes so habituated to the sound that his critical acumen is dulled and useless. But how few poets do pore and pore, etc.? Begging the pardon of so great a man as Robert Burns, the cause, *ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ*, lies far deeper than his *ἐμπήρευσος*. Take, we will say, your last work—it is short and simple: now are there not numberless images and thoughts in your mind, connected with different expressions and ideas in that short poem, and yet which the mere words as printed do not of necessity convey to the mind of the reader? Are there not trains of thought opened up in your mind, when you peruse the poem, which it is not probable, or at least which there is no reason to suppose will be opened up in the mind of another? Now these *accidental associations*, as I should call them, pervade the mind of the author; he cannot read his poem without his soul being flooded with them: to him his images convey a beautiful distinctness which the public see not; his ideas possess to him a depth of thought recognizable by no one else: the very garb of language in which his imaginings are clothed, shrouds their real loveliness from those who are not admitted—who *cannot* be admitted to the inner shrine of the seer's own soul.

The most serious interruption of his classical studies was caused by his competition for the Newdigate prize

poem. From his predilection for verse, it was naturally expected that he would turn his attention to the poetical prizes which are open to undergraduates, but until his last year the subjects given out did not take his fancy ; but when "The Knights of St. John" was selected in 1835 for the poem of the following year, he seized upon it at once, and began to form his plan on the very day that the subject came out. It was finished in the month of July, although the prize was not to be decided until the summer of 1836. Mr. Faber had intended to pass the examination for his degree in the Easter Term of that year, but a severe attack of influenza obliged him to withdraw his name, and to go down into the country for a short time. During his absence, the prize was awarded to his poem, which Professor Keble, an *ex officio* judge, pronounced to be remarkably elegant and highly polished ; and it was afterwards stated by the late Mr. Hussey, another of the judges, that of the thirty-seven poems sent in, none came into competition with the winner. It was recited as usual in the Sheldonian Theatre, at Commemoration, June 15, 1836.*

During the first half of the year 1835, Frederick Faber enjoyed at Oxford the society of his more intimate friends, and it was not until he was separated from them during the long vacation that it was necessary for him to resume his correspondence. It will be seen from the following extracts, that his letters, written in the full confidence of friendship, display with fidelity the working of his mind, sometimes

* The Knights of St. John. Poems, No. IX., edition of 1857.

describing the progress of his composition for the Newdigate prize, or of his classical studies, but more frequently setting forth at great length his views on some religious question.

LETTER V.—TO A FRIEND (A.)

Stockton-upon-Tees, Friday evening,
August 21, 1835, A. S.

It has pleased God, ever since I have been wakened to a sense of my own utter helplessness, and convinced of the love of my Redeemer, that I should enjoy to an almost unexampled degree the use of the means of grace, more particularly in the study of religious books. These must now be in a great measure closed; and I must look to God with trembling hope that He will preserve my spirituality of mind by an additional outpouring of His Holy Spirit upon me; for I have already had occasion to deplore the deadening effect of so much heathen reading upon the soul's health. / A fearful responsibility rests somewhere in the matter of modern education. / The absence of nearly all those characteristics which should mark Christian instruction, the familiarizing the susceptible mind of boyhood with representations of crime and unnatural lust, which the apostle says it is a shame even to make mention of, the entwining around the remembrances of early study the fictions of an impure mythology—these will be fearful items of account at the day of judgment. I am by no means for expelling the classics, but reducing the monstrous excess to which the study of them has been pushed. I know that they are peculiarly fitted for calling forth the exercise of the mental powers; and I am satisfied that fitting the mind for the reception of truth rather than filling it with knowledge is the proper object of education.

Now, to be more particular, it is said that the mind of a boy is peculiarly susceptible, and that whatever he is taught at that tender age sinks deep—a Christian then takes care

that nothing shall be presented to his boy at such a critical age, save those solemn and eternal truths which *must* have an abiding place in the soul of a redeemed sinner: is this the case? far from it. You teach him to pray night and morning from his cradle upwards that he may not be led into temptation; and then you tamper with his lusts, his feelings, his eternal welfare, by making him pore over Horace's Odes, where all sorts of enormities are dressed up in all the felicities of melody and diction—in all the charms of levity and jest. His Bible he is taught to read in his native tongue, and but seldom; but these impurities he has painfully to *work out* from an unknown language, where the impression is of course deeper and stronger. Now, I ask, what is this but a plain and practical denial of the doctrine of man's depravity? What is it but to plunge your boy into that temptation against which he is taught to pray? And is not this a mockery of God?

LETTER VI.—TO THE SAME.

University College, Oxford,
December 20th, A. S. 1835.

My reading goes on prosperously and rapidly; but still there is a dreary load of stuff to be won through before I can look for rest, and it seems to thicken. I had no idea till I commenced reading in earnest, how extremely weak my constitution was, and how completely the struggles I had for life in early boyhood had shattered me. 'Tis well to feel how gentle a wrench will set me free; and well to feel in the heyday of life and spirits one's mortality pressed upon notice every hour of every day. But my spiritual life is sadly soiled with all this secular reading: and my thoughts are bent with a dreadful intensity and an anxious looking onwards in merely temporal matters. I really dare not say that I have once said my prayers happily since my reading began. May God bear through with me, and uphold me with His grace to the end; for in that is my only hope, Fond

as I am now of the classics, I cannot but feel the evil and the peril of so much heathen literature all at once to one who from his years must be a beginner in religion.

LETTER VII.—TO THE SAME.

Stockton-on-Tees, Tuesday,
August 25, 1835.

I find that Butler makes me think intensely, and opens up my mind almost like Wordsworth or Niebuhr; but I object to getting it up for the schools, because I think I should be better employed if I substituted in its place some more *Christian* book—I speak advisedly—some more Christian book than the work of that right reverend prelate. You once told me that you did not think Butler's low view of the Atonement the strongest objection to his book. I confess I did not believe you when you said so: I am now fully convinced of the truth of your remark. The Analogy has now occupied my thoughts for a long time: and the result of my study has been that if *that* is Christianity, I *am* not, and God grant I never *may* be a Christian. Now this is strong, but it is deliberate. And as I know you are a vehement advocate of the metaphysical bishop's, I am anxious to hear a detailed critical opinion upon a book which I look upon as almost the greatest work of *pagan* wisdom I ever perused. It would be almost useless to make specific objections; but lest you should misapprehend my drift, just let us run through my two favorite chapters, the most lucid, and *in one sense* most satisfactory portions of the treatise: I mean chaps. iv. and v. of part i. Let us cast an eye then over chap. iv. On a state of Probation, as implying trial, difficulties, and danger. "With regard to religion, there is no more required than what they are well able to do, and what they must be greatly wanting to themselves if they neglect. And for persons to have that put upon them which they are well able to go through, and no more, we naturally consider as an equitable thing; supposing it done by proper authority." Now, my dear A., in the name

of goodness, what system of religion is the bishop talking of? For four years I have been intensely studying the Christian religion; it has gilded prosperity to me with a more radiant hue, it has dispelled the gloom and shade of despondency, it has exalted my intellect, and ennobled every feeling of my nature. But the religion which did all this, ay, and more for me, was a something unspeakably different from the religion here delineated. The Christianity I found in the Bible (and if the features of spiritual discernment be truly laid down in the Gospel, I was taught by the Holy Spirit) did require infinitely more, not only than I was well able to do, but able to do at all. It told me to be perfect even as God is perfect; to be pure even as He is pure; to mortify the flesh; to watch unto prayer: it told me that for every idle word I should speak, for every idle thought I should think, I should be called to judgment; that God required truth in the inward parts; and finally it pronounced that awful fiat that without holiness no man should see the Lord: and yet, regardless of paradox, this strange book, this mysterious Bible, went on to tell me that I could do no good thing of myself; that the imaginations of my heart were evil continually, that I could not so much as think a good thought of myself; that it was God that worketh in me both to will, yes, even to will, and to do of His own good pleasure—nay, God Himself sums it all up in Rev. iii. 17; He tells us, even us Christians, that we are “wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked.” And then to show that these were not declarations made in random fits of inspiration, my system proceeds with eminent consistency to show the remedy for all this. In the same breath that it tells me of my utter helplessness, it tells me that God has laid help on one that is mighty, and that all my sufficiency is of God; it tells me I am impure; it tells me I cannot advance more towards making myself pure than the Ethiop towards changing his color; and finally it tells me—and I cling with the desperate energy of a drowning man to the declaration—that “the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.”

It almost looks like an insult to transcribe to you this Scripture alphabet; and it is needless for me to point out to your acute eye the multiform discrepancies between Bishop Butler and myself; yet nearly every word I have written is in the very words of the Bible. Well then, as Isaiah says, "to the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." If then the fact that God demands more than "we are very well able to do" be a legitimate subject of complaint, as is surely more than implied by the bishop, then we may complain. That everything which Jehovah does is, and must from the essentialities of His nature ever be equitable, there can be little doubt; but original sin seems to have tumbled, *miro quodam modo excidisse*, from his lordship's articles of faith. Now A., I know you are a bigot of a Butlerian, but I appeal to you, fairly and without special pleading, if you as an Evangelical, a Calvinist, a Christian, can reconcile my statement and the bishop's. I do not ask you whether you agree to my statement or not, for I have had the inexpressible pleasure during the last year of seeing every item of it beautifully exemplified in your own daily conduct and life, so I am easy on that score. I only therefore require you to show that my system is at one with his—is harmoniously accordant with that of our illustrious author.

LETTER VIII.—TO THE SAME.

Stockton-upon-Tees,
August 29, 1835.

I may speak freely to you without the imputation of conceit. You talk of my zeal for my dear Redeemer. Alas! you cannot tell how it pains me to be so well thought of as I am: but I will say nothing of that. I want to lay claim to your most fervent prayers for my conduct in the critical position I am now placed in at Oxford.

When I reflected on all that God had done to me, and when by His grace my whole soul became filled with the love of

Christ, I bethought myself in what manner I could best serve His cause. God has given to me a peculiar, to my mind a very peculiar talent, at first sight alien to my character, of attaching people to myself. I was first struck by it one day when Y——, soon after his conversion, was indulging in expressions of affection for me. He quoted a speech which P—— had made use of at Harrow—“*I cannot tell why it is, but that Faber fascinates everybody.*” This sunk deep into my mind; and I could not but feel that I should hasten to lay this talent at the feet of my Redeemer. I began when I returned to Oxford a regular system: in an incredibly short time I had collected round me a circle of religious men, before unknown to me. The hand of Providence was palpably with me. I proceeded, as far as prudence seemed to dictate, to organize, so to speak, a system of aggressive efforts in favor of religion; and under my guidance a number of prayer meetings was speedily established; and by God’s grace I was enabled to do it with little noise or ostentation.

Now how am I situated? I will speak unreservedly to you. There are many men in Oxford who at this moment look up to me as in some sort a spiritual guide and counsellor; and many more in whose eyes the cause of religion has become intimately blended with myself; so that I have much to do in religion of an actual business-like character. Now I am but a boy of 21, and on me has all this devolved. In what danger do I stand of becoming head of a party, of pride, of assumption, of self-sufficiency! and what injury would accrue to the cause of Christ from any inconsistency in my Christian walk? Oh! my dearest A., do I not need your prayers? Do you recollect the touching complaint of the Jewish Church, in the Song of Solomon, “My mother’s children were angry with me; they made me *keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*” You know not how intensely I feel the force of this verse. Often when I am in companies where religion is not named, where earth and the things of earth are dominant, the soft still accents of the voice of Christ fall with meek power upon my ear. “Rise up, my

love, my fair one, and *come away*." And yet I do not sufficiently come forth from the world, and take my stand manfully beneath the banners of my Lord. "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." It is in moments such as these that the soul exults as she reflects that all her sufficiency is of God.

And now my dearest A., I want to talk of *you*. *Idem velle ac idem nolle, firma amicitia est*. As far as I was competent to judge of your character before the summer of 1834, I should say that a change had come over you while you were with S——. But still last Michaelmas term, you were not a *decidedly* religious character. From that period you seem to me to have become gradually more and more so; during which time your religion appears to have divested itself of its too intellectual character. Then I saw things in you which as a Christian friend I ought to have noticed; and bitterly do I repent of my sinful silence. In your letters this vacation I fancy I have seen much farther advances in grace, and much deeper experience in divine things. Many things have suggested themselves to me as having under God's blessing been of spiritual edification, such as your conversations with S——, your brother's death, your constant intercourse with M——, &c. But still your religious biography, so to speak, is for the most part a mystery to me, and I have hitherto refrained from asking about it.

The subject, my dearest A., is one of intense interest to me, relating as it does to one whom I love above all created beings, one whom alas! I often fear I love too much. I tremble when I think what would have been my line of duty, if I had gone on in my religious course, and you had not, or vice versa. I feel that the immortality of our friendship depended upon it, and most thankfully do I adore the love of our heavenly Father, who by His grace is leading us in beautiful brotherhood on our Christian path. For one so young, I have had much to do with religious experiences; and I have found by

wide inductions how completely the workings of the Spirit are like the comings and goings of the wind, unaccountable by system or philosophy. No wonder then I should be so anxious to hear how your strong, proud intellect was brought in lowliness to the feet of the blessed Jesus.

LETTER IX.—TO THE SAME.

Sherburn House, September 12, A. S., 1835.
Saturday Morning.

. . . . To the eye of faith, that curtain which hangs over all the invisible world is sometimes partially withdrawn, and we behold in a certain closer and more intimate manner the immediate workings of God's providence. I have often thought—it is but fanciful at best, yet harmless—that our first parents in their paradisiacal state could see far, or at least farther than we can, into the invisible world; they had vocal communication with their heavenly Father, and perhaps held converse with beings of one of the superior orders in the spiritual hierarchy: and it may be that the hebetation, the superinduced obtuseness of this supernatural vision, was part of the punishment of the Fall. And it has more than once struck me that a total restoration of this vision would overwhelm us, until we obtain, through the power of Christ's resurrection, glorified bodies. For just imagine the curtain drawn up, how TREMENDOUS would be the spectacle before us: the complex, intricate machinery of causation, the labyrinthine cycles of what we call accident and chance, the remote developments and effects of the most trivial human actions, the arrangement of the interwisted harmonies of nature, the wheel within wheel, by means of which the eternal machinery is regulated, the magazine of storms, pestilences, and earthquakes, the general laws upon which miracles and apparent disturbances in nature depend, the "innumerable company of angels" speeding on their ministrations to the heirs of glory, the multiform spirits of evil going to and fro on the face of the earth in hideous restlessness:—Oh! there would

be something so appalling in the magnificence of such a spectacle, that the mind of man would be prostrated in utter insanity. God therefore, in His wisdom and His love, withholds what this our terrestrial childhood could not bear; and it may be reserved as a part of that inconceivable inheritance, which is at His right hand for evermore. Still I believe that He does at times and according to the counsels of His own good will afford partial disclosures to the thinking mind of man, thereby leading us to a more unreserved acknowledgment of His glory and grandeur, and imbuing us with such an idea of our own littleness—the only thing in which man is infinite—as to lead us in timid adoration to His footstool.

LETTER X.—TO THE SAME.

September 29th, A. S. 1835.

I have never been placed in such difficult circumstances as I am now. I have arrived here, and found that poor Y—— had declined from his Christian profession, that he was full of talk about enthusiasm, and the impertinence of legislating for others in the matter of balls, theatres, &c., and full of dispute as to how far renouncing the world was a duty imperative on religious men.

Mr. Y——, for whom I have a high respect, has a violent prejudice against what he calls the humbug of evangelicals, and he has cautioned Y—— about enthusiasm in a very special manner. The Spirit of God, however, will prevail; my friend is, I trust, again treading the straight road; but he is overwhelmed with distress about his difference of opinion with his father, which he fears must soon be known; he shrinks from a profession, and is miserably distracted with the fear of man.

I came here on my own invitation, and dare not leave before the fixed day for fear of giving offence. Books I have given Y—— are proscribed as dangerous by the father. The respect, the kindness, the confidence heaped on me not

long ago are all gone. I feel my heart cruelly, very cruelly torn. Have I done right in coming here? Can I be doing the will of God while I stand in this frightful position between a father and his son? I cannot say confidently that my faith faileth not; but oh! think of the misery to me who for long have been blessed with an assurance not often found in one so young.

My spirit is crushed. Oh! if it be Thy will, my God, that I should fall away forever, oh let me cry with my last breath—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" Not a week ago, and my breast was the temple of the Holy Ghost, filled with all joy and peace in believing; and now it is hell, black hell and raging despair. The deep waters have come in upon my soul, and I fear I am going—Oh! my dear, dear friend, do go and wrestle mightily with God in prayer for me.

LETTER XI.—TO THE SAME.

September 30th, 1835, A. S.

After my letter of yesterday, I should have thought it my duty to write to relieve your mind, and to tell of the greatness of redemption with which God hath redeemed me. After a most frightful struggle with the powers of darkness, during which I seemed to be treading the wine-press alone, and just when I felt myself sinking, sinking, sinking in the tremendous whirlpool, all on a sudden I felt the "everlasting arms beneath me," bearing me up once more to the cheerful light of day. My spirit seemed refreshed like a young eagle; my soul arose in the strength of my glorious, my ever-blessed Redeemer, and cracked in scorn the chains of darkness, like the green withes of the strong man. Oh! my soul and all that is within me, praise the Lord."

LETTER XII.—TO THE SAME.

University College, Oxford,
October 11th, 1835, A. S.

. . . . I have this day resumed my attendance at St. Peter's, which I hope will be now uninterrupted till the month of June, 1836; but many things may intervene, and death among the rest. This gives us little uneasiness: God caters for tomorrow; we have nothing to do with it, and, so far as peace of mind goes, are utterly indifferent about it. I dined and spent the evening yesterday with D——; and a wearisome evening it was to me. He was all kindness; but the idle words, the frivolous conversation, the open and coarse satire on the *Evangelicals*!

I refrained even from good words, but it was pain and grief to me: so I retired from the party before 8 o'clock, and sought for rest to my troubled spirit in prayer and the dear, dear Bible. I can enter fully into David's feelings, when he says: "Mine eyes run down with tears because men keep not Thy law:" but I do not bear a sufficiently bold witness for that law. Would to God I had one tithe as much of the simplicity of the dove as I have of the wisdom of the serpent! What a glorious conclusion that is of St. Paul's to a mind jaded and harassed with worldly, Christless companions: "There remaineth then a rest for the people of God." Oh! that we may both enjoy that rest in the bands of an eternal brotherhood! I grow more and more dissatisfied with the world every day, and especially with people making a certain profession of religion. My spirit is not near so catholic and tolerant as it used to be. I see more clearly than ever that *exclusiveness* is one of the leading features of the Gospel of Jesus, and that much of what it is fashionable to call verbal debate is in reality vital godliness. Consequently every day is showing me more and more the value and the blessedness of Christian friendship; and thereby my gratitude to God is greatly increased, and my love for you grows daily,

may, almost hourly. So that it is hard to find an evil from which the Christian will not educe some blessing.

I begin now to be very nervous about the backward state of my preparations, and what is most provoking of all, just now, when I want to begin to read, an absolute fervor of inspiration has carried away my spirit, like the wind in its tempestuous strength, and I am up far away in regions beyond Oxford honors, gathering the golden fruitage of sunny thoughts and glorious imaginings. However it *shall* be pent up, if it *will*, and that is all I can say. Oh! bitterly, bitterly do I rue the day when I first put pen to paper, or rather the sandpaper of fancy to the rusty swords of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. *

LETTER XIII. — TO THE SAME.

University College, Oxford,
Wednesday, November 11, 1835, A. S.

* * * * *

I am now reading very hard, and beginning to entertain an abiding sense of intellectual pleasure in a line of reading hitherto distasteful to me. I begin to think that I am a much better scholar than I used once to fancy myself; and this new conceit arises not so much from a comparison of myself with others as hearing men call Thucydides a difficult author. . . . When a man comes to read the literature of a bygone age systematically and *engrossingly*, the lights shed on national character, the tone, style, and turn of mind of an individual author, and the gleams of nobleness and lovely feeling that every now and then burst upon us from the ancient world, all evolve themselves clearly and beautifully before the student.

* * * * *

I quoted Herbert just now: so a few words on him. I never studied him as a poet till quite lately, and I regret my never having done so. You will, when you read him, agree with me that he takes a first rank among the poets of our

land. His individuality will prevent his ever being generally popular; for to read him and appreciate him you must be a thinking-mind, a quiet-thinking-mind, a religious-quiet-thinking-mind, a *dutiful-Church-of-England-religious-quiet-thinking mind*. But with these qualifications you will, I am sure, be delighted with a *deep* and attentive study of him. To have read his Life is absolutely necessary even to the *intellectual understanding*; but of course you have read Walton's Lives, and his among the rest. I cannot describe to you my delight when late at night I close my classics, and resign myself to the quiet influences of George Herbert; the fret of weariness melts down into the tranquil stillness of devotion, and my spirit is sent with a gentle impulse to tend its flock of quiet thoughts:

"My God, no hymn for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds.
The pasture is Thy word; the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place!"

I feel that under the blessing of God the study of Herbert has imparted to me more real, more felt humility and meekness than ever I had before: and is I trust successfully effecting the restoration of my mind's equilibrium, destroyed by my recoil from Newman's theology and Platonism. So true is that parenthesis of Butler's: "It is one of the peculiar weaknesses of human nature, when, upon a comparison of two things, one is found to be of greater importance than the other, to consider this other of scarce any importance at all," &c. And I think my unwarrantable suspicion of a spirit of reverence was too vehement on account of the blameable excess of that spirit before.

LETTER XIV.—TO THE SAME.

University College, Oxford,
Sunday morning, December 6th, 1835.

The state of the University of Oxford is a very curious one. It is in a state of *religious dislocation*, and yet in a state of hopeful ferment. There are (blessed be the Lord our God for it) many of its junior members now active on the side of religion: to each his own peculiar track seems by an unerring Providence to have been allotted.

Turn to the Church two thousand years ago or near it—the seeds of Prophecy were sown, yet ever and anon along the history of the Church a blade, a slender blade had sprung up to show us that the seed was yet alive; and faith has fed upon the little token, and her eyes are even now looking for the harvest. Long years have passed since the bosom friend of God saw from his lonely cave in Patmos the abomination of desolation standing in the Holy Place, the Antichrist slaughtering the witnesses in the streets of Jerusalem. Since then the air has been impregnated with the decrees of God, and frequently in unhealthy seasons of the world's history, there have been lowering murky tokens clustering on the horizon, enough to show us that, though the fulfilment was not come yet, still that the mystery of iniquity was even then working, that the spirit of Antichrist was already in the world. But now signs gather on signs, the Plot of Providence, if we may so speak, seems to be thickening; and the awful destinies of the Church are evolving with an extraordinary rapidity every day. These are matters of fact, not conjectural interpretations. But I may speak yet plainer. The *false position* which religion now occupies in this country, in Europe, and the world, calls with a might not to be withstood upon every one whose abilities seem *peculiarly* to fit him for it, to the more immediate service of the sanctuary. If I have rightly estimated your intellect, if I have rightly understood its particular capabilities, I should have no hesi-

tation in believing you to be called on now. At any rate, it deserves consideration. If then, at the end of the proposed year, the call of the Holy Ghost should be upon you, your responsibility in refusing it will be beyond what my words can express, and alas! beyond what my thoughts *dare* to conceive. But what do I mean by a call of the Holy Ghost? I will tell you — an ardent affectionate desire for the conversion of souls. Of course I do not mean that kind of missionary feeling which the love of all who love their Lord must ever entertain. It is something beyond this. It is a something which makes the recipient's religion different from other people's; it brings this desire into more prominence, makes it devour all other religious feelings; it superinduces a painful desolate yearning over the lost sheep of the House of Israel, like the yearning over an absent friend. It is a private sacrament between a man and his God. It is that which leavens his life, and to *you* I may without peril add, it is a total oblivion of a man's own soul, for verily that was no hyperbole of St. Paul, when he would that his own name might be blotted from the Book of Life if but that his brethren would be saved thereby. Now, my dearest A., if in such kind, though it may be not in such degree, your feelings should be, then — God be praised!

And in the meantime may the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

LETTER XV.—TO THE SAME.

University College, Oxford,
Tuesday, December 22, A. S. 1835.

Have you never felt in some hour of lonely thought, when stern self-examination has for awhile put by the curtain and disclosed to you the depravity of your nature in its undisguised deformity — in such an hour have you never felt an aching void at your heart, a heavy dejection of spirits, and a painful irritability which you knew not how to allay? And while

your hand has been restlessly turning over the leaves of your Bible — that hallowed book to which the mourning spirit ever betakes herself like a dove to its cote — have you never felt some well-known, oft-repeated text come home to your mind with a strange unwonted power, flashing on you a new and glorious lustre, and speaking to your troubled soul in accents of gladness and of peace? I am inclined to believe there is no spiritual Christian who has not experienced this.

And then, while you have been gazing and gazing and gazing still upon the sacred page, a series of peaceful sunny thoughts begins to flow therefrom, like the bright rivers that are gushing eternally from out the throne of God. Then it is that the spirit drinks in the refreshing draught — then it is that the Holy Ghost resumes His reign within the heart, and a season follows of *spiritual exhilaration* that is almost a foretaste of those days when we shall be with God, and drink of the rivers of His pleasures for evermore. And it is then that the Christian comes forth into the world, shedding around him as he moves that holy meditative cheerfulness, which none but a disciple of the Blessed Jesus can enjoy on earth, verifying those beautiful lines of Cowper :

“ When one that holds communion with the skies
Hath filled his urn where these pure waters rise
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence its treasures are supplied.”

CHAPTER III.

1836.

THE reaction towards Calvinism in Frederick Faber's mind, described in the letters given in the last chapter, was not of long duration. The influences which had withdrawn him from it on his first arrival at the University resumed their power, and he became from that time forward a zealous advocate of Anglican principles. His correspondence supplies abundant evidence of their hold upon him. The prerogatives of the Church, the necessity of the sacraments, and other similar doctrines are continually brought forward: from the study of George Herbert he proceeds to Bishop Andrewes, and in his correspondence Dr. Wiseman's works are quoted with approbation.

He did not however foresee, whilst carrying out these principles to the utmost, that their natural development would lead him to the Catholic Church, but was still eager in his repudiation of the claims of Rome. He wrote rejoicingly on the 9th June, 1836: "Newman is delivering lectures against the Church of Rome. I have just come from a magnificent one on Peter's prerogative. He admits the text in its full literal completeness, and shows that it makes not one iota for the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome."

He describes as follows the change of his religious views:

LETTER XVI.—TO A FRIEND.

University College, Oxford,
Sexagesima Sunday, 1836, A. S.

You desire me in your letter to report from time to time the state of religious opinion in the University, and certainly after Pusey's sermon last Sunday much might be said. However, as K—— heard it, I shall say nothing, except that I dare say he will give a widely different account of it from what I should. Now I am going to give you some plain reasons why I must decline being the chronicler of religious *opinion* to you.

First and foremost, I have nothing to do with it. I *have had* a great deal too much to do with it, but I have nothing to do with it now. My own religious opinions are too much altered to permit me to have anything to do with it. I will explain myself. My religious education has been among good and pious men of the party offensively, most offensively, styled (not by themselves) Evangelicals. From them I imbibed that view of the Christian Dispensation which goes under their name in the world. My early prejudices are all in favor of them, and I shall (I hope) retain an affectionate reverence for them to the last. When I first came up to Oxford in 1833, I attended Newman's church. I heard opinions widely different (I am not speaking of *ecclesiastical* opinions, remember that throughout) from those I held. My intellect seemed to assent; my heart did not: and after a painful, (God is my witness,) I may add a dreadful struggle, I thought I saw error in them, and rejected them. So long ~~then~~ as I had much time for reading devotional books, attending religious meetings, exhorting and praying in the cottages of the poor, all was well. But quiet times came on: my duties called me to continuous study in books unconnected with religion. An occasional hour for private prayer and daily searching of the Scriptures was all I could seize. Then came the trial of that religious system I had lived in.

I had seemed to many of my friends to be much advanced, for a young man, in spirituality of heart. But alas! I had laid nothing by: it was the natural result of that system that nothing should be laid by. I had been as a child walking across a room, helping itself by every chair and table: in a word, I had lived upon the religious excitements of the passing day, and I had yet to learn that a *de die in diem* Christianity will not bring a man peace at the last. I have much reason to thank God that I was not called upon to pay the death I owe and must one day pay, while in this state. Fearful must have been the despair of my last hour: or on the other hand, more fearful still to have rushed into the presence of my Judge, supported through the dark cold time of dissolution by the tremendous delusion of excited feelings. "How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!"

You may perhaps think that I am unfair in charging these results upon the so-called Evangelical system. But I think not. Observe that I am not affirming the religion of every member of that party to be, like mine, unstable as water. Natural disposition, the mercy of God, many other concurrent circumstances may prevent it. But (I speak merely as a philosopher would) the result fairly and *undisturbedly* worked out in the mind must from the reason of the thing be as I have described it.

Could any one be selected more fitted for such an experiment than myself? The collective weight of years of sin and folly was not pressing on me. There was no violent reaction from lost sinner to exulting saint. I was a boy eighteen years old, thoughtful from earliest infancy, of a fervent heart, unacquainted with any other modes of Christian faith. But it is as well not to dwell too long on such a subject.

I see that the Evangelical system feeds the heart at the expense of the head; and as man is constituted, what can be more perilous? I see that it tends to make religion a series of frames of feeling; that with spiritual cowardice it flies from forms for fear of formality; that it makes an unnatural

union between the ideas of good works and legality, so as to infuse into the whole man and his life's blood the subtle baleful venom of Antinomianism; that it looks at truth only on one side.

I have therefore begun again to lay the foundations of my religious character. Under God's grace, I will raise my superstructure of love upon a solid groundwork of holy *fear*—the *beginning* of wisdom, the persuader of men. I have submitted myself to a rigorous self-examination; and I trust I am slowly advancing in the daily practice of the more quiet graces of meekness, humility, quietness, and childlike obedience.

Now it is quite clear that with my character, (and everybody else's too,) it is absolutely necessary that I should religiously keep aloof from all controversy; and that I should be "in fastings often," and "in much prayer;" that as the Blessed Apostle says, I should do violence—buffet—*ἰπικτιάζω τὸ σῶμα καὶ δουλαγωγῶ*—and conquer my natural inclination to that most unlovely, un-Christlike habit of disputation and argument. True, it is my duty to watch the currents of religious opinion flowing here and there in the Church. Nay, it is my duty to do more than watch them. I will go and speak about them to my God, and none shall hear but He.

I would fain turn away, as far as may be, from this hubbub and perturbation, and listen to my God, who calls me up into the mount to be with him. And it is good for me to be there. After Moses had fasted, the Lord God passed with gracious proclamation before him; after Elias fasted, the Almighty chose that season for coming to His servant in the still small voice; after the Lord of all creatures had himself fasted, then was the time for angels to minister. Surely God's view of fasting must be different from man's; for greatly has He blessed me in it. And with fond eyes I turn to the primitive Church, and sit at the feet of her apostles, bishops, and doctors, studying that system of penitential discipline which this self-indulgent age derides; and I doubt not that I

shall find, as they have left on record that they found, that the "girdle of celibacy and the lamp of watching" stood them in good stead in times of trial.

The year 1836 was an eventful one to Mr. Faber. He was compelled by the pressure of ill-health, as stated in the preceding chapter, to put off the examination for his degree from Easter Term until November, and he left Oxford on the 9th of May for a short visit to the North, returning early in June, in time for the recital of his prize-poem in the Theatre on the 15th. He was prevented by similar indisposition from devoting himself to reading during the long vacation, and when the result of the examination was published, his name appeared in the second class. The examiners were Mr. Oakeley, the Rev. H. B. Wilson, Sir Travers Twiss, and Dr. Claughton, and although they were precluded by the statute from saying how they had voted, it was generally understood that the decision which excluded him from the first class was not arrived at unanimously, but that their opinions being equally divided, the senior examiner gave the casting vote against him.

This disappointment was closely followed by another. He was defeated by Professor Donkin in a contest for a fellowship in his own College. In order to recover himself after this double failure, and to recruit his exhausted strength, he accompanied his brother, the Rev. F. A. Faber, to Germany at the close of the year. They remained a few weeks with some English friends at Mannheim, and a day was given to Heidelberg, a record of which appeared in his first poetical volume.

Shortly after his return in January, 1837, Mr. Faber was elected to another vacant fellowship at University College, and he also carried off the Johnson Divinity Scholarship, open to all Bachelors of Arts, for which there was considerable competition. The Rev. J. H. Newman was one of the examiners. The Johnson Mathematical Scholarship was awarded at the same time to Professor Donkin. Mr. Faber also wrote an English essay for the Chancellor's Prize, on the Classical taste and character compared with the Romantic, but without success. He failed again in the competition for the Ellerton Theological Prize, on the Mission of St. John the Baptist.

His letters relating to this period are given in the order of their dates:—

LETTER XVII.—TO A FRIEND (A.)

University College,
February 18, 1836, A. S.

We are waiting in sad suspense regarding the Theological Chair. There is a complete hush at present: the subject is seldom brought forward, and every one seems quietly waiting the result, which I fear is not doubtful. Newman's pamphlet has, I think, done very much to stop the personal controversial turn which some were taking in the matter—I mean those who oppose Hampden merely because he is a Whig, Radical, or what not, in politics. I must confess that the manly Christianlike quiet zeal with which the whole opposition was conducted has given me a higher idea of the religious temper of the University than I ever had before; and I only trust a confirmation of the appointment may be met in like manner.

LETTER XVIII.—TO THE SAME.

Stockton-on-Tees, May 22, 1836, A. S.

The Festival of Whitsunday.

We find that in all ages, and under every conceivable form, there has been a spirit of Antichrist, moving now in the front ranks, now in the background of society, as suited best its master's purpose, as an antagonist and disturbing force to the peace of the Church. Next it occurred to me that it was of importance to see whether there were not certain invariable characteristics of this spirit by which we might always know from what quarter we might look for danger. The spirit of the age will always be found to be the spirit of wickedness and sin: and the way in which the arch-fiend works is this: he manages to insinuate a religious modification of the spirit of the age into some portion of the Church. So that that portion is *unconsciously* doing the work of the devil. Thus, if I am asked at any particular epoch of the Church's annals what the antichristian spirit was at that particular time, I first look for the spirit of the age, and when I have found it, I look for some school in the Church whose teaching is the spirit of the age Christianized. I do not think I have been very clear: but look what is the case in the present day. The spirit of the age is mercantile; in fact, *utility*. Now look at a party in the Church, sincere, I do most firmly believe, but whose spirit is utility—visible results—tangible harvest. These are men who decry forms, who think magnificence misplaced in churches, and imagine church-room within four walls of brick to be as good as in a temple fit, so merciful is He, for the House of the Most High. You will see now what I mean. Utility is the great implement of the evil one just now, and it has thus been insinuated into the Church. In other words, what is called the religion of the day is always the antichristian power most active against the Church of God.

LETTER XIX.—TO THE SAME.

New Stanton, July 21, 1836, A. S.
Thursday evening.

Since I saw you I have read almost the whole of Hooker, with Keble's preface. This last seems to me to be a valuable essay, especially as throwing a good deal of light upon the different schools of early English theology: but there is a *tone* about the writer which differs more than I can express from the dignified gentleness and stately vehemence of Newman or Pusey. There is a little infusion of acrimony, not conveyed as Newman would have conveyed it, in strong censure and mild language, but insinuated by epithets into the whole texture of the Preface. The more I study Hooker the more astonished I am that anybody should ever have imagined him a low Churchman. I can understand Arnold when he praises the first four books so highly, and condemns the fifth as unworthy the writer of the former ones. At the same time Hooker is not so high as many others are; and Keble shows that he individually raised theology from the low views (comparatively low) of Jewel and Cranmer, and he ascribes the advance shortly afterward made to the discovery of the *genuineness* of Ignatius' Epistles, not known in Hooker's days, and hardly quoted at all, even while he is arguing for the divine right of episcopacy. Still Hooker goes thus far (v. 68): "Now the privilege of the visible Church of God is to be herein like the Ark of Noah, that, for anything we know to the contrary, all without it are lost sheep;" and he makes the visible Church alone to have that "commissioned ministry" which "hath to dispose of that flesh which was given for the life of the world, and that blood which was poured out to redeem souls; to whom the promise of the keys, the power of the Holy Ghost for castigation and relaxation of sin was given."

LETTER XX. — TO THE SAME.

New Stranton, August 5, A. S., 1836.

Friday evening.

The more I reflect upon the ancient Catholic doctrine of Baptismal grace, and the consequent view of Scriptural repentance, the more do I feel myself humbled and abased in God's sight. There is no possibility of measuring the harm done to a man's religious habits by the admission and temporary entertainment of an error, however ignorance might seem to excuse such an admission. I feel even now the trammels of that human system of which all my religious friends were advocates. It impedes my progress whichever way I turn, albeit my intellect under (I hope and truly believe) the teaching of the Spirit who is in the Church most fully acknowledges the unscriptural errors of that system. It is very hard, accustomed as I have been to look upon God even as such an one as myself, to root up the idea of repentance which in such a school I have learned. The dreadful facility of turning to God inculcated there throws such a complete mist over the face of the depths of the sacraments that it perverts and distorts all my views of the symmetry of the scheme of Redemption. It seems as if I never could get free from the entanglements of that base theology. However, it is in such difficulties as these that I find the doctrine of the Church such an inestimable privilege. There I cease to be an individual. I seem to fall into my own place quietly and without disturbance; and the noiseless path of childlike obedience, slow as my progress must be, here a little and there a little, offers a calm and peaceful prospect of spiritual growth. And the disciplines recommended by her, and therefore to an affectionate son enjoined, afford room for the unostentatious exercise of such self-denial as may bring the flesh into obedience to all godly motions.

LETTER XXI.—TO THE SAME.

New Stranton, Hartlepool,
Monday, August 22, 1836, A. S.

You have quite misapprehended my letter, and consequently my present state of mind, at the same time that your letter shows me how widely we differ in theological sentiment. In nothing more is this shown than in what you say of "Make ventures." That sermon is just what I should have pointed to, to give *you* a clear idea of my own *idea* of the doctrine of Faith. In the sense therefore of your letter I *have* "departed from the evangelical doctrine of Faith:" and it is because I have departed from their sad notions of Sacramental Grace. .

If by an attitude of hostility to "evangelical" (I use the word for the last time) opinions, you mean bitterness to their advocates, or bitterness against the opinions themselves, but arising from the evil they have or I suppose them to have done me, you are quite mistaken.

Let me not be misunderstood; I trust I feel in true charity with all the members of that party; but I cannot, my dear A., I dare not speak of them as you do.

I hold them to be *fundamentally* wrong — wrong in their doctrine of Faith above all, because wrong in their doctrine of the Sacraments. There can be no such thing as a consistent low Churchman. There is no stopping short of Calvinism, if you have once left the primitive doctrine of the Sacraments: because your faith must depend upon election, and election you must have separated from the Sacraments beforehand. By adopting carnal views of the Sacraments, a great handle was given against Rome. They were therefore adopted. Then went of course, because of its necessary union with the Holy Sacraments, the doctrine of the "Church." Then the primitive ecclesiastical election seemed, as well it might, preposterous; it was forthwith thrown overboard, and then there was Calvinism. Some have seen their way out of it by the help of liturgy; and having taken one step out, there they stand betwixt and between, theological anomalies: if their

opinions be true, the necessity of Calvinism is demonstrable, as you acknowledged to me *vivâ voce* two years ago. I have hurriedly given you not an argument, but the *points* of progress through which my own mind has passed. You can easily fill up the outline.

LETTER XXII. — TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

University College, Oxford,
Saturday, Oct. 15th, 1836, A. S.

I suppose the scheme of Newman and Pusey to which you allude is the translation of the Fathers. I have only heard of it incidentally, and shall be very anxious to hear further and fuller upon it from you. I should be very glad to do anything I can; but as I do not know either P. or N., it is not likely that I shall be applied to. My whole energies shall, by God's grace, be devoted to the welfare of His Church, and I should be truly rejoiced to find myself anywise employed in such a work already: more especially where the object is a wider dissemination of the majestic teaching of the old Catholic theology.

LETTER XXIII. — TO THE SAME.

October 21st, 1836.

I am very grateful to you for having mentioned my name to Pusey, as I should certainly like to have some settled Church occupation as soon as I could. At a time when heresy has selected the foolishness of the old Church for the object of its disdainful wisdom, it seems to be a duty on all who have the opportunity, to become Hebrew scholars that they may defend their own selves and those whom they can influence from the desecrating effect of shallow and flip-pant interpretation. And as to the Friday evenings, I do but reckon admission there as another of those Oxford privileges which we make so light of because we have them.

Z. will bring with him St. Cyprian De Orat. Domin: — I

am sorry St. Athanasius has no treatise on the subject. You will find it an ennobling task to catch some of the echoes of great things, as they rise out of the depths of that miraculous prayer. Alas! of all the objections urged against our Common Prayer, what more miserable than the complaint of the over-repetition of that holy form of Truth? I always find that some one petition or other quite absorbs me while I use the prayer, and thus I am glad of its recurrence, which gives me the opportunity of being again absorbed by some other petitions. To say nothing of other more obvious reasons, it seems to me that we do not enough consider the science of prayer, the scientific habit of devotion. It is strange to contrast the *systematicness* of the Primitive Church with the straggling extemporaneous irreverence of most of the modern worship about us. Is not the Saviour's form to prayer what the bishop is to the visible Church—a centre of unity—and would not the positions occupied by it in the Prayer Book seem to show that it was so deemed of by the framers? But Pater Nosters we are told are popish, and so we are dismissed, and the theology of the day will go on; but stop—I give you an extract from the lectures of Dr. Wiseman, the Romanist. The allusion is to the Puritans: “But after these came a generation that knew not those days, men with arms upfolded on their bosoms, and brows bent in perpetual frowns; and when they came before her, she found that they had learnt rebellion from her example, and from her lips had caught up the words of scorn and infamy, wherewith she had disgraced her mother. And they cast her down and trampled her in the dust, and did make her eat her very arm for sorrow. Then, indeed, by the arm of power she was once more set up, but only to undergo a crueller and more lingering doom; to see, year after year, her worshippers slinking away, and her temples less frequented, and her many rivals' power exalted, as well as their numbers ever more increased. And even now are not men dicing over her spoils, and quarrelling how they had best be divided? Do they not speak irreverently of her, and weigh her utility in iron scales, and value

in silver pieces the souls she serves? Is she not treated with contumely by those that call themselves her children? Is not her very existence reduced by them to a question of worldly and temporal expediency?"

I read these lectures—and I could only say, we walk by faith and not by sight. And oh! when he talks of our theory and our rites and our liturgy, which we use not—"I cannot but look upon her as I should upon one whom God's hand hath touched, in whom the light of reason is darkened, though the feelings of the heart have not been seared; who presses to her bosom and cherishes there the empty locket which once contained the image of all she loved on earth, and continues to rock the cradle of her departed child!"

LETTER XXIV.—TO A FRIEND (A.)

University College, Oxford,
Saturday night, Nov. 18th, 1836, A. S.

You will be sorry to hear that I have had a sorry *viva voce*. It was a province in which I was far too nervous ever to shine, and the knowledge that I *needed* a good one added to my confusion. My divinity W. and D. say was very good; I recollect nothing of it except that it began upon the fulfilment of the Law, and ended in the seven Churches of Asia. Analogy fairish—Oakeley was obscure in his questions, though I am a prejudiced judge. I went on swimmingly in the third and seventh Books of the *Ethics*. Oakeley then took me into the sixth, and the minutiae of the Book, putting his questions thus: what is Aristotle's argument in such a chapter? A notion flashed across me that they suspected I had not read my books, and as I had not the *Ethics* very minutely up, I lost all recollection, could not understand Oakeley, and did not know what I said. Your brother says that from that point my examination became bad, but that he himself had the utmost difficulty in detecting Oakeley's meaning. Wilson put me on in queer bits of *Hellenics*, *Thucydides* and *Herodotus*, and gave me a most absurd and inco-

herently meagre examination, at which I was much disgusted. Oakeley chose the most dry short-line dialogue in the *Electra*, which I construed right, but made three false quantities, not knowing the metre: then a chorus of *Alcestis*, which I did all right, and Horace Sat. ii. 8, which I missed two words of. I cannot think that if I *needed* (which surely I did) a viva voce to redeem past mistakes, I can now possibly succeed. However, it cannot be helped.

A season like the past is sadly unfavorable to the spiritual man, and I require a season now to collect myself again, as it sets one's spirit all abroad and incompact; and in the intervals of hard reading, at least I find it so, thoughts are allowed to travel too much unquestioned over the highway of one's heart.

LETTER XXV. — TO THE SAME.

University College, Oxford,
November 21, 1836, A. S.

Of course nothing definite is known about the classes, but what little is known is very much against me. But if it were not so painful to see Frank's miserable dejection and wretchedness I should not feel it much. I am quietly reading theology, have written a good *lump* of my Theological Essay, which I shall bring up with me, and am making preparations for beginning Plato. So that considering how long, and oh! how painfully, I have been kept from my favorite studies, I am really a happy man. I think happier, because calmer, from my disappointment. But enough of that subject for the present.

I want now to begin to fall into some system of reading, and an idea has struck me upon which I want to have advice. Of course, the substance of theology (considering the Sacred Scriptures as the subject-matter) is contained in the Fathers, who must be earnestly perused; and I have been eagerly anticipating the time when I could commence; but now that it is come, I begin to think that I am hardly fit for such a line of reading, and that on other grounds it is unadvisable.

1. Because, though Biblical criticism occupies a theologian always, it ought to be all in all at first. 2. The elements of Hebrew will take a good deal of mastering. 3. I ought to be a better classic. 4. A few years' reading of our own theology will give me a more extended and accurate acquaintance with modern controversies, and I shall then be able to apply the *judicium Beatæ Ecclesiæ Catholicæ* more effectually.

LETTER XXVI. — TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

University College, Oxford,
St. Andrew's Day, 1836.

I knew of my failure some days before the Class List was out, and I will not conceal that my disappointment was very, very bitter. For three days, ill in body as well as mind, I had a grievous struggle. Many were the hard thoughts of my dear Lord which were suggested to me; but by His help I conquered: and the conflict ended in such a mortification of all proud thoughts and vain opinions of myself that I was left in a calmness and evenness of spirit, more refreshing to me than I can express. I did not think it possible to have derived so many and so great blessings from any disappointment whatsoever.

The Fellowship Examination begins to-morrow, but there is no doubt of Donkin's election. This is part of the other failure, an inevitable part, that the getting a Fellowship will be delayed, I hope not prevented. If however it should be so, and my failure in the schools should, as is most probable, hinder my getting pupils in sufficient numbers, I must alter my plans of life, and seek for some curacy in the country. All this is at least very probable. But I trust I shall be enabled to follow cheerfully my Master's bidding. By His grace I have but one object, to do His will and to promote His glory. He must choose the manner and the place. I thought an academical sphere best suited for me; if He decides otherwise, that decision must be true. But the morrow will take thought for the things of itself. Pray for

me, that I may remain at ease, and ready to be carried whither the Providence of circumstances may lead me.

Thursday.—The Fellowship Election is over, and I have had a fresh disappointment; but I am still cheerful. *Fiat voluntas Dei*: and He will take charge for me of the “things of to-morrow.” On Saturday I set off for Germany, from whence I will write to you at great length.

My dear J——, I am this day moving all my books out of my dear old rooms; you, who love Oxford so much, can enter into my feelings, and will excuse the shortness of this letter. God bless you and keep you. *Ora pro nobis*.

LETTER XXVII.—TO A FRIEND (A.)

University College, Oxford,
January 26, 1837, A. S.

Now I dare say you have by this time forgotten almost all you said upon the subject of religion, especially as I feel confident the letter was a *hasty* production; consequently you must let me recall it somewhat accurately to your memory. It was in answer to my having called you a thorough Protestant: and it branches off to a general disquisition upon theological opinions. My dear A., it is not my intention to argue the points of difference between us: we will never have an argument on the subject again as long as we live: it is not *safe*. No, I am not going to argue, I am going to complain. You say “you do not care if I only *stick to Pusey*.” In this short sentence you assume as granted that you stand on a superior and truer ground of theological opinion, and although you deplore my belonging to a class of opinionists who are, to judice, quite wrong, yet “you do not care” (what an expression!) if I only *stick to Pusey*.

This is only one instance of what I think the pervading tone of your letter — a quiet assumption of a man in the right over a man in the wrong. Again: what are those uncharitable dashes under Pusey’s name? Are they not to imply censure of Newman? Is it impossible to praise one saint of

God, but you must aim darts at another? Blame, reprobate, and give reasons for so doing, as you like, but never, never let a religious character be censured by implication. What faults you may charge on Newman I cannot guess, and for your sake I will not attempt to conjecture; but you know his reputed character for piety and self-denial, and therefore, *as a Christian*, you should have eschewed such a contemptuous mode of disposing of him; and you knew, too, what *I* thought of him, and therefore, *as my friend*, might have praised one whom I love without so bitter a reflection on another to whom I owe a debt which God only can and surely will repay him. But it is a serious and a solemn thing to adopt as one's own any religious tenets whatsoever; it is a thing which runs up into eternity. And it is somewhere written—they are dreadful words and very hard to be obeyed—"call no man master." Oh! A., put side by side with those words your way of designating your friend's religious opinions, "*I do not care if you only stick to Pusey.*" I know you did not write those words with thoughtful earnestness. I care not for any objections made to the obedience some men pay to the *κρίσις τῶν δοκιμῶν ἀνδρῶν*. No ridicule will drive me from it—God has made all men for it, and me among the rest—but *I do* care for the offensive exaggerated statement of it contained in your words. I do not wish to find my own road to my Saviour; but I do wish my friend to acknowledge, what he does not for a moment doubt, that my allegiance to that Saviour is always too predominant a feeling in my heart to allow of my *sticking* to any human guide.

It is painful to hear my religious belief so talked of as my friend has chosen to talk; but it is far, far more painful that he should have *descended* to talk in a light and trifling tone of his own. "I would rather err with others (aliquatenus) than be right with them." Is it possible that this should be the earnest conviction of one who would educate his soul in the love, the entire, unalloyed, unfaltering love of truth? Is it possible that such a sentence could have been begotten of anything but a blind, precipitate party spirit—such as never

has actuated A. in any action of his life hitherto, and God grant may not actuate that most solemn of all actions, his adoption of theological opinions?

Again, you talk very high things and very big words of party spirit, as if you thought it were the actuating spring and exclusive characteristic of those from whom you differ. So you have written, and so you do *not think*.

I will not dwell upon your implied censure of me for party spirit, because in the same breath you twit me a little harshly with my change, and the two accusations are incompatible; for party spirit is of course always enlisted against change. But party spirit is not the worst vice of a religious man. Like all other moral evils it is mixed with much of good, and ever, so Heaven hath willed, with most of good when circumstances render it most necessary. It oftentimes requires an *affectionate* discrimination to distinguish between party spirit and the being zealously affected in a good cause—being jealous for the Most High.

Now A. I have done my duty: I have said, right or wrong it matters not, what I think. I have used, it may be, some harsh language, some unaffectionate terms, and I have wounded your feelings. All this I know—I more than know it, I feel it; if I loved you less I would not have done it; and therefore, as I have said this much, I will dare to add somewhat more.

I will dare to divine what is your present state of mind, and what is that modification of character which you appear to me to be undergoing. You are living in an atmosphere which is not congenial, among people who do not, cannot understand you; and all this is acting with unresisted sway upon your peculiar pliability of disposition. You have come to think that almost wrong which you once thought right. You live in dread of that bugbear, imagination; you believe all the *peculiarities* of your character to be therefore defects, and so you live on, fighting every day against nature, and if you are victorious you will be miserable. My dearest, dearest A., throw down all those barricades with which you are

encircling yourself, as if it were virtuous to do so simply because the action gives you pain, like a poor Brahmin of the East. Let all those exquisite sensibilities, which are the beauty of your character, gush freely out, as once they did; be more fearless, more impetuous, more childish, more natural. True, you are living in the world, and the touch of cold hearts paralyzes you, and your sensibilities are chafed, and you are altogether bewildered by the strange sadness of the wilderness you walk through. But those sensibilities were meant for immortality: oh! beware of stifling them here, because they happen at times to stand in your way. Why try to be an old man before your time? Why have such a morbid dread of any change of thought or opinion? It only springs from a subtle pride of intellect. Young men must be always changing: a young man's opinions, though of great importance, are of little value. Why then view that as a curse which a philosophic truth-loving mind should rather deem a blessing—the ability to change? Why seek a premature experience? For what is experience but that brawny callousness of character which the ever falling blows of misfortune are daily tending to produce?

You are a young man, and should be full of ethereal hopes and glorious aspirations and heavenly light; and yet you are hourly struggling not only to appear, but to be what you are not, to displace your natural disposition from its domestic shrine, where He who formed it placed it. The chance of your succeeding is a thought most horrible. Oh! could I bear you away where I can fearlessly allow my spirit at certain times to go; far, far above, traversing the region where purity is, and which is the dwelling-place of vast and solemn truths; you would find how it braced you up for the cheerful steady performance of the “common round, the trivial task” of daily, weekly life.

But what is all this to you? Does it seem the raving of an unbridled fancy, the ebullition of mere boyishness, musical indeed, as is the murmur of a brook, but as soon to be forgotten? If so, then I am TOO LATE!

There is much matter for thought in this letter: and I will add one word more. During the last three years, by word and deed, you have had many an earnest of my unwavering love: account this letter one, which has cost me a sacrifice I feared I could never make, and given my heart a wrench that makes me sick. It matters not what you think of my letter: it is a proof at any rate of my affection, such as you have never had before. "God give you a right judgment in all things."

LETTER XXVIII. — TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

University College, Oxford,
January 31, 1837, A. S.

On Saturday night, my dear J——, I was elected Fellow of University; and my heart is so full that I can only say with Bishop Taylor, "What am I that the great God of men and angels should make a special decree in heaven for me, and send out an angel of blessing, and instead of condemning and ruining me, as I miserably have deserved, distinguish me from many my equals and betters, by this and many other special acts of grace and favor?" I seem, as it were, landed in a harbor where I would be, hemmed in on all sides by such means of grace as are not ordinarily to be found elsewhere: and God grant that my growth may be proportionable. Hitherto I have been foolish and thoughtless, and over self-indulgent: I have now but one wish, to employ my whole life in doing the little good to Christ and His Church which my dear Master has rendered me capable of doing in my generation.

Many thanks for your little poem: I shall not soon or easily forget it. I was not at the Blessed Eucharist last Sunday, because the examination had occupied the four preceding days, and somewhat excited me; and therefore you must transfer the same holy thoughts to next Sunday, when the Feast is, as usual on the first Sunday in Lent, celebrated in our own chapel. Be assured that I shall pray

most earnestly there that in this season of dimness and severe heart-searching

“Our God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take us by the hand: and more,
May strengthen our decays.”

CHAPTER IV.

1837-42.

AS Frederick Faber had always most earnestly desired to devote himself to the service of God, he looked forward eagerly to the time when he could receive ordination as a minister of the Church of England. As soon therefore as his election to a fellowship gave him a secure position, he set to work vigorously at the task of preparing himself for orders. At this period he was a devoted Anglican, full of hope that the movement begun at Oxford would spread over the whole country, and indoctrinate with its Catholic principles the English Protestant Establishment. It is plain, however, from expressions let fall in his correspondence, that he was not without misgivings concerning the theory which he upheld, and even that the great religious change which he afterwards made cast an occasional shadow over his mind.

Desirous of obtaining some acquaintance with the works of the earlier Christian writers, he offered his services to the compilers of the “Library of the Fathers,” and the translation of the Books of St.

Optatus was assigned to him. His share in this undertaking procured for him an introduction to Mr. Newman, of whose school he was already an ardent disciple, and who, more than any one else, influenced and directed in after years the course of his religious life.

"My whole time is now so occupied," he wrote to Mr. Morris on the 17th of April, 1837, "that I have barely an hour to myself for letter-writing. I have four pupils; and besides this a good long list of books to read for the Bishop of Ripon; add to which I am translating the seven Books of Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, on the schism of the Donatists; so that you see my hands are already more full than they ought to be. However, blessed be God! my health is extremely good, and if anything, improving; the anxiety attendant upon reading for the schools wore me down very much; and of course it is much to be free of that."

When the long vacation arrived, Mr. Faber took a small reading party to Ambleside, near the head of Windermere, and thus began a connection with that place which lasted for many years. Among the friendships which he formed there the most valued was that of Mr. Wordsworth, whose poetry had been the object of his early admiration, and had contributed largely to the formation of his own poetical spirit. In after years he used to describe the long rambles which they took together over the neighboring mountains, the poet muttering verses to himself in the intervals of conversation.

On the 6th of August he received deacon's orders in St. Wilfrid's Cathedral of Ripon, from Dr. Longley,

his old master at Harrow, and at once began to assist in parochial work at Ambleside, generally preaching two sermons a week. Here he remained until the end of the long vacation, when he returned to Oxford.

The two following years were passed in similar occupations. His preaching was very successful, and some little tracts on Church matters which he occasionally published obtained an extensive circulation. In 1839 he received priest's orders from Bishop Bagot at Oxford, on the 26th of May, a day dear to him in later times as the Feast of his holy father, St. Philip Neri.

In the course of the same summer he paid a short visit to Belgium and the Rhenish Provinces, from which he returned with a strong feeling of dislike to the ecclesiastical practices which he had witnessed in those countries, and with something like contempt for the intellectual condition of the Catholic clergy. His judgment was too hastily formed to be just, and he was obviously unaware of many of the drawbacks under which the Church was there laboring.

But little of his correspondence during this period has been preserved. A divergence of views on religious subjects had arisen between him and the friend to whom many of the letters already quoted were addressed, and who, it would appear from Mr. Faber's remonstrances, hesitated to commit himself to the advance which was daily taking place in Tractarian principles. Their interchange of communication became less frequent, and Mr. Faber's continually increasing occupations prevented him from writing with his former regularity to other correspondents. The fol-

lowing extracts have been made from his letters to different friends in the years 1837-8-9.

LETTER XXIX.—TO A FRIEND.

Stockton-on-Tees,

March 17th, Friday morning, 1837, A. S.

There is to my mind a rudeness (so to speak) and an immodesty in the lucid, as they are called, expositions of the day. I abhor to see man's salvation thrown into a demonstrative syllogism, or the things of God weighed by the short measures of man, and not by the measures of the sanctuary. I wish to see a mind bowed down before the seven-branched candlestick of the Spirit, deeply influenced by the brooding air of the temple, the fumes of the frankincense, and the unearthly light of the glorious Pillar of Presence. I like to see it just glancing with half averted eye to a deep, mysterious subject, scarcely daring to rest there because it feels the ground so holy. All things around him are full of God, and God Visible is before him, so that, as Solomon says, his words are not only wary, but FEW.

LETTER XXX.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Stockton-on-Tees,

Easter Even, 1837.

I have been spending great part of this morning in the study of Newman's *Prophetical Office of the Church*; a deep and difficult book, which I foresee will give rise to abundant cavil among the ill-instructed. God prosper it in the world, and extend those old and wholesome views far and wide among us. To my mind—only I am young and sanguine—the Anglican Church of the present day reminds me in no slight measure of the Valley of the Bones. That Spirit, Who goeth where He listeth, like the wind which is His type in natural things, seems to have gone out amongst us: there is

a noise, and there is a shaking, and bone cometh to bone by the mild workings of His unseen energy: but the full resurrection into unity is not yet: and shall it ever be? God only knows! What is best for us, and best for His glory, (for He and we are one in the Body Mystical,) will doubtless come out at last.

LETTER XXXI.—TO THE SAME.

Stockton-on-Tees,

Friday Evening, March 31, 1837, A. S.

I think you will be delighted with Newman's Lecture. It supplied me with what I had long wanted — clear and positive statements of Anglican principles. It has been too long the fashion for the doctors and teachers of Anglicanism to evolve their principles in the way of negation of Romanist principles.

LETTER XXXII.—TO A FRIEND (A.)

University College, Oxford,

May 5, 1837, A. S.

The fact is that having a few spare hours left after the encroachments of pupils, and finding the want of some definite task to employ those hours in, I offered through Marriott to undertake the translation of one of the Fathers: and St. Optatus has been entrusted to me. I made it to be distinctly understood that it was to be the task of leisure hours, and consequently that I could not bind myself down to any given time. Besides which, though I believe a translation of the old Catholic doctors will do much good, and therefore that each translator will contribute his mite to the great end, yet I was not wholly unselfish in my offer. Wishing at some, I trust not far distant time, to commence a serious and systematic study of the Fathers, and knowing that a knowledge of Latin and Greek, though an essential, was far from being a complete qualification for such a line of study, I thought that

if I was obliged to drudge at one Father for the purposes of accurate translation, it would tend somewhat towards making me a patristic scholar ; just as at school one spends a year or so over one Greek play. And I shall be longer over St. Optatus because the Donatist schism opens out so distinct and interesting a province of ecclesiastical history that I shall allow myself to be beguiled into all the collateral reading which it brings before me.

LETTER XXXIII.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Rothay Cottage, August 31, 1837, A. S.
Thursday evening.

I thought before I was ordained that I would not at first preach the doctrine of the Church too often : but I find there is no such doctrine, it is only a way of viewing all doctrines : so now I am fearless. What I have said about Baptism has been much noticed, and is doing good. "Truth will find her own."

Pray for me. My uncle has set himself against what he calls Oxford views, and has written at great length. Pray that I may be meek. My duty is to teach, not to argue. I will never prove out of the pulpit what I have taught in it. I have now no masters but God and my bishop, to whom may I be always obedient. The Head preserve me from controversy. But I need prayer, for I have a very fiery heart.

LETTER XXXIV.—TO A FRIEND (A.)

University College,
May 7, 1838, A. S.

I only returned to Oxford on Saturday last, having extended my vacation a week beyond the legitimate time, for idleness' sake. However, I did somewhat in the vacation, seeing that I wrote and printed a tract on the Prayer Book. I found when I got to Stockton that my old tract on the Church was

all sold; and Archdeacon Todd and some other clergy, who knew nothing of me nor I of them, had much recommended it, so that another edition was to be got out, most of which is sold already. I have also lately been editing Archbishop Laud's Private Devotions, which will be out soon, and I will send you one. Oh! it is such a delightful book. It is not quite so fragmentary as Bishop Andrewes, and yet there is so much Scripture and Liturgy incorporated into it as to make it somewhat like his. He must have been a very holy man under his rough uncourtly exterior. Many of his prayers are for anniversaries of his own, days when he committed some special sin, or received some special blessing; and these I have annotated from his Diary. But it is so different from the long, weary, wordy prayers of modern manuals that I am sure you will like it.

LETTER XXXV.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Ambleside, Kendal, Westmoreland,

July 18, 1838, A. S.

I am sorry I can give you no information of any kind about the English Propaganda. I only know enough of it to dislike it: and occasionally to talk against it.

On the face of it these societies have done us abundant harm by their uncatholicity; yet it will be impossible ever to persuade good men of this. It is a lesson to the Church never to do good again after the world's fashion. Numbers and combination and centralized power and local associations &c. have first struck the idea of bishops out of many a mind that did not reason itself out of episcopal feelings, so that the lines of the inner circle which the Spirit drew around the Church within the world have faded more and more away from men's eyes. And secondly, the duty of alms, as it is given us in the four Gospels, has almost ceased by means of these societies. The relief of mendicants is a dubious question, but I have always stuck to it for want of other channels.

LETTER XXXVI.—TO THE SAME.

Ambleside, Kendal,
July 24th, Eve of St. James.

My congregation is quite an educated one: to say nothing of above thirty-five University men. Most of the parishioners are serious people. They have, so far as I have seen, no prejudices, but ignorance profound. So I want, having indoctrinated them somewhat keenly last summer, to give a course of *easy* lectures — as easy as I can make them without being washy, but I do hate easy sermons — on Old Testament characters and histories. This, connected as it is with their Bible reading, will leave more behind it than a common course of sermons, and will leave abundant holes for some few drops of *something* to be dropped in. People, you know, swallow pills, because they are pills: they do not always know the secret thereof. I am writing on Noah, Job, and Daniel at present. How very awful it is: even though I have no Fathers with me, yet my own following out of their Catholic way is much: God bless it to these kind-hearted people.

LETTER XXXVII.—TO THE SAME.

Cologne, August 25th, 1839, A. S.,
Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I fear you will think me a sad Protestant. I determined, and so did M., to conform to the Catholic Ritual here. We both of us got Mechlin Breviaries at Mechlin, and go to Church pretty regularly every day to say the Hours, and we say the rest of the Hours as the priests do, in carriages, or inns, or anywhere. Also I have been tutorized in the Breviary by a very *nice* priest, a simple-hearted, pious fellow, with little knowledge of theology. But it all will not do. The careless irreverence, the noise, the going in and out, the spitting of the priests on the Altar steps, the distressing representations of our Blessed Lord — I cannot get over them.

The censuring of the priests, the ringing of bells, the constant carrying of the Blessed Sacrament from one altar to another — this I can manage: because I can say Psalms meanwhile. But at best, when I can get away into a side chapel with no wax virgins in it, and no hideous pictures of the FATHER, I cannot manage well.

In the summer of the year 1840, Mr. Faber went to reside in the house of the late Matthew Harrison, Esq., of Ambleside, in order to superintend the education of his eldest son. Much of his spare time was devoted, as in preceding years, to parochial work. The parish was in a destitute condition, principally owing to the age and infirmity of the incumbent, and it had lately experienced its first inroad of dissent. During the few months in which the care of it was undertaken by Mr. Faber, much good was done, and the attendance at the church was more than doubled.

A small collection of poems, which he published in the autumn of this year, met with great success. It took its name, "The Cherwell Water-Lily and other Poems," from the piece which happened to stand first. The author's own criticism on it was, "It is juvenile exceedingly, but it will float."

About this time, a report that he was likely to be married gained some credence among Mr. Faber's friends. His letters show that, while there was some foundation for the story, there was no immediate prospect of such an event, and moreover that his wishes and prayers uniformly took an opposite direction.

LETTER XXXVIII.—To THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Ambleside, Westmoreland,
October 21, 1840, A. S.

With regard to marriage, as one does not like foolish reports to go about, I may as well say that I have no prospect of it, however remote; and neither have nor have had any engagement on the subject. There is but one person in the world whom I should wish to marry—the person alluded to in my poem called *First Love*. But I have not the least reason for supposing she is in love with me; and I am quite sure she knows nothing of my affection for her, and there are few things in the world less likely than my marrying her. But you know my views on this subject; you may remember our talk in the Christ Church meadow about living alone, and moral as distinguished from physical continence. My present state is just this. I am not even in love as most people would count love; and I very seldom turn my thoughts that way. I honor the celibate so highly, and regard it so eminently the fittest way of life for a priest, that if Christ would graciously enable me so learn to live alone, I should prefer much, even with great self-denials, to live a virgin life, and to die a virgin, as God has kept me so hitherto. But I am under no vow, and distrust myself too much to make one. Secondly, I think my marrying more likely at some time or other than I used to think it; from the great unhappiness I had at Oxford, and the difficulty I felt in pressing my life into that mould. My health suffered from it. I carried on the struggle with hope. I have now less hope; but I have by no means abandoned the contest. I hope to live a single life; but I shall not be surprised if I marry. People who have not been deprived of home and all home thoughts, as I have, in early boyhood, who are not sick with pent-up domestic wishes, and have not had “the vents of sweetest mortal feeling closed with cold earth from the grave,” having expended part of their nature, are ill fitted to judge the trials of men left in early orphanhood, with hot feelings glowing in them unexpended still.

But of this enough. Overmuch anxiety about one's good name is perhaps not well. Meanwhile, my dear J——, meet any reports you hear with such portions of this letter as you like. I am not going to marry, or to engage myself in marriage: both acts seem to me at this moment more unlikely than almost any other I can conceive.

LETTER XXXIX.—TO THE SAME.

Ambleside, Westmoreland,
Thursday, October 22nd, 1840, A. S.

I have been brought up much more self-indulgently (God absolve the souls of my dear departed parents for it!) than you; and my occupation in religion hitherto has been exclusively the putting off soft habits. Alas! this is far from being done, very far; but by God's mercy it goes on; and I trust He will carry on His good work to the end. But of course I shall never be as I should have been if I had not been a most spoiled child. Then again my early loss of home and people to love, joined to my exuberant temperament, to which I alluded in my yesterday's letter, have considerable influence upon me; But why should I go further? I am not trying to defend myself, or to argue a case. *At present* I have not put Holy Matrimony away from me; though I scarce think of it once a month. As I said before, I am not going to be married, and I have no prospect of marriage; and the report has as much foundation as one which should make me elect Archbishop of York. As to my poems, except "First Love," all else is pure fancy, e. g. "Lammas Shoots" and "Softly the Ships do sail;" except these two, I believe there are no feminine allusions in the volume. Read "First Love" and "Birthday Thoughts at Bishop Ken's grave." You will then know as much as I can write and more. My poems are less Catholic than I am, being as all poetry should be, language carefully stopped short of thoughts.

LETTER XL.—TO THE SAME.

Ambleside, Westmoreland,
January 26, 1841, A. S.

I am getting casehardened anent reports of my marriage. However, as I know you feel interested in the subject, I may as well say that I never felt so strongly determined by God's grace to "make a venture of a lonely life," as J. H. N. says, as I do now. I have too little confidence in my own religious manliness to say more than that I am at present purposed to lead a single life, and that I have made it a subject of prayer, that God would of His mercy corroborate that purpose in me.

But enough: I am too weak a disciple to talk thus. I rather covet than enjoy the calm love of virginity; but it may be God will reveal even that unto me.

Concerning the position of the Church of England, he wrote on the 25th November, to the Rev. J. B. Morris:

LETTER XLI.

I agree with you that Anglicanism seems to have a double *face*, a deep one and a superficial one; but either of its temper is better than the *face* of Gallicanism, that idol set up in the writings of so many modern Anglicans. Now, as a school of Latin theology, Anglicanism is a very curious phenomenon; if, as I once heard Newman say, Bishop Butler is to be regarded as the "great doctor and prophet of Anglicanism," then clearly it must be a very deep thing, resting like a pyramid with its apex downwards, i. e., with a broad faith and a copious theology resting on slight world-worn evidence. The essence and soul of such a system will of course be *caution*: and as caution may bear two interpretations according as men are deep, learned, austere, bold, and of a venturesome humility, or according as they are shallow, ignorant, self-indulgent, tim-

orous, and of a private-judgmentized humility, so in like manner will Anglicanism have two tempers and a double *face*. And I think you transfer to Anglicanism itself, considered as a school of Latin theology, your very natural dislike of that poor, attenuated, hungry *face*, caught from a misrepresentation of its abstruse caution. This is what I *think*. Have I expressed it plainly? What you dislike in Anglican divines is coldness, unclear statement, Gadarene humility, fearfulness of mysticism, unmeaning, unintelligent dislike of Rome, and a general absence of the marks and characteristics of *Catholic childhood*. At least this is what I dislike. But really I think all this is separable from true Anglicanism, even when considered as a very peculiar school of Latin theology; and if a persecution were to arise — I dare not say we are in any such state of grace as to profit by one — perchance, under Christ, these things might be separated from it. E. g. may one not venture to say that the mighty Bishop Bull's obtruding dislike of Rome might be marked off from his other teaching, even with advantage to that other teaching in the way of consistency and so on? If so, he is a type of Anglicanism so far.

Now just run an eye over our history. Is it not plain that "the perverseness of our Norman blood" wore a very *peculiar* character into the English Church even while it was a limb of the Roman obedience, and idiosyncrasy more strikingly and ruggedly its own than that e. g. of the Spanish limb? Now, however valuable its evidence may be theologically, I am not going to speak well of the *face* of the Norman English Church; because I think badly of it, just as I think badly of the Gallican *face*; and were I a French priest should belong to the school of De Maistre. What I mean is that I do not think it fair to consider Anglicanism as the joint product of the Reformation and the recoil *from* the Reformation. It was born under the Norman kings. The Norman English Church was in its real temper quite as alien from the Saxon English Church as the Tudor English Church was from the Norman. Well, the temper of the Norman English Church gets worse and worse: under Henry VII. it is deplorable.

Then comes the storm and the shipwreck on the shallows and sand-holes of Erastianism. The storm was inevitable, the shipwreck not. Then the period of Elizabethan degradation; the ship in water, if not deep water, again, though with much "damage of the lading," yet Hooker on deck. Then the attempt to create a moderate Romanist party—doctrinally Roman, politically Anglican—by James and perhaps Charles, (Abbot strange to say favored it, Laud broke it) so as to supply a middle term to complete the syllogism of reconciliation. Then a true Anglican school among the bishops, and fostered by the crown, trained in suffering, having three martyrs, a king, a primate, and a lay lord; but, for all that the king was so good a Catholic, somewhat running to Erastianism. Then the Non-Jurors, or Anglicanism among the bishops; and so, thwarting the state before it was strong enough to do so successfully, crushed. Then a gentle Georgian shelving down into a well-written, able, moral, gentlemanly Deism. Then what we are in now: Anglicanism at work, not among the bishops, where the state would notice it and crush it because it would be prematurely troublesome, but at work among the inferior clergy in a very bold way, and *fortunately* with tongue-tied Convocations, and we hope with more sense of the importance of *personal* following of antiquity: and so, perhaps, as even W. Palmer, of Magdalen admitted to me, with more chance, please heaven, of success than any former attempt. Very well. Now what does all this show? Why so much, that Anglicanism is a thing in training, in tendency, in aspiration, incomplete—a real view, YET NEVER HITHERTO REALIZED. And things in tendency have many *désagrémens* which they will forego in their complete state. Now, I will venture a reason why the realization of Anglicanism is so impeded. It has realized to a great extent primitive teaching: it has not realized primitive *θεός*, because it has not realized Catholicity. Catholicity cannot be realized without considerable approach to Catholic communion; and the nearest approach we have made is to communion with Catholic antiquity. We make neither head nor

tail of the present Church. Western Christendom lies at our feet, and we scamper over it every summer by hundreds. But we forget it is that awful, old thing, Western Christendom. Of course I anticipate all that men say about our being excommunicated, not able to worship, &c., &c., &c.; partly true, partly not. If we *cannot* make any use of Western Christendom, we cannot. But it is still equally true that Anglicanism remains unrealized for lack of making some use of it. Surely, if Anglicanism be fixed and any way realized as an insular, insulated, offstanding school of Occidental theology, with properties as well as accidents of its own, I do not well see how it can help being a maimed, defective school: even if immense adherence to antiquity kept us from being a schismatic school, though I doubt that. The "present Church," so overbearing an ingredient in such few Roman theologians as I have read, is *non ens* in almost all Anglican. It is in such a state they don't know what to do with it: more's the pity; for I am sure I know still less what we are to do without it. English travellers say, What can we do? we are excommunicate. Would it not be something if they *felt* that excommunication on their minds, as they travelled? Would not you like to spend six months among the Munich disciples of Mühler, Döllinger, &c., &c.? Of course I shall know more of all this when I have travelled. I shall strive to realize all such little ways of impeded communion as are unstopped. It will surely do *me* good if no one else.

It was arranged that Mr. Faber should spend the greater part of the year 1841 in travelling upon the Continent with his pupil. For many reasons the plan was very acceptable to him. It afforded the best prospect of the restoration of his health, which had suffered much from his various labors; and it saved him from the necessity of resigning his post and returning to Oxford, which, with all his affection for the University, he was unwilling to do. Further, the relation

of Anglicanism to the rest of Christendom was a subject in which he was much interested, and he left England with the determination of devoting the closest attention to it.

His views are stated with his wonted precision in the following letters:

LETTER XLII. — TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Ambleside, Westmoreland,
Monday night, November 16, 1841, A. S.

There certainly have been times when I have hoped I might return no more to Oxford; and two or three sonnets of mine, *College Life*, *Unkind Judging*, and *Admonition*, will put you honestly into possession of my feelings on this head. But then daily service and weekly Communions, these decide the question, now that I have them not and am pining for them. I grant that go where one will, one makes enemies—*my temper* would almost create them in the Sahara Desert; but so far as my experience goes, there is an edge of harshness upon an Oxford enmity which poisons the wound somewhat over and above. “Charity hopeth all things” nowhere, as she ought; but methinks she is singularly unhopeful at Oxford. I suppose, as life goes on, one gets thicker-skinned in these matters. And as I think waywardly of certain academic harshnesses which still taste in my mouth, bitter as this horrid quinine, I confess that while I have an affectionate reverting to the cold night-air that is circulating in High street, Broad street, and the other arteries of Oxford, a ill the blustering howl of wind upon these mountains, which is now rocking the house, feels more soothing to me.

You must excuse this brief epistle. I am bothered with work just now. Goodbye. Remember me to Dalgairns. Tell him to take care of my French translation of Möhler’s *Symbolik*. There is a wealth of glorious divinity in that book; read especially the resemblance between Ultra-Protestantism and Nestorianism.

LETTER XLIII.—TO THE SAME.

Ambleside, Westmoreland,
The Feast of the Circumcision, 1841, A. S.

I am sure you will think I have been guilty of a very unaffectionate silence; but till last Sunday relieved me of the church here, and so of two sermons a week, I have been quite beside myself with work of the most omnigenous character. My health has entirely given way under it. Last Sunday week I lost all control of my mind during service; but somehow or other I found the Prayers over and myself in the vestry with the medical man. I am much better now, I am most thankful to say, very much better, but still far from well. I cannot help suspecting that my constitution is undergoing some change; and that I shall not be quite well till the revolution has taken place. Really, to a man of my soft habits, it is a hard thing to read and write in the face of a refractory digestion. But enough of ailments, on which one dwells overmuch.

Our travelling plans are a good deal altered, and very much to my satisfaction. We set off at the end of February to spend, D. V., five months in Russia, Lapland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. I fear I shall scarcely be able to get more than a superficial view of the Græco-Russian Church. However, that will be very interesting. I expect to be disappointed. First, the Waldenses are put up as a prop to help us to do without Rome. Then, as *hierarchical* opinions spread, the Greek Church. I *suspect* all this; but I speak, of course, in ignorance. My wishes are at present so physical that I shall be well content if I may but win health from the breezes of the shallow Baltic.

Before the time appointed for the departure of Mr. Faber and his companion their plans were again changed, and when they left England on the 26th of February, it was to proceed direct to Paris, and thence

through the central provinces of France to the Mediterranean. At Marseilles they took ship for Genoa, and passed through Lombardy to Venice and Trieste, where they arrived on the 13th of April. The remainder of that month and the beginning of May were devoted to Greece, from which country they proceeded to Constantinople. Here they were detained by the illness of Mr. Faber, and it was not until the 2d of June that they were able to resume their journey. Taking what was at that time a route but rarely travelled, they crossed Bulgaria from Küstendje, ascended the Danube, and passed through Hungary to Vienna. After a short stay in that capital, the travellers made a tour through Styria, the Tyrol, and Bavaria, returning to Vienna before proceeding northwards through Bohemia and Saxony to Berlin, on their homeward route. It was then the end of August, and soon afterwards Mr. Faber and his companion returned to Ambleside.

Several memorials of this tour are to be found in Mr. Faber's poems, and one of them, the Styrian Lake, gave its name to a volume which he published in the year 1842. He kept a minute journal of his travels, which abounds in graphic and interesting descriptions of the places which he visited, some of which have been appended to this chapter. This journal was the basis of a work called "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples," which appeared early in 1842, and was dedicated to William Wordsworth, Esq., "in affectionate remembrance of much personal kindness, and many thought-

ful conversations on the rites, prerogatives, and doctrines of the Holy Church." Into this volume the author introduced many remarks and theories upon religious matters, chiefly in the form of conversations with an imaginary representative of the Middle Ages, whose appearance adds very much to the attractiveness of the book. The "Stranger," as he is usually called, personates in fact Mr. Faber's own Catholic feelings and tendencies, against which he appears to contend. The work, which he intended to continue in a second volume, only follows the journal as far as the approach to Constantinople, and concludes with the subjoined description of a dream (p. 643.):

"After midnight I fell asleep, and dreamed again. Methought I was with the mysterious Stranger, on a bright sunny bank of velvet turf, a little brook murmuring near, and a copse hard by, full of meadow-sweet, the odor of which filled all the air. Everything around spoke the voluptuous languor of midsummer. The Stranger asked me to explain all the doctrines and customs of my Church. So I took a sheet of vellum, and I wrote them all out in columns, in a fair hand, from the calenders and rubrics of the Service Books. He was much pleased with it, and said it was very beautiful and good. Then he proposed we should walk up the stream some little way. So I hid the vellum among the meadow-sweet, and we walked together up the stream. But a heavy shower of rain came on, and we took shelter in a cave which was in the face of a rock, all clasped with ivy, bindweed, and eglantine. When the sun shone again we returned to our bank, and I looked for the vellum, and the rain had washed all the characters away. Upon this the Stranger said I had deceived him; that if what I had written were true, no rain would have washed it away; and he would not believe me when I said it was true, but he was

very angry. However he said he would judge for himself. So we rose up, and went a long way for many weeks, till we came to Canterbury on Advent Sunday. From thence we went all over the land throughout the parishes, and the Stranger took strict note of all he saw and heard. At length we came to the banks of the Tweed. The stranger would not cross over, but he lifted up his hands, and blessed the land on the other side. So we turned back again toward the south; and on Ascension-day we were in a forlorn and desolate chancel belonging to a spacious church. It was a dreary, unadorned place, for the beauty was lavished on the nave rather than the chancel; and over the altar, a very mournful symbol, were seven empty white-washed niches. The Stranger regarded them with indignation, but did not speak. When we came out of the church, he turned to me, and said in a solemn voice, somewhat tremulous from deep emotion, 'You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests: Is England beneath an Interdict?'"

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

1.—THE BOURBONNAIS.

The road from Orleans to Lyons ascends with the Loire. The banks are very pretty here and there, and Gien and one or two other towns are nicely situated. But there was nothing at all which would justify any epithets rising above *pretty* and *nice*. Indeed, the great prevalence of vineyards wars successfully against sylvan beauty; for a vineyard, in France and Germany at least, is never an interesting object, except to persons learned in wines, or English children, who think it fine to see grapes growing out of doors. From Neuvy-sur-Loire we still followed the river as far as Nevers. At Nevers we crossed the Loire and followed the Allier to

Moulins. The river below should certainly never have been called the Loire, just as the Thames should never have influenced the name of Isis; but study maps, and you will see that there is even less justice among rivers than among men. The scenery was now beginning to improve, always interesting, and not unfrequently rising into beauty. La Charité is almost as picturesque as a Rhenish village. We were also delighted at the sight of some hills, modest ones it is true, yet indubitably hills, and a great relief after so many leagues of tillage land with fruit-tree avenues. Looking back upon Nevers, it reminded me strongly of Carlisle. True it is the tower of Carlisle is of red stone, that of Nevers of gray and white; still the shape is the same, and the way the town stands, and the flat around, and the blue haze on the uplands. All this brought Carlisle, and the flat from the Solway to Crossfell, irresistibly to mind. Why the ballad should say, "The sun shines bright on Carlisle wall," it is difficult to tell; but certainly the sun does seem always to be shining there, and shining too as it shone on Nevers. Of all the sunshiny towns of misty England, after Oxford, Carlisle comes oftenest to my mind. Yet possibly a fit of home-sickness may have helped me in making out the resemblance between Carlisle and Nevers. The imagination seized so readily on the likeness that it did not even require a kind-hearted bank of clouds wherewith to create Skiddaw and set it down in its proper place, and at its proper distance. Altogether, the laughing flats, the woody swells, the broad hazy rivers, the high-roofed houses, and the picturesque costume of the Bourbonnais, have left a very pleasant impression.

2.—AVIGNON.

The Rhone from Lyons to Avignon is very beautiful, and the continually changing outlines of the mountains is singularly pleasing. We stayed for a short time at Vienne, and were interested with the sight of its old church, remembering how dearly it had earned its place there, through the con-

stancy of its primitive martyrs, whose acts, addressed by their brethren to the Eastern Churches, are among the most instructive documents saved from the wreck of ecclesiastical antiquity. The ravage of the late floods is, on both sides of the river, truly awful; whole tracts of land are covered with uprooted mulberry trees and torn vines, and the ruined heaps of dwelling-houses and farm-buildings. But I presume that the fertile hand of summer, in this genial climate, will soon mask the desolation with her various greens. Our passage to Avignon, at the extraordinary speed of the Rhone steamer, was like a magical plunge into spring. The fruit-trees at Avignon were all in bloom, as if covered with flakes of snow, and the acacia trees were dressed in light green shoots. It would not be easy to compare the scenery of the Rhine and the Rhone; nor, indeed, does a genuine lover of natural objects relish such comparisons. Of the various kinds of scenery, perhaps a mountainous region, abundantly mixed with woodland, is the most attractive; but all kinds are beautiful, from the valleys of Perthshire and the sea-coves of Argyleshire, down to the straight watercourses and willow avenues of an English midland county. Indeed, even two scenes of the same kind can rarely be compared; for there is a peculiarity and distinctive character in each, preventing the one from interfering with the other. This, if true, is important to travellers. There is a dangerous facility in comparisons; and they are mostly used for the depreciation of what is present, marring the pleasure we should otherwise feel in what is before us. When comparisons do come into the mind, it should be for wholly other purposes, and mainly as handmaids to memory.

We saw many shops and *magasins* open, which had evidently been at some time the hotels of cardinals and princes. The streets are built very narrow, and the eaves of the houses beetle over and almost touch, a style of building most agreeable in hot weather, as the sun is almost entirely excluded. Every here and there, in some filthy corner, a gothic window or doorway is to be seen; and not even the interesting collec-

tion of Roman antiquities in the museum can turn away the thoughts one moment from the middle ages. The size of the old palace of the popes would be almost incredible to one who had not seen it. Part of it is a *caserne*, part a fortress, part a prison, part ruins. We saw the tomb of John XXII. and the pope's seat in the cathedral. We then mounted the tower to see the view. The panorama is extremely good. The windings of the Rhone and the Durance, the mountains beyond Vaucluse, and the plain of the Rhone planted with mulberry trees, made up a pleasing scene. But Avignon itself was the most interesting. It appeared a crowd of narrow, winding, poor streets, shattered towers, broken gables of churches, piles of white ruined houses; and one might see almost with the eye that the French Revolution had passed like a flood, more angry than the desolating Rhone, over this seat of past ages. The nauseous tricolor, and the din of drums from before the Hotel de Ville, and the French guards filing through the gateway of the pope's palace, were an allegory of the Church and the world, mournfully significant.

We were compelled to descend far sooner than we wished, the glare created such pain in our eyes. We repaired to Laura's tomb. There was something in the mien of the priest who showed it to us very pleasing. He pointed out different shattered churches and convents, which had suffered, he said, in the Revolution. He spoke low and mournfully, and, though his feelings came through his words in a way not to be mistaken, he used no word of bitterness, no word of condemnation. He seemed to regard the sufferings of the Church in France as a providential humbling of her, and did not choose to dwell on the other side of the question, the sins of those who were God's instruments in so humbling her. He seemed penetrated by that truly Christian temper in a churchman, which it is so difficult to realize.

3.—VAUCLUSE.

The scenery of Vacluse would probably disappoint most persons, especially if they came to it from the Pyrenees or Italy; but after flat France it is by no means disappointing. The scenery, however, did not please us so much as the singular vernal coloring of Provence, whose strange richness increases daily, yet is wholly without grass. There was the yellow or white earth newly turned up for the vines, and then the lightest of all light greens, except larch, in the young willow shoots, the gray motionless stains which marked the rows of innumerable olives, and the Sorgue with water of the deepest aqua-marine tint, and, where it broke in blue foam, of a vivid, shooting brilliance quite indescribable. Mixing everywhere with this were hundreds of almond-trees with not a leaf on, but lost in blossom, white or blush-color or rose-red; and, as the stems were mostly hidden, the mass of bloom seemed almost floating like clouds above the earth. At a distance, the mountains appeared, toward their bases, to be covered with snow; but, as we came nearer, it proved to be a wavering, wind-stirred region of almond-blossom. I never saw such colors in nature before. In real beauty, the blending of an English woodland scene is far beyond it. It was the strangeness which made the impression. There was something of a fairy-land bewilderment about it.

The rocky, mountain cove is fine, and the double-arched cavern with the fountain of the Sorgue. This translucent river breaks from the earth, at once a copious brook. There is neither jet nor bubble, not a foam-bell on the surface of the basin to tell of subterranean conflicts, not even a faint pleased gurgle to greet the realms of upper air, and soothe the mountain solitude. When we were there, the basin was so full that the river broke over the rocks in a copious and sparkling waterfall, and yet the basin itself kept its unrippled stillness.

4.—FIRST VIEW OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Provence seems to be made up of two sorts of nakedness; flat nakedness and hilly nakedness. The transition from Aix to Marseilles is over a tract of hilly nakedness, whose copious dust and sharp gravel furiously agitated by the *vent de bise* were sufficiently miserable. But the view from the hill above Marseilles is as splendid as fame reports it to be. We had been traversing some very barren country, when one turn of the road shifted the whole scene. We saw a large circle of undulating ground, covered with shining villas. This was hemmed in toward the east and north by a fine range of craggy mountains, behind which, yet not so as to veil the summits, heavy storm-clouds were hanging in enormous folds of deep black and unclear crimson interwreathed. The city crowded the little heights down to the water's edge; and there too was the silver Mediterranean, whose waves the mistral was lashing into foam; and one bay, one only, which fell beneath the shadow of the cloud, was of an inky purple. The sun set, and left the eye resting where

"The mirror of the sea
Re-images the eastern gloom,
Mingling convulsively its purple hues,
With sunset's burnished gold."

It was quite a scene to make a date of in one's own mind.

There are sometimes ideas which can occupy the imagination for hours with a vague delight, which scarcely resolves itself into separate or tangible thoughts. So I felt with a childish weakness when my dream was realized. I was looking upon the Mediterranean: it was the first time those haunted waters had met my gaze. I pondered on the name—the Mediterranean—as if the very letters had folded in their little characters the secret of my joy. My inner eye roved in and out along the coast of religious Spain, the land of an eternal crusade, where alone, and for that reason, the true religiousness of knighthood was ever realized; it overleaped

the straits, and followed the outline of St. Augustine's land, where Carthage was and rich Cyrene, and where now, by God's blessings, which are truly renewed every morning, a solitary Christian bishop sits upon the chair of Algiers, the germ, let us pray earnestly, of a second Catholic Africa; onward it went to "old hushed Egypt," the symbol of spiritual darkness, and the mystical house of bondage; from thence to Jaffa, from Jaffa to Beirout; the birthplace of the Morning, the land of the world's pilgrimage, where the Tomb is, lay stretched out like a line of light, and the nets were drying on the rocks of Tyre; onward still, along that large projection of Asia, the field ploughed and sown by apostolic husbandmen—there is corn growing still, but detached and feeble; then came a rapid glance upon the little *Ægean* islands, and upwards through the Hellespont, and over the sea of Marmora. St. Sophia's minaret sparkled like a star; the sea-surges were faint in the myriad bays of Greece, and that other peninsula, twice the throne of the world's masters, was beautiful in her peculiar twilight; and the eye rested again upon the stormy bay of Marseilles. It was a dream. Has history been much more?

5. — GENOA.

Early in March the hot weather broke upon us in Genoa. There had been a continuance of rainy days, till a nocturnal thunderstorm brought with it the change. It was beautiful, yet a beauty which awed the beholder, to see the ships, the Fanale, and the hills, lighted up every other minute by long-abiding sheets of deep-blue lightning. And such a day dawned upon the sea, tranquillizing and brightening its angry purple. We climbed the "olive-sandalled" Appennines at mid-day, by the steep *Via Crucis*, notwithstanding the heat. The views amply repaid us. The Mediterranean was a bewildering blue; a blue I had seen in dreams, but never elsewhere till now. Here the plain of the sea was covered with glossy wakes from grotesquely-rigged fishing boats; there a breeze from the hills was ruffling the blue into a purple; far

out again it was a silvery green, with the hazy mountains of Corsica rising faintly out of its breast. To the left was a bay, guarded by brown rocks, beautifully shaped, and wherein was a steamy mist hanging over the sea, a noonday mist, blue as the water and the sky. To the right, headlands after headlands put themselves forth, fainter and more faint, guarding and concealing as many quiet bays, and above them rose a glorious range of higher mountains, toward Piedmont, covered with snow, tinged, very slightly tinged, with a light orange hue. And at our feet, couched like a living creature, lay "Genoa the superb," blazing with white houses; her crescent port, her domes and towers, her palaces, that are each and all old pages of history, torn from some illuminated manuscript of the middle ages, and whereon the illuminations are well nigh faded or effaced by time and violence. Then, if on all this we turned our backs for a few moments, what a sudden change awaited us! We looked into the very inner windings of the Apennines, with here and there a quiet village, whose one white straggling street seemed in the very act of scaling the rugged, treeless steep; and such a brooding calm was there, a calm such as never comes except at noonday. It seemed a marvel two such worlds should be so near. On this side, the blue pageant of the Mediterranean, shrinking, as it were, in honorable homage from the beach, where Genoa still dreams over the past in her empty palaces, on the other side, so soft, so speechless, so green a desolation!

On that platform of the Apennines and threshold of Italy, its history may well rise before us; how Florence hated Pisa, and Venice Genoa; and how all alike were trodden under-foot of rough Transalpines, and all because the land was so beautiful, because Italy was so fatally dowered that the German bridegrooms have sought her hand with arms.

"Italia! Italia! O tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza!"

I had thought that all the feasts which fell in Lent were, by the Roman Church, postponed till afterwards. In Genoa

this does not seem to hold with the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady; as it does not in the Greek Church. The city was plunged in one entire tumult of holiday. All the shops were shut; but booths of fruit and every kind of eatables crowded the streets. Lent seemed forgotten. The churches were thronged by men well dressed, and women almost gorgeously appareled. Bells ringing, chiming, and playing tunes without intermission all day. Genoa was a chaos of bells. All sounds of labor were hushed; the steamboats were stopped in the middle of their voyages, and every street was filled with heaps, or rather stacks of flowers, wherewith to honor the images and altars of the Blessed Virgin. We ourselves were quite possessed with the Sunday feeling of the day; and, not to be utterly without sympathy with the Genoese around us, we decorated our room with a bunch of crimson tulips, apparently the favorite flower, that we might not be without something to remind us of her

“Who so above
All mothers shone;
The mother of
The Blessed One.”

6. — THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

About five miles from Pavia, on one side of the road, stands the Certosa of Chiaravalle, beneath the walls of which the battle of Pavia was fought. It certainly is a most gorgeous church; but it looked desolate and forlorn, and in want of worshippers. The suppression of the monastery in this particular spot is to be regretted. It was one of the wholesale reforms of Joseph II., the Austrian Henry VIII., but a better and honester man, and a wiser sovereign. This house of Carthusian monks was begun by one of the Visconti, Dukes of Milan, in the fourteenth century, as an expiation for his sins, which were in truth many and onerous. The building of it occupied a hundred years. The whole of the interior, which is spacious and in the form of a Latin Cross, is one mingled

mass of marble, precious stones, brass, bronze, fresco-painting, and stained windows, most dazzling and costly. We observed much elaborate work in very precious materials, in more than one place where it could scarcely be seen by any human eye. This is always delightful. It is very contrary to our spirit. We would as soon throw ourselves from our own steeples as do anything elaborate or beautiful or costly, where it would never meet the eyes of men. How the spirit of the middle ages dwarfs this selfish, unventuresome meanness. What a refreshment it is, how grateful a reproof to wander up and down, within and without, the labyrinth of roofs in an old cathedral, as we did at Amiens, and see the toil and the cost of parts to which the eye can scarcely travel, so isolated are they in the air—tracery, exquisitely-finished images, fretwork, and the like; and all an offering of man's toil and intellect and cost to the Holy Trinity. The Certosa is a signal instance of this spirit. It is one heap of riches, and of earth's most magnificent things, wrought by the deep and fertile spirit of Christian art into a wondrous symbolical offering to God, shaped after the Cross of His Son. Once indeed it had a continual voice, a voice of daily and nightly liturgies, which rose up from it before the Lord perpetually. But the fiat of an Austrian emperor went forth, and from that hour there was so much less intercession upon the earth. The Certosa is now a silent sacrifice of Christian art. It is, as it were, a prayer for the dead, rising with full though speechless meaning up to heaven.

I came out from the church, and loitered about the tranquil collegiate quadrangle in which it is situated. I remembered Petrarch's letter to some Carthusian monks with whom he had stayed. "My desires are fulfilled. I have been in Paradise, and seen the angels of heaven in the form of men. Happy family of Jesus Christ! How was I ravished in the contemplation of that sacred hermitage, that pious temple, which resounded with celestial psalmody! In the midst of these transports, in the pleasure of embracing the dear deposit I confided to your care, (his brother, who

had taken the habit,) and in discoursing with him and with you, time ran so rapidly, that I scarcely perceived its progress. I never spent a shorter day or night. I came to seek one brother, and I found a hundred. You did not treat me as a common guest. The activity and the ardor with which you rendered me all sorts of services, the agreeable conversations I had with you in general and particular, made me fear I should interrupt the course of your devout exercises. I felt it was my duty to leave you, but it was with extreme pain I deprived myself of hearing those sacred oracles you deliver. I did purpose to have made you a short discourse; but I was so absorbed, I could not find a moment to think of it. In my solitude I ruminate over that precious balm which I gathered, like the bee, from the flowers of your holy retreat."

O kings and queens! how swiftly runs the pen through the letters of your signature, and what power is allotted by heaven to the prince's written name to humble or elevate the world! Some tranquil morning at Schönbrunn, it may be, the Kaiser was detained one moment from the elm-tree walk beneath the windows, and ere the sentinel would have time to change guard, that Carthusian world of peaceful sanctity, of king-protecting intercession, of penitence and benediction, of heaven realized below, was signed away, swept from the earth by a written name. It was as though the Kaiser had stopped the fountains of one of the Lombard rivers.

7.—VENICE.

Our road after Padua followed the canal of the Brenta, till at last Venice broke upon the view; Venice, with all her history upon her, all her crime and all her glory, all that whole volume of thought which rushes upon the mind when the word "Venice" is pronounced. And how is it to be described? What words can I use to express that vision, that thing of magic which lay before us? All nature seemed in harmony with our natural meditations. Never

was there so wan a sunlight, never was there so pale a blue, as stood round about Venice that day. And there it was, a most visionary city, rising as if by enchantment out of the gentle-mannered Adriatic, the waveless Adriatic. One by one rose steeple, tower and dome, street and marble palace. They rose to our eyes slowly, as from the weedy deeps; and then they and their images wavered and floated, like a dream, upon the pale, sunny sea. As we glided onward from Fusina in our gondola, the beautiful buildings, with their strange eastern architecture, seemed, like fairy ships, to totter, to steady themselves, and come to anchor one by one; and where the shadow was and where the palace was, you scarce could tell. And there was San Marco, and there the Ducal Palace, and there the Bridge of Sighs, and the very shades of the Balbi, Foscari, Pisani, Bembi, seemed to hover about the winged lion of St. Mark. And all this, all, to the right and left, all was Venice; and it needed the sharp grating of the gondola against the stair to bid us be sure it was not all a dream.

We spent the evening in a gondola, shooting over the blue canals of this enchanted city. It was a mazy dream of marble palaces, old names, fair churches, strange costumes; while the canals were like the silver threads, the bright unities, of one of sleep's well-woven visions. We seemed to be actors for a night in some Arabian tale. The evening left no distinct remembrances. The pleasure of the excitement absorbed everything.

However, we awakened the next morning, and found it was not all a dream. Venice was still there, and the shadows of her palaces were heaving on the water. The sea was no longer the blue of Genoa, but a delicate pale green, like the back of a lizard; and the sky was cloudless, yet a pearly white; and the transparent sea-haze which hung over the city seemed to float like a veil. It looked more wonderful, more dream-like than ever. I was struck on land with the strange *coloring* of the scenery of Provence: the barren white hills, the dull blue grey of the olives, the white and

deep rose-red of the almond blossoms mingled together in an indescribable way. What Provence in early spring is for country coloring, Venice is for city and for sea. It brought Canaletti's pictures strongly to mind; yet not even those convey the colors as they really are, a white, blue, green, and red, utterly unlike any other white, blue, green, and red I ever saw in nature or in art. Yet who is there that has ever been at Venice, but will confess that the memories of that fair city refuse to blend with any other in his mind? They demand a temple to be built for themselves. They will be enshrined apart from the recollections of all other places. And willingly is this conceded to thee, thou glittering vision. It is long, long before the glory of wonder and delight wears off from the memory of the bewildering thing thou art, sitting in the white sunshine by the sea!

Our very room at Venice is affectionately remembered. The house had probably been the palace of an old Venitian noble. The apartment in which we lived was hung with embroidered silk, much faded and tarnished; and the ceiling was painted with the exploits of some general or admiral, probably one of the owners of the palace, in the Turkish wars; and the coat of arms, which he is holding in his hand, is repeated in the cornice at both ends of the room. Beyond the windows, a covered balcony, also with windows, hung over the quay, and afforded an exquisite view. It was close to the Doge's palace, and faced towards the sea, and consequently the greater part of the terra firma of Venice was at our command; and we could pace about the Piazza di San Marco, thinking of Shylock or Othello, or lost in admiration of an architectural group which is beyond all description.

The palace of the Doges, that view of it, at least, which we have from the sea, is known to almost every English eye, from the number of engravings which there are of it. It is a strange building, with its multitudinous little marble columns and grotesque windows, and the giant staircase, all glorious, of the purest marble of Carrara, carved and chiselled

into ornaments of the most beautiful minuteness. A splendid palace indeed it is; yet while my eyes wandered in a few minutes over the gorgeous part of the structure, they were riveted for long with undiminished interest upon the little round holes, close to the level of the sullen canal beneath the Bridge of Sighs: holes which marked the passages to the Pozzi or wells, that is, the dungeons beneath the level of the canal. There for years were the victims of this wicked merchant-republic confined. They are five paces long, two and a half wide, and seven feet high. They have holes into the passages, through which enough damp air found access to keep the prisoner alive, and through which also his food was thrust. One man, whom the French found there, had been confined sixteen years. Really, when we consider that in many cases the prisoner was secretly denounced, never knew his crime, or was confronted with his accuser, the thought becomes insupportable. We know, from our own English experience, how much prouder, meaner, and more insolent toward inferiors an aristocracy of wealth is than an aristocracy of blood; and it is not strange that a merchant-republic should have exceeded in diabolical cruelty all the old European monarchies, bad, atrociously bad, as they were. Let the Rath-haus of gloomy Ratisbon, and the corpse-laden waters of the midnight Danube, testify to that. But Venice has been scarcely outdone by the Sultan himself, and the scenes in the dungeons of the beautiful seraglio, and the horrid secrets committed to the reluctant keeping of the Bosphorus.

Let a man stand upon the low bridge close to the Ducal Palace; let him look up to the Bridge of Sighs which hangs above him, then down to the taciturn canal, then to those round holes upon its level; and upward again to the bleached leads of the palace roof, beneath which were those infernal dungeons called the Piombi, close under the leads, and the heat of which in summer was so appalling, so excruciating, as almost to cause madness, and to make the holes beneath the canal very dwellings of delight. Let him then look

round on the gay, green Adriatic, the various costumes upon the quay, the cries of mariners, the gesticulations of the improvisatore, the violins, organs, punchinello, pyramids of oranges and other fruits, men sleeping on mats upon the stones, a most pictorial and merry confusion. Let him look at the tall, bright Campanile of St. Mark, the arches and pillars of the palace, the two columns; and then let him think of a poor wretch, secretly denounced, dragged by night from the bosom of his family, examined by torture, and perchance for some slight word dropped in holiday mirth, immured beneath those waters for twenty, thirty, forty years, yea, for half a century! What was all the brightness of the Adriatic to him? what the beauty of his own native Venice? and what must the strength be of a native's love for such a magic city? Think how many suns rose and set on Venice, how the morning lay like a miracle of loveliness upon these fair lagoons, how the evenings came and music stole over the water, and gilded gondolas, ere yet the sumptuary law prescribed the funereal black, shot here and there, with their lamps like dancing fire-flies, and birth and beauty were abroad and busy, and how hundreds of moons rose upon St. Mark's leaded cupolas, and turned Venice into a fairy city, and swathed it in very spells of moonlight, and how everything about the city was very, very pleasant. And is it possible that two worlds should be so near each other, should rest upon each other's confines? The bewildering mirth and oriental life upon the Grand Canal, and that concentrated world, that life which is only life because it is far, far more horrible than death, close by, beneath those few feet of cold, clear, green water: a life without sight, for daylight comes not there; a life without sound, for stone and water muffle every noise, and the booming of the bells and the splash of the canal would be mercies, were they but granted to the ear, mercies compared to the tingling silentness of those sepulchral dungeons.

Let a man think of all this, and exult when he looks round on Venice, beautiful beyond compare, but stricken and decrepit, and wasted, and almost lifeless; let him see even

written upon the blighted greatness of these Adriatic lagoons the righteousness of God, "He is the Lord our God: his judgments are in all the earth."

8.—CORFU.

We passed close along the shores of Albania. The coast is very mountainous, and the hills barren, stony, and with a few exceptions, woodless. They belong, in point of scenery, to the same class of mountains as Blencathra, in Cumberland, and present the same sort of scathed appearance. There was one particular point of view which, for a sea prospect, could hardly be exceeded. Albania was on our left, Fano and Merlera on our right, and the broad north end of Corfu facing us. Yet this view is far exceeded by the roadsteads of Corfu. There must be few such scenes in the world. With the exception of one or two at Constantinople, we saw nothing so magnificent for a single view, as that from the rock at Corfu, standing on the top of the fortifications and looking northward. Below is a beautifully-shaped basin of blue sea, covered with the white sails of picturesquely-rigged boats, with two or three men-of-war amongst them. The north promontory of Corfu, and the wild, high headlands of Albania, lock one within another, catching on their different folds of green mountain-side various lights, according to their distance, shutting the outlet of the straits, and giving the sea the appearance of a large and glorious lake. It is a most wonderful combination of mountain and water. The fortified rock itself, the Adriatic Gibraltar, is a beautiful object, from the quantity of luxuriant plants of every possible green which cluster and wave from the crevices.

What traveller does not know the delight of getting among foliage whose shape and hue are not like that of his native land? The interior of the island of Corfu was to us a sweet foretaste of oriental foliage. We rode amongst strange hedges of huge cactus, fields of a blue-flowering plant, occasional palms, clouds of blue and white gum-cistus, myrtle-shoots

smelling in the sun, little forests of the many-stemmed arbutus, marshy nooks of blossoming oleander, venerable dull olives, and lemon-groves jewelled with pale yellow fruit. It was a dream of childhood realized, and brought with it some dreary remembrances barbed with poignant sorrows. Dreams alas! are never realized till the freshness of the heart is gone, and their beauty has lost all that wildness which made it in imagination so desirable.

Corfu is indeed a charming island, full of lovely views, rude mountain pictures, and most choice sea bays: but Albania and the roadsteads might be gazed at untired forever.

I sat upon the deck of the *Mahmudie*, looking on the gray forehead of St. Salvador, and deciding, contrary to authority, that it could not be Istone, because of its distance from the site of the town. But my topographical perplexities were dispelled by the commencement of a vigorous cannonade from an English man-of-war. When I saw the smoke and the flash, and the balls ploughing the bay and throwing up white water-spouts, and heard old Albania with her hills at work, like some gigantic drums, and the echoes travelling fainter and fainter inwards, and many an English flag stooping languidly from masthead or battery, I could not help thinking of what Shakespeare calls the revenges of the whirligig of time. Those ill-looking, meagre crowds, which line the shores, are the sons of Corinth's supercilious colonists. These blue, glassy bays, and those mountain sentinels of old Epirus, were, of a truth, the scene of that fearfully interesting and most bloody deed, the Corcyrean sedition. Little did Cœur de Lion dream, when he landed here on his return from Palestine, and kept the Feast of the Nativity, that in a few centuries the children of the foggy rock beyond the gates of the west should be lords of fair Corcyra, and the head of a daughter of a barbarian house beyond the Rhine be the reverse of the flying horse of Ephyre upon the silver of these Ionian islands; while here and there a mutilated stone bears traces of the winged lion of Saint Mark, a witness and memorial of Venice, a name passed away, but the wakes of

whose vessels are still dimly to be seen upon the faithless Adriatic. I thought, too, as a scholar should, of the sadly faithful pages of Thucydides; but the Christian poet recalled me to a graver lesson. He bade me to remember, whenever I read of these acts of multitudinous carnage, crime, and suffering, that what history contemplates calmly, as masses, religion regards with awe, as individual souls, each this April day as much alive as I am, with all his hopes, fears, memories about him, dwelling in the dark or luminous circle where-with his own acts have encompassed him.

9.—ATHENS.

The pale outline of the highlands that run round the gulf of Nauplia, was on one side wavering and indistinct, on the other, the smooth and luminous fields of the open Mediterranean, and our wake was dancing with phosphoric bubbles. There was little sleep among us foreigners on board, but a happy, wakeful silence. One thought, one word, one look, in every mind, from every tongue, on every face,—the morning sight of Athens!

At daybreak, and while everything on deck was wet with the heavy dew, we saw the pale green Salamis, and dropped anchor in the Piræus. But our enthusiasm lost us the day; it was wasted in hurry and excitement, while our minds were surrendered to an inundation of vague and joyous sensations, which left no distinct or profitable impressions behind. To say what thoughts we had at Piræus, on the olive-screened road from thence to Athens, between the desolate columns of Olympian Zeus, beneath the Propylæa, by the divine Parthenon, and old walls of the Acropolis upon the *bema* of the Pnyx, and stone steps of the Areopagus, would be to indite a mere rhapsody, a chain of exaggerated epithets which would leave no character to anything. The day came to a close in Athens; we had laid hold of nothing, realized nothing, in a true sense, enjoyed nothing. But the tranquility of evening brought with it soberness, and with soberness came wisdom,

and with wisdom pleasure. We went out in the starry twilight, and found the little shrunken pools of Ilyssus, and drank from them; and when we saw the pale blue sky of the early night through the weather-colored columns of Olympian Zeus, a ruin most glorious, we could have dreamed we were at Palmyra; for we had already seen camels browsing between Athens and Piræus. Even yet Athens was quite as much a dream as Palmyra; but when beneath Hadrian's Gate we were saluted by a Greek with the old *Ἑσπέρα* the dream was realized. From our lofty apartment, a glorious scene presented itself by night, more than equalling the one at Venice. Athens is below, gleaming with irregular lights; the moon, Sir Patrick Spence's moon, "the new moon with the auld moon in her arms," hanging over Salamis and Egina, with one large star by her side; the Acropolis standing out sharp, bold and dark against the night sky, with a star twinkling among the columns of the Parthenon, and Hymettus with clear and liquid outline beyond. Here, as in some other very famous localities, faith and sight forego their usual offices. Sight brings doubt, and destroys faith with a very trouble of unbelief. Of what use truly in moral unbelief would a visible miracle be? It would but feed the profane craving for fresh proof. Am I not surrounded by a thousand visible proofs of Athens, and yet I am bewildered? I demand a sign. Those sixteen stone steps on Mars' Hill—has the scandal of the wonder-working Paul left no trace behind? Where the murmur of the people rose as he explained the faith, is there no sound now more ghostly than the wind waving the barley fields? We must leave Athens then, and visit it a second time, when we can make it a familiar place, and ponder on its ruins with a solemn, unexcited pleasure.

10.—GREEK SCENERY.

It is difficult to say anything of Greek scenery. Some persons, with quite equal means of judging, have pronounced it full of the most delightful landscapes: an opposite opinion,

which I formed, should therefore be put forward very diffidently. Of course, Greece is a most interesting country to travel in. Every name sounds like a trumpet in one's ears; and even though a man may not have any very great classical enthusiasm, still from his very education he must feel himself pursued all through Greece by an indefinite feeling that "this is Greece," which smooths every disappointment, slightly increases every pleasure, and throws a general enchantment over the whole journey. Then again to a student of history it is an interesting country. Everywhere he finds vestiges of three great changes, pieces of wreck left high and dry by three memorable tides of time. A ruined Ionic pillar in the plain, and old Latin tower by a brook or fortalice on a hill, and a broken mosque in many a poor town throughout the land. These are the features of Greek landscape, its historical features. The traveller sees with his eyes continually a type of the incongruous history of Greece; and this gives an interesting character to almost every prospect. In point of geography, Greece struck me very much indeed. Everybody knows beforehand from maps how small it is; but I do not think any one, when he really came into the country, could help being astonished at its actual littleness. All the objects seem brought close together in a most extraordinary way, and one is almost vexed at seeing so much from so small an eminence, for example, as the Acro-Corinth. Even without being a naturalist, a traveller's pleasure may be likewise increased by the number of beautiful butterflies, and birds with superb plumage. And as to flowers, in spring the whole land is carpeted with them in fragrant plenty. I never saw such a sight, either for variety, delicacy, color, or smell. Earlier on in the year, probably, they would not have looked so well, as the deciduous trees would not have been in leaf, and their light, cheering green is much wanted in a land oppressed with evergreen foliage. Had we been later than May, the heats would have been intolerable, the flowers faded, and the brightness of the deciduous trees tarnished by the sun.

One great defect of Greek scenery is the absence of valleys.

We have but seen one in Greece, the valley of the Marathonæ, and it was very pleasing. What would have been valleys in any other country, are in Greece either mere defiles, occasionally picturesque, or plains, almost always treeless, and streamless, perfectly flat, with hills rising straight out of them, as though they had been beds of lakes. The great plain of Thebes exactly answered to the notion I had in my mind of what Keble calls "Asia's sea-like plain." Water is singularly absent everywhere; and woodland scenery also. Various sorts of evergreen shrubs, especially to a northern stranger, from their novelty and the foreign air they give to a scene, have a charm at first. But they soon pall upon the eye. There is no grouping or blending of divers greens, no masses of foliage, no tall stems or antler-like branches. Besides, there is an invariable dulness in the green of evergreens. In all these respects Greek scenery would be likely to fail in the judgment of most men, unless they were such lovers of nature as never to compare one scene with another, and unless they delighted in any scenery which has a distinctive character. I derived much pleasure from the scenery of Greece; still the features of the country are as I have described them: only that Thessaly and Arcadia must be excepted from my remarks, as we did not visit them. Speaking of *kinds* of scenery, perhaps the most attractive is mountainous woodland; woodland such as is not often met with out of the British Isles, except in those very homes of beauty, the Austrian provinces of Styria and Carinthia. But there is one kind, and that a very high kind of scenery, in which Greece is surpassingly rich; namely, coast views, beautiful bays and fine headlands, whether seen in morning or evening lights. I have navigated almost the whole outer coast of the Morea, close in land, ridden from Oropo to Egripo, along the shore of the Euripus, with the tall coast of Eubæa opposite; and sailed from the Gulf of Salona to Lutrarchi at the very end of the Bay of Corinth, and again from Epidauros to Athens, coasting Ægina; and may therefore say with confidence, that the blue bays, headlands, isles, and rocky creeks of Greece are infinitely

beautiful, and cannot disappoint any one. Wordsworth calls Greece

"A land of hills,
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores."

This, specially because of the omission of valleys, is most correct, except in the matter of rivers. And this is no inaccuracy—how should there be inaccuracy in him who banished it, with all loose writing and thinking, from modern poetry? He spoke not in this matter as a topographer, but as a scholar, putting sweet faith in the delightful and known exaggerations of the old poets, who shed "the power of Yarrow" on many a dry bed and impoverished pool.

11.—THE DARDANELLES.

Who would not be interested in the passage of the Dardanelles, the broad Hellespont of old Homer? The scenery, especially on the European side, is not particularly beautiful; but still there are fine views of woody Asia, and there are the cliffs of Europe, and the blue water, and the white-winged ships, and all the glorious history which crowds either shore. Just before entering the straits we passed the island of Imbros on our left, with a mountain seen over it, which we were told was in the sacred Samothrace. The Sigein promontory guards the Asiatic side of the entrance; it is now called Cape Janissary. The sea on the Asiatic shore then makes an inland crescent, whose other horn is the Rhætæan promontory. In this bay the Greek ships were drawn up during the siege of Troy. The Trojan plain lies beyond, with Ida in the background. Some few bends further is the Castle of Anatolia, and exactly opposite to it, on the Thracian side, is the Castle of Roumelia. These were the batteries silenced by the English fleet in 1807. In the miserable village attached to the Castle of Roumelia is the barrow of Hecuba, the ill-fated queen. Sestos and Abydos were not here, as used to be thought, but further down, and by no means opposite each other. We kept close

to the European side, and could not therefore make out the mouths of the two streams which must stand for the immortal rivers of Simois and Scamander. A little further north, on the Asiatic side, (we must keep leaping backward and forward,) is the mouth of the brook Kara-ova-su. This was the famous and disastrous *Ægospotamos* where Lysander ended the Peloponnesian war by his victory. The large bay into which the Hellespont swells, when you get north of the castles, ends in a long, low, flat point; and opposite to it, beyond the cliffs which mostly form the European shore, there is a flat projection of shingle. Here, it is said, and indeed it is almost the only possible place, Xerxes built his bridge of boats.

It must have been a sight of fearful interest, when the sun rose from eastern Asia upon Europe, still lying in the gray shadows, and the immense multitude, in that infinite variety of national costume so carefully depicted by the pleased Herodotus, worshipped the rising god of light, and the despot, and an amiable despot too, did reverence after the Magian fashion, as through the distorting narrative of the Greek historian we may discern he did, to the divine character of the Hellespont; and then to the sound of oriental war-music, the army began to defile across the unsteady bridge. In this place the strait is only a mile and three quarters wide; and by the time the whole bridge was filled with men, it must have been one blaze of pennons, glittering arms, and gay costume: Asia pouring her wrath out upon the plains of Europe; Asia, already bright in sunshine, typifying her civilized arts and elegant luxury; Europe, still gray in the struggling dawn, yet breaking her barbarian fetters fast away. I thought of thee, thou pale green Salamis!

What a scene was that in history! And that lovely bay, too, below Lampsacus, at the mouth of *Ægospotamos*! Its loveliness has been witness to a scene in history as grand, though of a sterner grandeur, the victory of Lysander and the fall of Athens. I looked upon the curving shore, the green trees, the white walls of Lampsacus, the background of

swelling woody mountain; and I remembered Xenophon's description of the arrival of the news at Athens; for Xenophon, shame on him for a base, bad citizen! could even be coolly eloquent upon his country's fall. He says that from the Piræus to Athens was heard one cry of wail, and they remembered what they had done to the Melians, the Histrians, and the Scioneans, and the Toroneans, and the Ægineans, and many more. And no eye in Athens slept that night. A terrible retribution it was upon Athenian pride. It reminded me of that sad scene and touching outburst of popular sorrow described in the Bible, when the spies returned from the promised land with a false report of its terrors, and it is said that "all the congregation lifted up their voice and cried; and the people wept that night."

Lampsacus, now Lamsaki, was one of the three towns given by Xerxes to Themistocles. Kings made presents on a grand scale in those days, or perhaps cities were on a poor one. Lampsacus was to furnish the clever exile with wine, Myus with meat, and Magnesia with bread. In situation Lampsacus is very beautiful; it stands on a flat tongue of land projecting into the strait. There is a sweet bay, full of verdure, just below, and a fine hill-view behind. Soon after leaving Lampsacus we passed a town called Chandak, on the Asiatic side, and nearly opposite to it is the old city of Gallipoli, which stands in Europe, at the very entrance of the Sea of Marmora. From the water it has an imposing appearance, and the high minarets stood out above the hills in strong relief against the clear evening sky. The sunset was wild and red, and gave us some lovely lights down the Hellespont.

So ended the Hellespont, and a delightful voyage we had through it. At first Asia seems to recede, while Europe throws herself forward upon the opposite continent in cliffs and headlands. But, as you go further up, Asia comes forward with a bolder coast, and more frequent promontories, and Europe retires into creeks and bays. Throughout the passage the scenery of Asia is finer than that of Europe. It is curious that the scenery of the coast of Asia, ever after

we left Chios, was more like England than anything we had seen since we left home. The Asiatic side of the Hellespont reminded me continually of the parts of Herefordshire toward Ledbury and the western slope of the Malvern Hills; while the green corn and hedgerows of the European shore recalled the tamer uplands of Leicestershire. But on neither side is there any very fine scenery. The best is in the neighborhood of Lampsacus. Yet all of it is rather rich, fertile, and excessively green, than striking or beautiful. The strait of the Euripus between Eubœa and the Greek continent is far finer as scenery. But history makes the difference. Obscure Greek villages straggle in white lines up the steep shores of the Euripus with barbarous unhistoric names, while some of the choicest recollections man can treasure up of worldly glory stand, like ranks of silent sentinels, upon the shores of the two continents. And thus, though far inferior to the Euripus in natural scenery, the Hellespont is superior in intense interest to any maritime scenes in the world, except the shore where Jaffa is, and Tyre, and Carmel's top.

Gallipoli was past. Cold, thick night settled down on the rough purple of the sea of Marmora, the old Propontis, a wide and magnificent sea-chamber, shut in by the Hellespont below and the Bosphorus above, a fitting antechamber to Imperial Constantinople, once the gorgeous capital of the civilized world. Night was on it. A hundred and eight miles of the sea of Marmora were before us, between us and the glories of Constantinople; and we looked through the darkness with eager hope and a disturbed impatience to see the first sunbeam strike the highest crescent upon St. Sophia's.

12.—THE GREEK CHURCH.

(LETTER TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.)

Constantinople, May 26th,
The Feast of St. Austin of Canterbury, 1841, A. S.

I have learnt much in these last few weeks, but shall not fairly digest it till I can read my journal and meditate on it at home. I have seen Athens, Corinth, Smyrna, Constantinople, and the site of Chalcedon; places of deep Christian interest. Alas! I can learn little good of the poor forlorn Greek Church. It is, excepting the Russian branch, of which I know nothing, in a very sad state. They are doing some very little at Athens; but the king is Roman Catholic, which is a misfortune. They keep reprinting Archbishop Plato of Moscow's book, eulogized by Palmer of Worcester, as a text-book, which is I suppose well. I have got it, but have had no time to study Romaic reading yet. Neither do I much like the Armenians here. They are a sect of Christian Jews. They are driven from their own country, and are bankers and usurers all over the Levant. Only a few acknowledge the Pope, but they are all utterly dediti pecuniæ. Depend upon it, cast about as we will, if we want foreign Catholic sympathies, we must find them as they will let us in our Latin mother.

13.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

The huge city of Constantinople is divided by the sea into three quarters. Stamboul itself stands on a triangular peninsula, washed on one side by the sea of Marmora, on the other by the Golden Horn, and in front, where the seraglio point projects, by the Bosphorus. On the opposite side of the Golden Horn stands the quarter of the Franks, comprising Pera, Galata, and Tophana; while the third quarter, Scutari, stands along the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, pointing to the mouth of the Golden Horn. Stam-

boul and Scutari are inhabited, I believe exclusively, by the natives, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. In Pera there is but one mosque, and in Galata and Tophana the Frank population much predominates over the Mahometan. The population of Constantinople, and a gay and motley population it is, is estimated at 500,000. It has above two hundred mosques and above five hundred fountains; and the beauty and magnificence of it in a view are not to be described. But nearly all the houses are of wood, partly, it is said, because of earthquakes, in which wooden houses hang better together, and when they tumble their downfall is not so disastrous. Yet it makes the city almost a nightly scene of shocking devastations by fire. The streets are narrow, and inconceivably filthy; though they are dirtiest in the Frank quarter. The pavement is rude and execrable, making a walk quite painful. There is hardly room in these so-called streets for above four or five to pass abreast, and one heavy shower, as we found to our cost, makes them ankle-deep in very unfragrant mud. So that when a horse passes by, or asses laden with wood, you stand a good chance of measuring your full length on the stones or of having your shoulder dislocated. To this nuisance must be added the immense multitude of ownerless dogs which occupy every corner. I confess so far as my experience goes, and I have trodden upon great numbers of them, they are very good natured; and they doubtless act the part of scavengers well. Yet they add to the general barbarity of the place. The streets have no names and the houses no numbers, and as the roofs almost meet over head, you have no chance of detecting any friendly minaret which you may recognize, and whereby you may steer yourself through the vast wilderness of lanes. In one respect I should think it was like an ancient Greek town, the commingling of splendid public buildings with the shabby abodes of private citizens. Squalor and magnificence are scarcely anywhere moored so close alongside of each other as in Constantinople. Yet the peculiar effect of their favorite color in painting their houses — a deep mulberry —

with the green of the numerous trees, cannot be too often alluded to. Then again one is struck with the total absence of clocks and bells, and the *almost* total absence of carriages. Nothing can exceed the silence of the streets. Even in the crowded bazaars the noise is that of trampling feet, shuffling along in loose and flapping slippers, while every now and then comes the cry of a sherbet-seller, pushing his way among the crowd. What Slade says is perfectly accurate:—"We leave Pera, a regular European town, and in five minutes we are in scenes of the Arabian nights. The shores of the Bosphorus realize our ideas or recollections of Venetian canals or Euphrates' banks. Women, shrouded like spectres, mingle with men adorned like actors, The Frank's hat is seen by the Dervish's calpack; the gaudy armed Chuvass by the Nizam Dgeditt; the servile Greek by the haughty Moslem; and the full-blown Armenian by the spare Hebrew. The charsheys resound with Babel's tongues; the streets are silent as Pompeii's; nothing seems to attract notice; there are no indications of joy or grief; no pleasure but debauchery, no trouble but death. Between prisons and baths they place their harems, and the capital of slavery, the grand Seraglio."

Another peculiarity which strikes one in taking a walk through Constantinople is the meeting with cemeteries in the most crowded parts of the city. There seems no wish to put death out of sight. To their ideas, and indeed from their religion, there is something voluptuous in the melancholy excited by the things pertaining to death. And nothing strikes at the root of active virtue more effectually than sentimental or voluptuous notions of the grave. In general, declivities are selected for the cemeteries, as it is believed the soul comes to sit upon the grave, and that it delights in beautiful views. Between death and burial the soul is in torment, so that the friends of the deceased hurry the funeral as much as possible; and a Turk is scarcely ever seen walking quick except when carrying the corpse of a relative or friend to the grave. A hole is always made in the centre of the flat

tombstones, whereby the angel may enter at the last day, and lift the body by the right or left hand, as its doom is to be. A man is considered to have fully discharged his duty to his dead friend if he has secured for him a resting-place in the cemetery, which commands a fine view.

A walk through Constantinople thus presents you with all sorts of moral contradictions, and amusing, often instructive, anomalies. The people themselves, even in their famed virtue of cleanliness, are an apt type of their strange city. They make continual ablutions of their limbs, and yet wear their dirty clothes, night as well as day, for a year or more! Such is the celebrated city of Constantinople, that once sent up to heaven a continual peal of multitudinous bells from the superb churches of its fourteen regions, and over which may now be heard five times a day from two hundred minarets the harsh wailing cry of the Muezzin, chanting the Ezan.—“Almighty God! I attest that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet. Come, ye faithful to prayer—come ye to the temple of salvation. There is no God but God. Prayer is preferable to sleep!”—a beautiful cry for a city to be vocal with, were it only out of a truth-keeping heart and by a Christian priesthood.

May 19.—Another night of pain, and another forty-eight piastres to the Embassy physician. Last night, as I rolled and tossed about, listening to the torrents of rain splashing from the eaves, I felt tempted to fret at losing any of the few precious days we have at Constantinople. But the Muezzin’s evening call to prayer put better thoughts into me; and as Dr. Johnson resolutely set himself to make Greek verses, in order to see whether his fit had affected his intellect, I strove to regain composure and temper by hammering out some most reluctant rhymes.

Far o’er green barren Thrace the sun had set
In stormy red:—upon a couch of pain,
Listening the dripping of the dismal rain—
Over the mighty city, dark and wet,
I heard the countless Turkish Ezans swell,
Bidding the vespers of the infidel
With long, harsh wail from viewless minaret.

The cross lies hard upon my fevered brow
And aching frame; and slumber's pleasant spell
Is backward o'er my restless limbs to creep.
Yet from that Ezan have I learned but now
That prayer is sevenfold more sweet than sleep.
Then shall I count these little pains a loss
Which thus can make the Crescent preach the Cross!

But the poor sonnet stumbles and trips, as if it were walking over the pavement of Constantinople; and this convinces me that I am really ill.

14.—THE BOSPHORUS.

I took boat at the landing place near the fountain of Top-hana, and went upwards, clinging all the way to the European shore, and obediently following its windings, gaining by evading the current more than I lost in point of distance. After passing the suburb of Funduklu we came to the simple monument of Barbarossa, which meets the eye before reaching the sumptuous summer palace of Beschiktasche. The shape of this palace, its position between two exquisite glens, the luxuriant green and profuse blossoms of its gardens, the extravagant splendor of the gilding of its water-gates, are all fitting types of the gorgeous sensuality in which eastern despots are wont to pass their days in this their brief trial scene. A man can scarcely have a solemn thought whose days are spent amid such a delicious confusion of courts, fountains, kiosks, trees, wildernesses of scented creepers, and undulating grassy banks, as awaits the master of the Ottoman Empire, when he passes from his winter abode to this fairy land. As the caique moved slowly past I felt as if I was waking from a dream, and turned involuntarily round to see if the Beschiktasche, the Palace of the Rough Stone, had not disappeared. But there it still was, looking down into the Sea of Marmora, with the sun gleaming upon its gilded water-gates.

The village of Kuru Tchesme succeeds the summer palace,

and here first the light of the legend of the Argonauts, that most simple, most beautiful of Grecian tales, is seen. Here Medea and Jason landed as they came from Colchis, and Medea planted a laurel tree, not the only laurel of renown in the Argonautic legend.

The next opening of the Bosphorus is gained by being pulled by a rope along the shore, so violent is the stream. It is far stronger, and boils more, or did to-day, than any part of the Rhine or Rhone which I have navigated. In this bay is a village inhabited by Albanians, Greeks, and Jews. The promontory by which we get into it is the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, and the stream is called the Devil's Current. But the opening beyond is the Bay of Bebek! The loveliness of Bebek is inconceivable. Here we might wish to cast anchor and ride in the caique forever, so dazzling are the banks, so magical the bend. A low ring of treeless hills runs round it, of the deepest and most lustrous green which Thrace can show, and the green of barren Thrace is wonderful. The blending of houses and verdure, gilded alcoves, the sultan's kiosk, and garden terraces, up which an infinite variety of gaudy creepers clamber and bloom, and the loveliness of the opposite shore of Asia, make this bay a perfect paradise; and yet I dare not say it is the loveliest bay of the Bosphorus. For all the fourteen bays are quite unlike each other, and all surpassingly lovely. But, though I blessed the stream for curbing the impatient caique, the strong arms of my two Mussulmans prevailed. We shot beyond the Castle of Roumelia, and the Bay of Bebek closed behind us like a too short scene in Shakspeare.

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When I had satiated myself with gazing on the melancholy leaden-colored Euxine, and remembered what secrets of shipwreck horrors were locked up in its heavy gray waters, I descended from the lighthouse and embarked in my caique, shot over to Asia and came down the Bosphorus on the Asiatic side. And before I forget it, I must remark that beautiful as the Bosphorus is in the ascent, it is incomparably more so in the

descent. In order to catch the favorable force of the current, the boatmen keep more toward the middle of the channel, so that the views are much better than when close under the land.

Also, the Asiatic shore is perhaps the most delightful of the two. The character of its scenery is softer. What are romantic glens on the Thracian shore are in Asia sunny wooded valleys, with patches of velvet sward. The dark poetry with which Thrace, by the worship of her muses, enriched the otherwise cheerful Greek intellect, is well typified by the sternness of its shores, showing even on the Bosphorus through a gay masque of smiling woods and bright gardens. Consequently, we find from the number of gardens and palaces that the Asiatic shore has been on the whole the most favored by the Ottoman Sultans.

Let us now glide with the current along the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorous. After passing the lighthouse in Asia and the Elephant Cape, we come to the Cape of Anatoli Kawak. This, spite of what the books say, seems to me to be the narrowest part of the Bosphorus. It is the end of the mountain chain of the Bithynian Olympus, and the opposite cape is said to be the termination of the Thracian chain of Hæmus. But I doubt the correctness of both assertions. One of the roots of Hæmus certainly ends in the Cape of Rumili Kawak, but I think not the main one; and the mountain chain terminated by the Cape of Anatoli Kawak is rather that line of hills running on the south side of the Agack Denizi, or Sea of Trees, than the proper chain of the Bithynian Olympus, which is broken between Nice and Nicomedia. The Genoese castle standing here was a most picturesque object with the slant sun of the afternoon upon it. Next comes the Giant Mountain, whereon, according to a rude Mahometan tradition, Joshua is buried. And the lovely, dreamlike valley beyond is the Landing Place of the Emperor, a favorite summer residence of the sultans. It was here that in 1833 the famous treaty was signed between Russia and Turkey, whereby Turkey is bound in case of need, of which need the

Russian ambassador is to judge, to shut the Dardanelles against England and France. There is really something Roman in the immoral straightforwardness and long prospective arrangements of Russian diplomacy, which, accord well with the position she may some day assume, of the great northern power of Scripture prophecy.

Next—the caique almost moves too swiftly—is the village of Begkos, or the harbor of the Mad Laurel. Here again we find our legendary Argonauts. Here lived Amycus, king of the Bebrycians, and here he fell in his contest with Pollux. A laurel was planted by his grave, and whosoever broke off one of the leaves, was straightway transported beyond himself, and involuntarily insulted and quarrelled with every one he met. Sultania Bay, the Fig village, and the village where the ancient convent of the monks who never slept stood, followed rapidly this afternoon: till we came upon the sweet village of Kanlidsche, a glittering cluster of bright fantastic kiosks. Beyond the fortress of Anatoli Hissari appears the mouth of “The Valley of the Heavenly Water,” which is the river Goksu. It is said to exceed the four chosen Edens of Asia, the plains of Damascus and of Sogd, the beautiful meadows of Obolla, and the fair valley of Schaab Bewan in Persia. The Valley of the Heavenly Water appears, when you are at it, to be the most lovely scene imaginable; but the promontory and village of Kandili, which succeed, seem even lovelier still. Is it possible such a scene can be not a dream? Look up or down the Bosphorus, you are lost in scenes of the most varied beauty—all, earth, water, wood, the city and the ships, all is beauty, intense, fairy-like, bewildering beauty. The colors of the woods and gardens are all of the richest gaiety. Mosques, kiosks, and palaces send up one wild gleam of gilded brilliance, and when the stream has carried you a little onward, the other bays of the Asiatic shore are forgotten, for full in front and curving round the Golden Horn lies Constantinople. Never shall I forget this evening’s view of it. A dark, black, storm cloud was behind it, the rich sunlight of evening full upon it, yet mistily. Whether it were

a city or a forest or a bank of clouds you scarce could tell. Cypress and minaret blended one into another, and looked down into the Golden Horn, which glowed like a sheet of gold, while all the ships that rode upon its deep waters were covered with flags flaunting the infidel city because of the Ascension of the Lord.

I landed at Tophana fatigued and ill, after a day of such tumultuous rapture and excitement as I never felt before. There is nothing now in Oriental tale which I will not henceforth believe; because I have seen the Bosphorus, and spent one long May day upon its double shores, and there is nothing of bud, blossom, garden, wood, river, fountain, palace, or voluptuous seraglio which Arabian prose or Persian verse can describe, equal to the real show upon the Bosphorus, where Europe masks in consummate beauty her romantic sternness, and all but blends with the voluptuous softness of Asiatic scenery. There the emulous continents look upon each other in every variety of contrast and comparison, like two Sultanas jealous of each other, and the sea with its blue snaky windings flows between, a mirror for Asia in the pearly dawn, and glassing Europe's trees and spires and hundred cupolas in seven gorgeous sunset bays: and Europe in the morning sun, and Asia in the long, yellow beams of afternoon, form together such a vision as no sorrow can cloud, no wear and tear of time efface, even when I am far away, and the Greek legends are lighting others on from cape to cape, and the Black Sea wind is wafting the odors of Therapia and Kandili down to old Byzantium.

15.—AN INVALID'S DREAMS.

There are sometimes hours of such full, thrilling, unalloyed, and innocent happiness, that they deserve to be chronicled whenever they do occur. To-day I enjoyed the English invalid pleasure of arranging the flower-pots in the little balcony before my window, placing them so as to make the thickest green show, and half hiding, half displaying my four recently

opened monthly roses. When this was done, and I was as happy as a child in doing it, and missed not what my companions were seeing without me, there came such an evening of calm and splendid beauty in sea, sky, and earth, as I have rarely seen before. Some dim remembrances of certain summer evenings at Harrow are working in me, but I cannot quite realize them. The Seraglio point was at my right hand. This last week has much broadened the leaves and deepened the green; and it looked more marvellous than ever, with its fairy-like palaces; and the red Ottoman flag upon the ships in the Golden Horn mingling with the seraglio cypresses in the background looked as if those mourning trees had blossomed scarlet blossoms in the last few days. Then at the opening of the Bosphorus, a little way into the Sea of Marmora, lay the fair Princes Islands, with their rich green tops and low red cliffs rising out of the bright sea; and the Sea of Marmora, seen over the Seraglio Point, is covered with quiet ships, with all sails set, yet scarcely stirring in the calm, and the far-off mountains of Asia are brought quite near by evening gleams; and then below me are Pera and Galata, with the mulberry-colored houses, getting gradually masked in luxuriant foliage, and the windows glancing in the sun; and the top of St. Sophia's cupola is blazing above all. The scene is most lovely, but the holy tranquility of the evening is more strange, more soothing, than the scene. It is as if my boyish faith were true, and perhaps it is, that birds and beasts and fields knew and acknowledged the day on which their Lord and ours rose from the death to "save both man and beast." I remember many a Sunday evening with my mother on the sands at Seaton, I wondered the gulls walked so quietly close to us on the wet, shiny sand, as the sea ebbed, when they would never come near us on week-days. So it seemed to-night. The swallows weaved their swift figures and flights, and whistled as they did it; but it did not seem to interrupt the tranquility. It was just such an evening as I spent in July, 1839, by myself in Ross churchyard.

It was sufficiently warm to allow me to be out a good deal

in the balcony, and having bought a copy of Wordsworth at Athens, I had it with me. For, well or sick, cheerful or sad, I can almost always get happiness and quiet and good resolves out of the old poet—God bless him! So I sat brooding over some of his sonnets on liberty; for one may hang on one sonnet of his by the hour, like a bee in a fox-glove, and still get sweetness: and occasionally I read, and occasionally I looked up, and watched the thin rosy mist that was stealing over the shore of Asia, the islands, and the sea; and occasionally I smelt one of my roses, and occasionally I listened to the swallows whistling; and I forgot that I was ill, and I was in the seventh heaven of dreamy enjoyment—when my eye chanced to rest upon some lines, and a sting went into me, and a sense of forlornness rushed like an autumn wind upon me, and I looked up, and the evening seemed the duller of all the summer evenings I had ever known. For I pined to be at home. My thoughts were in the green valleys of Kent: I thought of

“The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore—
All—all so English.”

I thought that Windermere was looking brighter than the Bosphorus this Sunday evening; that a fairer haze was lying on the Grasmere mountains; and I thought of the sunset in Langdale, and of the gentle Owen Lloyd, the setting of whose sun at last in Christian peace I only heard of yesterday; and I looked up again, and the evening looked cold, and the place foreign, and I shivered and went in. At first I was angry with my Athenian Wordsworth, and shut it, and was on the point of sentencing it not to be read again till I should be in quarantine on the Danube. But I bethought me that it was an allegory of the kind of influence Wordsworth always exercises, the attitude in which the gentle-mannered tyrant holds his patriarchal sceptre, restraining us when we would

be prodigal of happiness. The power of evening was on me, and I was merely making a dreamy joy of it, and forgot to be thankful for its power over my sick body; and so the poet brought England over the scene, and Constantinople was eclipsed, and my lofty thoughts degenerated into a weak desire to be at home. It was as if the book had said, a little more sternly than he himself would have done so,—

“Thou art in self-government too slow—
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.”

I looked upon my blue volume, which I had been about to upbraid and sentence. I acknowledge it for a fairy now, and stand reprovèd before “the plain presence” of its double-columned dignity. A man would lead a safe life whose conduct was ruled by the “sortes Wordsworthianæ;” for he could never light upon a line which was not good, and good rules are never inappropriate. But it is not every man who, like me, possesses a Wordsworth, instinct with life, and which can comment on itself after such an allegorical sort. Some of the power of the Arabian nights has got into it, doubtless, in this oriental place.

16.—A GREEK SERVANT.

This afternoon I parted with Demetri—a sorrowful business for both of us, as he was much attached to me and I to him. He kissed my hand, and rubbed it with his forehead for the last time. He begged me not to forget him, and as he left me not yet quite well, he begged I would write him a line before I went up the Danube, to tell him how I was. He went away with tears in his eyes. I feel quite lonely this evening, while he is ploughing the Sea of Marmora back to Athens. We have had abundance of conversations, especially while I have been in bed unwell, and I hope I have combated successfully some of his loose Greek notions. He is on the whole a very good fellow, and has a purity of speech and

feeling with an artless high-minded delicacy by no means common among men. I suppose it is infinitely unlikely we shall ever meet again on this side of the grave; and partings of such a sort would be intolerably heavy-hearted events, if it were not for the Christian hope which shines with such an awful sweetness on the places beyond the grave.

It is a painful privilege to sow flower seeds, whose blooming you may never see. I pray God to bless him and keep his young heart pure, and bring to maturity what he has learnt. I intended to make him learn to read and write while I was here, that I might leave him with a gift more precious than the piastres of bad Turkish silver which he carries away. But his stay has been too short for that: and yet his long unemployed winters must make his inability to read somewhat dangerous for one so young. However, I hope he has learned something of moral good, and of the things concerning his faith. For it seems to me a heartless thing to come across a man, and use him as a slave, and think the pay he gets a sufficient distinction between a servant and a slave. It is a heartless thing to leave a man as you found him, after weeks of intimacy. To be so incommunicative is scarcely right-principled, though multitudes are so. Some virtue surely ought to go forth from servants of a Master, the very fringes of whose garments were filled with miraculous health.

I felt Demetri's going so much more than I expected that I was fain to take a lonely walk. I went to the large cemetery beyond Galata, and roamed about in the interminable cypress gloom; now skirting the trees so as to see the Bosphorus, with its bright palaces and ships beneath me; now, as the wayward humor impelled, plunging into the thickest golden-green darkness, vocal with a hundred nightingales, and misty as the aisles of a Gothic cathedral. But the Turkish turbans on the tombs disturbed me, and I bent my way to the Armenian Cemetery. The green terebinth trees give no such pleasant gloom as the cypress, but then the graves are Christian. Close beneath a noisy barrack, I saw an old stone on three steps. It was the grave of an English merchant, surrounded by others of his countrymen. It told that he was

a native "de vico Driffield in comitatu Glocestriæ." I do not know Driffield. But when I saw his bare and sun-scorched grave, I thought of an English churchyard in a midland county, cinctured with patriarchal elms, alone unpollarded of all the neighboring elms; and of the greenly decaying rail, and the waving grass of the mound, sinking back "by its proper weight" into the breast of earth. And for the clamor of the infidel barracks I substituted the evening thrush upon the vicar's lawn; and surely a grave must be more blessed, waited on by such sights and sounds as those, than in a foreign thoroughfare of dark-eyed misbelievers. I can recollect when I had no love for my country, and understood not what it meant; and now I cling with something almost like disease to everything belonging to her or characteristic of her, grievously as "her plain living and high thinking" have disappeared. "De vico Driffield in comitatu Glocestriæ"—beautiful words they seem to me, and sacred from the infidel; for he knows no Latin, and has no paradise in his gross imagination so sweet and fair as the elmy fields and apple-garths of Gloucestershire. And poor Demetri has no country like that to go home to across the Sea of Marmora. What is his Zante, the "flower of the Levant," to that rocky brilliant that shines on Europe from the brow of the huge Atlantic? Melancholy, when it begins to be sweet, degenerates into a querulous enjoyment. It began to do so with me; but I remembered the lesson I learned not many weeks ago, when I walked by the Brathay in winter, and saw his current low and shrunken as in summer.

Low spirits are a sin, — a penance given
To over-talking and unthoughtful mirth.
There is nor high nor low in holiest Heaven,
Nor yet in hearts where heaven hath hallowed earth.
Yet are there some whose growth is won in strife,
And who can bear hot suns through all their life.
But rather for myself I would forego
High tides of feeling, and brief moods of power,
Than share these languors with the showy flower,
Which the shade-loving herb doth never know,

O Brathay ! wisely in thy winter grounds,
Wisely and sweetly are thy currents chiming,
Thus happily to every season timing
The same low waters and the same low sounds.

I know the majority of people would consider such an influx of feeling at parting with a common servant, whom I had only had for five weeks, as romantic and unreal. I hasten to read the "Wishing Gate." It will be a safeguard to me against such miserable cold beliefs.

17.—THE LOWER DANUBE.

I have been much pleased with to-day's voyage, and yet it cannot be said to have had any scenes of real beauty or picturesque landscape. But I suppose illness and confinement in Constantinople have made me wild about green things ; and fresh air, blue sky, white clouds, warm wind, leafy trees and grazing cattle pour a tide of joy into a convalescent. However there has been some striking foliage. The Wallachian bank particularly is well wooded ; and the islands off its shore are very sweet. We passed two or three in the afternoon. They were densely covered with trees, principally planes and silvery willows. A great profusion of a vine-like creeper hung in festoons from trunk to trunk, every now and then throwing off from the end of the branches long prodigal tendrils, which either flung themselves like green streamers on the wind, or when the air was still, hung downward to the earth, forming a dark natural tent. Then every now and then the mighty Danube in some mood of wintry wrath has broken into the wood, making a fresh channel for two or three miles ; and the eye is carried far into the darkness of the groves, and trees have been uprooted and are dead, while the creepers, whose roots have not been killed, have sprung up and mantled all the huge dead branches with beautiful green in masses of the most grotesque shape. All the islands too seem full to excess of noisy nightingales, and are really altogether, though mere clouds of dense and various

foliage, the fittest spots I ever saw to make the scenes of some romantic tale or wild poem. I have been much pleased with them, as well as with the sweet Thames-like touches which the Danube brings in these parts nearly every hour. We passed Rassoova and the dismantled fortress of Hirsova during the day, and in the evening stopped about half an hour at Silistria, the capital of the Pachalik of that name. It is a striking looking place with its six or seven minarets, when viewed from the river; and so most of the Danubian towns are said to be, but dirty and mean when you enter them. Silistria belonged once to the Russians, but was given up to the Turks by the treaty of Adrianople in 1838 (I think). A little before nightfall we came upon a herd of buffalos swimming across the river.

June 8.—Old Orsova, the Austrian town, was now in sight, the end of our voyage in the good barge Saturn. The seven hours' voyage in the barge has been through scenery of the most delightful kind. The river twists and bends, though always with a broad and kingly current, through high conical hills clothed in dense luxuriant woods. Here and there through an opening we could look up the ravines, and see seven or eight mountains, one rising behind another, all clothed in wood, with different lights upon them. Some of the hills too were topped with broken white cliffs like castles. The woods seemed principally of hornbeam, but interspersed with a great number of trees with silvery leaves, like service-trees. I never saw such a bewildering extent of woodland. There were also several little islands of the kind which pleased me so much before, lower down the river. We passed under these islands in our barge, and saw the big, twisted roots of the ancient trees, from which the river had washed all the earth; and I scarcely remember to have seen any woodland views so sweet as those we had of the green, woody mountains on the opposite shore through the leaves and between the trunks and branches of the islands close to us.

Between old and new Orsova there is a broad break of

about three miles in the Carpathian mountains. Neither do the mountains rise inland for about four or five miles. Through this plain the river Cserna, a small stream which rises in Mount Sturul, flows down into the Danube through well-wooded banks. In this plain stands the lazaretto of Schupanek, in which as pestiferous people we were to be incarcerated for ten days of quarantine. It stands about half an hour's walk from the Danube. As we were marched from the river to our prison we were much amused at the precautions taken to prevent our escaping. There were sentinels at every lane and path, and if we happened to walk near the drivers of our carts, they pushed at us with long poles to avoid our pestiferous contact, and if anything dropped out of the carts, they would not touch it, but left us to pick it up ourselves.

In due time we arrived at our prison, and gate after gate closed upon us with its creaking lock. The Lazaretto is divided into different lodgments. There are three of us in one. We have two rooms, a kitchen and a hole for the guardiano to sleep in; and out of doors we have a little court of a few yards. But in the daytime we are allowed to visit our friends in the other lodgments, provided they came into quarantine at the same time that we did. Here then I have made up my mind to be happy, contented, and industrious for ten days. It is true an English poor man's cottage is internally far more comfortable than are our quarters at Schupanek. Still there are out-door materials for happiness. We have two cherry-trees, two apple-trees, a swallow's nest, and a sparrow's nest with young ones in our court. These shall be to me in quarantine what my monthly roses were to me in sickness at Constantinople. Then we have a table with benches under the shadiest of the apple-trees, and here for ten days I can surely learn German and read Wordsworth very contentedly. Again, although the brick wall is many feet higher than it need have been, our court is not like many of the others, whose rooms are better, open merely to roofs and walls; ours is open to the hills and sky. We can see the

summits and nearly half way down the sides of a fine amphitheatre of wooded mountains, and we know moreover that those mountains are the Carpathians. In the evening I walked up and down my prison yard. I saw the evening star come sweetly out above the tranquil woody outline of the hills; I heard two herons overhead uttering a wild cry as they flew homeward from the Danube; I could not hear that river's mighty rush, but I knew it was hard by. Now surely here are materials for happiness, not to be expended in ten days, even by the most prodigal light-heartedness. I do not mean to say that to all travellers the Lazaretto at Schupanek is invested with the same rosy colors. But it may be so. If my contentment is imaginative, yet is it strictly true; for I have not invented one atom of its advantages. I have seen or heard the apple-trees, the cherries, the swallows, the sparrows, the herons, the woody hills, the evening star. All are matters of fact. I may say then with Wordsworth's Vagrant,

"I hear my neighbours in their 'courts' complain
Of many things which 'do' not trouble me; "

for I am resolved to be happy for my ten days' imprisonment.

June 9.—Sure no persons can be more fortunate than we are. We came into quarantine yesterday, and I for one had virtuously made up my mind to be a happy, tranquil prisoner for ten days, when lo! an imperial rescript from Vienna—"Whereas there has for some years been no plague in European Turkey, and whereas the wars in Bulgaria are over, persons are no longer to endure quarantine between the two countries, but their effects are to be aired for twenty-four hours, and their dirty linen to be soaked in water." To-day there is visible gloom on the official faces within the Lazaretto of Schupanek, and weak, childish, loud lamentations on the part of our own guardiano; and there is louder and more childish glee on the faces and in the voices of the pestiferous prisoners, who, by to-morrow's early sun, are to be turned

loose into Hungary among the woody Carpathian mountains.

18. — THE DANUBE.

No language can possibly describe the superb scenery of to-day's journey. It far transcends anything I ever saw or conceived of woodland or of river scenery. It is the part of the Danube where the waters break from the great basin of Hungary through the mountains. When we first left Orsova the hills were one green wilderness of massive and unbroken foliage, and the views up the valleys were very sweet indeed. But soon huge and hoary cliffs began to show themselves among the woods, and once or twice the Danube pressed his waters through awful walls of sheer precipice. At first I thought it like the Rhine, only much, very much superior, because of the woods, instead of miserable, tame, formal vineyards; but presently the magnificence and almost fearful grandeur of the scenery drove the Rhine utterly out of my thoughts. The woods were principally deciduous trees, with an immense profusion of walnut, and they were all matted together with wild vines, clematis, and very large white convolvulus; while between his banks the river writhed and boiled over bars of rock, effectually forbidding all navigation. But now the cliffs receded, and there came some miles of incessant wood, with beautiful valleys, through whose woody gates we obtained exquisite glimpses up the mountainous glens. One in particular I remember, of consummate loveliness. It was on the Servian shore; and far inland there rose a huge mountain, in shape like a couching lion, and the valley broadened out, and left the mountain standing alone against the sky. Then came a large sea-like bay, with a Servian village and church on a tongue of green fields. The broad river went by quietly, wheeling solemnly in glossy eddies. It was a scene of perfect loveliness. Not a feature could be heightened or improved. Then came the cliffs again, no longer white and hoary, but a deep mottled red. For the next hour I was well nigh beside myself; had it been

the time of many-colored autumn, instead of broad-leaved June with its heavy green, I should have lost my senses. Red cliffs, masked in infinitely various degrees by foliage, or standing abrupt like walls, or shooting up into spires and pinacles like castles, here receding from the river, there throwing themselves forward and shutting the waters up into a narrow turbulent rapid; these were the features of the scenery. To describe them is quite impossible. At last we turned from the cliffs, and saw the densely-wooded hills above Drenkova, backed by the deep, dull crimson of a stormy sunset, and we arrived absolutely weary with the strength of the impressions made upon us by the scenery. Such a glorious and divine mingling of grandeur and of loveliness, of nature's smiles and frowns, as decks the royal Danube all this day's journey, I never saw in my life: and I believe I shall never forget the silent astonishment in which I travelled for many hours. I almost envied the birds who were free to drop anywhere in the leafy wilderness, or on the rocky ledges, or to suspend themselves in the air over the middle of the rushing Danube.

But the scenery was not the only object of interest, though it was quite sufficient to absorb all others. We saw on the Servian shore the holes in the cliffs, where those wonderful Romans had put in beams to make one of their great military roads. When I remembered the savage nature of the people and country, the remoteness of the capital, and saw that the Roman road was just in the very place where modern civilization has compelled a similar road on the other and less eligible shore, it gave me no inconsiderable idea of the nature and grandeur of their power. We entered also a large cave, the Cave of Golumbacz, where St. George is said to have killed the dragon, from whose rotting carcase the peasants believe the fearful mosquitoes of these parts to spring. They fortunately only last a few weeks, but numbers of the cattle die, notwithstanding that the peasants keep large fires burning near the herds all day. The people themselves rub their hands and faces with a decoction of wormwood. There are

two swarms a year; but we, I believe, were fortunate enough to make our voyage between the death of the first swarm and the birth of the second. The Turks, I am told, were accustomed to use this cave as a prison for their Christian captives. This was the dragon turning on St. George with a vengeance.

19. — SEMLIN.

June 12.—We have remained the whole of to-day at Semlin, which is a small Hungarian town, with environs full of green and pleasant gardens. Part of the day I spent in walking about the willowy fields, and part in dreaming upon deck. There I had the broad river flowing slowly past, and meeting the Save just below. The view of Belgrade, which is but a mile and a half distant, is singularly picturesque, especially with the sun upon its white houses with red roofs, and the green bank on which the fortress stands. But my main pleasure to-day has been in hearing the bells ring. Church bells have always been to me the most sweet, most solemn music that I know; but in Greece I heard none, in Constantinople none, and now they come upon me with greater power than ever. They made me very homesick. I lay half asleep on deck this afternoon, and, as my eyes were not quite closed, I could see the smooth water gliding by, and I dreamed all at once that it was the lake of Grasmere, and the bells of Semlin were the bells of Grasmere, and

“Fancy sees

The tower time-stricken, and in shade

Embosomed of coeval trees;

Hears, o'er the lake, the warning clock

As it doth sound with gentle shock.

At evening, when the ground beneath

Is ruffled o'er with cells of death.”

And yet, though the bells were the bells of Grasmere, somehow the clock was the clock of Rydal, and I was slowly wending my way to Ambleside, when some one spoke in German close by, and the spell was broken. It was the

farthest extremity of Hungary : a desolate distance from the coves of the Westmoreland hills, as they are this evening in all the beauty and quietness of an English June.

20. — HUNGARY.

June 16. — We reached Pesth about seven o'clock this morning, and spent an energetic and laborious day in lionizing it. It is, however, almost totally devoid of interest. It is quite a modern town, and has risen with great rapidity to its present considerable size. It reminded me a good deal of Trieste, although there is no similarity in the situation. But Pesth, like Trieste, is a rising town, and a town which, in the jargon of guide-books, would be called handsome; for the streets are broad, the houses spacious, and there are several buildings, the theatres, casino, and others, which have a great deal of stucco pomp about them. Indeed, there is a general air of whitewash magnificence; but I did not see a single really fine building in the whole place. It stands in a large bleak flat on the edge of the Danube, the opposite shore of which is occupied by the town of Buda, with a range of rocky hills close behind it. Pesth seemed altogether not an inappropriate type of that upstartness of spirit which the Hungarians have recently exhibited. I was much more pleased with Buda, which is old-looking and irregular, the old Roman Aquincum. Yet it has not much street-picturesque to boast of, and in neither of the towns is there a single good church. If Hungary advances in wealth, education, and moral condition, as she promises to do, Pesth will soon rank among the important towns of Europe. Just outside the town is the Rakosfeld, where the wild military diet of the Magyars was held, and their kings elected. There seems to be at Pesth, as in the rest of Hungary, a very strong Anglomania.

June 17. — We were so tired of steamboats, that we determined to go from Pesth to Presburg, the capital of Hungary,

by land; especially as it would give us an opportunity of seeing more of the interior of Hungary. We were bold enough to try the Bauern-Post. The Bauern or Peasant Post is an arrangement among the peasants themselves, and is quite independent of the Royal Post. Unless you have a carriage of your own, you are deposited in a bad peasant's cart, without springs, and with a cross seat to sit on; four wild-looking and fine horses are attached to it, and away you go at a tremendous pace over the putzas or plains of Hungary. We left Pesth in a cart at six in the morning. For some few hours the road led over a low range of partially wooded, partially desolate hills, called the Bakonver Wald. To this succeeded plains in a very high state of cultivation, full of Indian corn, with pumpkins growing between the rows. We breakfasted at a solitary auberge on a common, and soon after passed by Gran, which we did not enter. It looked extremely picturesque, especially with its tall rock crowned by the new cathedral. Gran is the second city of Hungary, and the Prince-primate is said to be the richest bishop in Christendom. The city itself was rescued from the Turks by Sobieski in 1683, after having been long the residence of the kings of Hungary, and the birthplace of St. Stephen. Soon after leaving Gran, we had a view of the town of Dotis on our left. There seemed to be a fine church there, and the town looked very picturesque, as it had an amphitheatre of low blue hills round it. It was not altogether unlike Trèves. We now entered upon a boundless putza or prairie. Here and there we saw much cultivation, and again in other places miles of barren common. The plain was however relieved by the reaches of the Danube, and several very pretty Hungarian villages, nestling in oases of acacia. We could descry the villages at a considerable distance by the bright foliage of the acacias. They looked like yellow patches on the plain. The great division of religious opinion among the Hungarians generally causes each village to have two or three spires, which add much to the landscape. In almost all places, the Greeks and the Roman Catholics have

churches; and in many the united Greeks, the non-united Greeks, the Roman Catholics, the Lutherans, and the Calvinists, all have places of worship: a sad similarity to poor, divided England.

A regular tourist would in all probability describe our to-day's journey as lying through uninteresting scenery. But, though it had nothing of beauty or romance about it, it was peculiar; and it always pleases me to observe the different characteristics of different countries, and to make the different counties of England stand for types of so many sorts of scenery. To-day for example, there was a great deal of character in the scenery, and also certain resemblances to England. We began as if among the Sussex downs, we had the wet, green and silvery willows of Huntingdonshire, and some hours of country which much resembled the monotonous environs of Ely. But for vastness and wilderness-like aspect the plains of Hungary have no peers in our own land. I was not fatigued by the immense breadth of them. If ever I am in pain or dulness, or tossing on a weary, sleepless bed at home, I will try to send my spirit back to the immense plains of Hungary, stretching out far and wide, and roam with the herds of wild horses even to yon gleamy, misty, wavering boundary, which marks the huge tence of the blue Carpathians, bounding with them at full speed, and with flashing eyes, over the unending green floors, swept over by exhilarating winds, till my whole being is filled and refreshed with the pure, unhindered vastness of these solemn plains. Painful and wretched as our mode of conveyance was, I was delighted and elevated as we sped for some seven hours over a putza, and still seemed no nearer to its boundary. In the evening we passed outside the walls of the town of Raab. The number of spires gave it a pleasant appearance, especially to travellers fresh from the land of minarets. After eighteen hours of furious driving in peasants' carts, with a pleasing interlude of an old rattling caleche, we arrived at Wieselburg. The pain and suffering we were in, our aching bones and heads, the

pains in our sides, our dusty mouths, ears, eyes, noses, and necks, and our sun-stricken faces, added to sundry intimations of likelihood of upsets since nightfall, fairly overcame our courage. Before we entered Wieselburg we had made up our minds, if we could get some clean straw, to lie down till daybreak. Alas! our sensual delight was almost degrading when we found an auberge with three little beds in a room, clean sheets, and excellent coffee. I mention this because Murray's *Hand-Book* speaks of the filth of Hungarian inns. We have been into several little out of the way auberges, and some peasants' cottages in Hungary, and in all we were struck with the scrupulous, Dutch-like cleanliness that reigned within.

21.—SCHÖNBRUNN.

June 20.—After a rainy morning, the fineness of the afternoon tempted us to the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, the Austrian Versailles. It is only half an hour's drive from Vienna. The chateau itself is large and handsome, but without any architectural merit. But the gardens are delightful. They are in the old, trim, clipped style, very extensive, and beautifully kept. There were broad, straight walks, and narrow alleys of gloomy green, and branching avenues, and ponds, and lawns, and formal flower-beds, all in the most exquisite perfection. The whole scene laid great hold upon my imagination. It threw me into past times. I looked up to the window of the room where Napoleon's son died, and I thought of the middle window at Versailles. I wandered on beneath deep chestnuts, or in beech-wood alleys and walks, twisting and diving forever among close trunks and branches. At last I came upon a place where the children of the court are wont to play; and methought I met a little girl trundling a hoop and hiding herself among the beech alleys as her companions drew near; then, when they had passed, she laughed out loud and trundled her hoop upon the gravel; and ever, as they pursued, she darted once more amongst the coverts of

the branches. Methought I came upon her by surprise. She gazed upon me like a startled fawn. Her hair hung loose over her face and neck, she was flushed with exercise, her eyes were full of laughter and she was very beautiful, and she looked the daughter of a queen. Her limbs were finely shaped, her skin wondrously fair, so fair and transparent that you might see her Hapsburg blood flowing beneath it. Some thirteen summers had clothed her with the surpassing loveliness of girlhood, and high birth, the highest birth, was stamped on every feature. Oh! how wildly, how merrily her face looked as it glistened among the green boughs, with her little white hand resting on her hoop. Fair child, fair Austrian flower, sweet Marie Antoinette! I thought of the window at Versailles, of the yelling mob, of the Temple, of "Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar," of the long cares that broke the light heart and refined it to saintly endurance, of the miserable mother, the anguish-stricken wife, of the foreign guillotine. The wind rustled chilly among the beech branches, and the face disappeared just as the sun went behind a cloud. I started and shivered, and after a few minutes' silence I said, scarcely knowing what I said, "Surely it is very cold for June."

22.—**MARIAZELL.**

To-day has given us an example of the benefit of early rising. We had got all our sight-seeing over by twelve o'clock and were ready to start, when the rain came down. It continued sufficiently long to prevent our leaving Mariazell in such time as would give us reasonable hope of attaining any tolerable sleeping-place by nightfall. So we made up our minds to remain. The rain was a series of driving thunder showers, and we had in the intervals wonderful sights up a savage valley, full of writhing mists, now and then kindled by the sun. At half-past three a walk seemed practicable. We set forth and found the mountains most glorious; some were clear and green in the sun, others had mists clambering

up their sides, or flowing in a level line along their breasts; and one was utterly covered with the thinnest possible mist, quite transparent, and hanging in silky threads from bough to bough: while the hymns of hundreds of pilgrims, and the booming of the church bells added much to the effect of the scenery. We wandered on for about three miles, till we reached the little lake which had pleased us so much in the morning.

It was changed. Beauty and gloom had striven, and the strife was over. The serpentine mists that were coiling themselves up on the tops of the woods, were symbols of gloom, drawing off his vanquished forces. And beauty seemed to be expanding herself over the lake and even in the pellucid depths, which were of pure and sparkling green. The power of summer afternoon was on the hills. There was that breathing stillness which is the moistened earth's thanksgiving after rain—a Benedicite as thrilling and as tuneful as when the winds are out, and the woods and waterfalls and clamorous caverns are swelling the outbreak of stormy praise. And nothing broke that breathing stillness but the woodman's axe, far up, and the distant, drowsy tinkle of the sheep-bell. I was then once more walking by a lake-side, and there were crowds of ruddy-finned perch motionless by the margin. A lake! History, geography, politics, all, all fled! Springs of old enjoyment broke up within me, and I received into the very recesses of my being the whole scene before me. Then the power of summer evening throned herself upon the spot. How beautiful it was—how beautiful! how holy! It came not with the gauzy, purple veil of radiant light which clothes our English hills, but with a pale blue-green, mingled almost with a kind of gilding, yet all of it faint as faint could be. In silence and deepest gratitude I left the place. It seemed like a message from above, so significant was the intense tranquility. The very face of the unfurrowed lake was full of calm meaning, of heavenly expression. I stole away. The mountains beyond were again bringing down the clouds, but they had those rims of light along their outline which always

give me the strange idea that some sunshiny place is beyond which I know, and love, and have visited before. One step more, and a high, long-ridged mountain came in sight, the same one which had the thin mist on it before; it was flooded with sunshine. It had no pine-wood, but was of a brilliant light green, broken with cliffs as white as snow, and from a hollow white mouthed cavern rose the end of a broken rainbow. In another moment the cloud came down, and the pomp was over. Blessed be the Lord God Omnipotent Who reigneth! Nor was the thought my own alone; for my companion said, as it were thinking aloud, "O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever!"

I have written these lines while the impression is yet warm within me. The valleys are filled with muttering thunder, the organ is pealing most loudly from the church, and the Ave Maria of the multitudinous pilgrims is accompanying the sun to his cloudy setting.

July 1.—Still detained at Mariazell by the weather. The village is thronged with thousands. Early in the morning various processions arrived. From hundreds of male and female voices has Mary's holy name swelled along the valleys and up the savage heights. It is a dark, cold, and cloudy day, but no rain falling; yet the scenery is not visible. Strange it is amid these rude fastnesses, to hear those words once spoken by the angel re-echoed from every side, till the whole mountain-hollow and the valleys that strike out from it, seem to send up toward heaven one long and incessant "Hail Mary!" About half-past ten the Vienna procession arrived, in number from two to three thousand. The bishop, the priests, the numerous banners, the costly offerings, made an imposing spectacle, while the kettle-drums and trumpets contended with the swell of multitudinous voices. There was a considerable congregation in the church before the procession entered. It is a very spacious building; but I never saw so close a mass of human beings before. I went into one of

the upper galleries, and looked down upon them. Each had twined around the pilgrim's staff a sprig of fir and some wild-flowers, and very many of the women looked weary and way-worn. One or two were weeping bitterly; perhaps the relatives of those who had fallen by the way. Tuesday was a day of intense heat, and as we came along from Vienna we pitied the poor pilgrims. After climbing the high hill of Annaberg, their thirst was so strong upon them that they rushed, hot and fainting, to the cold mountain-springs. The pilgrims wended on, but four were corpses at Annaberg, and three were struggling for life upon beds of sickness.

When the organ burst forth, and about three thousand voices raised the hymn to the Virgin, I thought the roof of the church would have been lifted up. I never heard such a volume of musical, really musical sound before. Then the grand mass began, and the incense floated all around. It was a bewildering sight. I thought how faith ran in my own country in thin and scattered rivulets, and I looked with envious surprise at this huge wave which the Austrian capital had flung upon this green platform of Styrian highland — a wave of pure, hearty, earnest faith.

23.—ILLNESS ABROAD.

July 6. In bed. — At home when I was ill among comforts, luxuries and overflowing sympathies, nothing used to annoy me so much as the expression of sorrow, frequent inquiries, and so on. Now, here in this Carinthian village, a foreigner, full of wants, and discontents, and ill-humors, I find still the same overflowing sympathy. The Carinthian girl who bustles about me with quiet steps, doing what offices she can for me, is full of sympathy. We cannot talk, yet her manner, her very eyes, are full of concern. We cannot keep her out of the room. There is no end to her making of soups and slops, nor to her entreaties that I should drink them, though she knows I do not understand her language. She insists on remaining by my bed while I attempt to eat. The whole

household seem to have the same kind-hearted concern. The man whom we hired at Vienna has become gentle from rough, and attentive from being supercilious. This is a lesson to me. I feel I have no right to be annoyed with this officious sympathy. I have no right to forbid the expression of it. I sinned in being angry and impatient with the poor Carinthian girl. I am a foreigner here, and have shown myself hard to please. Why then am I met by all this sympathy, if it were not that sorrow and sickness, on ever so small a scale, are gifted with a divine virtue to call it forth: and that the heart of man has an indefeasible right to pour out its sympathies upon the suffering? I then have no right to oppose it, no right to be irritated by it. I used in illness to demand much trouble, and yet to be irritated by much sympathy. It was selfish; and I will forswear it, and begin by striving to be at ease in the continual presence and multiform ministrations of my Carinthian handmaid. My old course was a violation of the rights of the human heart. It is the privilege of suffering to breed soft thoughts in others. There distils a virtue out of sorrow, whereof are born sympathies, and gentle moods, and little self-denials, and chaste joys. Surely I must have had a bad temper to be troubled with sympathy. Doubtless, it was one of the manifold transformations through which pride passes. When it is so again, I will think of the exuberant sympathy, the loquacious pity that will not be gainsayed, of this Carinthian damsel; for the bard makes it one of the evil traits of his bad woman, that when

“Her husband’s sister watched
Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
The very sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears.”

24.—THE STRUBB PASS.

July 10.—Soon after leaving Salzburg we entered Bavaria, and continued in it for about ten miles. But they gave us very little trouble about our passports, and none about our

luggage. We have had but a taste of the open plain, and are now buried among the high hills once more. The scenery from Reichenhall to Lofer is very magnificent indeed. The Stern Pass, and the Strubb Pass, by which we entered the Tyrol, are well known to hunters after mountain beauty and grandeur. But many of the vales had another interest beside their scenery. They were not made famous only, but, for the sacredness of the cause let the word be said, made holy by the blood of Hofer and his generous Tyrolese. Many a time was the flood of lewd Frenchmen and pert Bavarians heroically repelled from these mountain-valleys. There is something almost fearful in a mountaineer's love for his country. Either the dread forms of nature enter into him, and imprint themselves upon the very substance of his moral being, or else he is absorbed by them, and the vital powers of his mind and spirit become transfused into the objects around. So that, if separated, he pines away. It is like cutting a river off from its fountains. It shrinks, stagnates, and disappears. The joy, and the peculiar thrill akin to tears, which I always experience when after some months upon the plain of Oxford the Westmoreland hills rise before me, is but a feeble mimicry of that intense and haunting love of his fatherland which rests at the bottom of a mountaineer's heart when all else is gone from it.

At Elmau we saw a very glorious show. On our left was a huge Alp towering into the air, with tall, splintered spires of rock of the most wild appearance. The mountain was long, and with a very varying outline; and it was entangled in a vast mist. Here it was thick and fleecy; while in another place it was a thin, transparent vapor. Sometimes it seemed issuing in long, slow pomp from the chambers of the mountain, sometimes it was kindled by the sun. Sometimes it fell all at once, as if dropping from an invisible hand, and disclosed a thousand feet of peak and precipice, and then presently, and almost as suddenly, it was caught up in the grasp of some strong wind, and the whole Alp was clothed again. As we were passing it, it looked like some gigantic creature

that had torn itself upon the craggy armor of the mountain, and was writhing in monstrous, but pitiful contortions, catching here and there the sun on its gigantic folds. When we had passed about ten minutes, I looked back. The suffering of the monster was over. The mighty Alp stood up in the blue sky and open air and clear sunbeams, while at its feet, upon the top of some low, fir-clad hills, lay the snowy creature coiled in four or five enormous folds, sullen and still.

We passed for a long while up the valley of the Saal, then up the Achenache, and threaded a series of very beautiful glens. The scenery throughout the whole day's journey was very romantic. But alas! the wrinkles of her spring-time anger were still visible on nature's face, grievously deforming her beauty, like angry light in a woman's eye.

The desolating track of torrents, the paths which the fierce waters had cut for themselves down the woody steep, the meadows strewn with gravel, the ruined alder-copses, were visible on all sides. It made me remember that these vales have other seasons than the gay hour for travellers. In the winter I hope to be at home, and then will I remember, one by one, many of these green valleys, whose features are imprinted on my mind. I will remember that I saw them flushed with the glowing breath of deep summer, and I will realize the dead white mass of inert snow, the half-buried chalets, the stalled kine, the voiceless streams, the appalling hush of the Alpine winter, broken only (can it be said relieved?) by the winds and the wolves alternately; and when the snowdrop is gemming the brown earth of England, and the green buds bursting on the hawthorns, and the primrose peeping forth on the sunny side of the hedge, and the rooks at their noisy nest-building, I will remember the ruinous spring-tide here, the crash of the avalanche relaxing its gripe from the cliff, the burst of the torrents, and the devastating floods of earth and gravel. Yes, beautiful and calm, and leafy as these glens of Tyrol are now, in winter the curse of Adam, like an enchanted loom, is plying incessantly round about every one. The sons of Adam are fighting with the

snowdrift, with the torrent, with the avalanche, with the forest, with the mountain, with the merciless and overbearing elements, which so frightfully invade his prerogative. Surely in such grim seasons, and cut off from the world, the deep and tranquil haven of domestic purity and happiness should be in every chalet, wherein for the vexed peasant to anchor his soul and be at peace, and have trust laid up on high. Then, with wife and children, or even with a wife, the winter in-doors tasks of Virgil's husbandman might afford means of chaste enjoyment, of impassioned peace, nay, of true moral elevation. I have looked on many a hard, honest, weather-beaten face, and wished them from the bottom of my heart a loyal and a sweet wife, the queen of their fir-wood cottages, the refuge of their spring and winter hours, their treasury of gentle affections, earthly content, and undoubting hopes beyond the earth. In such case they may be in a plight next winter to retort my commiseration on myself.

25.—SUNDAY IN THE TYROL.

July 11. Sunday morning.—This morning at seven I occupied myself very pleasingly in watching the people come to the church, which is just opposite my windows. It is pouring with rain, and has been for some hours; yet, early as it is, no one seems prevented from coming to church. Many of them must have come from the country, for I am sure the village itself can never contain so large a congregation. Most of them are wet through, yet men and women of every age are thronging in notwithstanding. It is no holiday, but a common Sunday, with ordinary mass and sermon. I have observed them with pleasure, and, remembering they were Tyrolese, with honor also. For when "sapient Germany lay depressed beneath the brutal sword,"

"A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind, at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

There were tottering old men with straggling hairs, who may well have remembered Hofer, and perchance have followed his heron plume to victory, or to a defeat more glorious in its holy hardihood and unvanquished moral strength than a thousand victories of Marengo or Austerlitz. The early hour and the beating rain kept not these ancients of the mountain hamlet from their church. Then there were gallant stout-looking men of middle age, with firm step and upright eye, doubtless the householders of the *dales*. There were young bachelors, livers out of doors and hard workers, too old for a mother's thrall, and yet not safely chained as yet to the sweet and sobering slavery of wedded cares; a class, so lamentably few of which we can allure to our parish churches. And there were wives and mothers, active, bustling, neatly attired, brimful of greetings. Many, I am sure, were the very wives I was wishing for my Tyrolese yesterday; wives who will fulfil their duties to their husbands, according to the prophecy which King Lemuel learned from his mother: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her household. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She looketh well to the ways of her household; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

There were troops also of boys and girls, gay and happy, even in the rain.

26.—THE BAVARIAN FLATS.

July 14.—As oil upon the waters, as balm to a wounded spirit, as a morning sleep after a tossing night, so have been to me this day the sea-like flats of tame Bavaria. Strange it should be so to one who haunts the mountains where he has no home, and where his library is not, drawn to them by an

irresistible instinct of his nature. Yet so it is. My spirits began to flag from the vehement excitement of the sublime recesses of the mountains, among which I had been ever since we left Vienna. But now the flats of corn-field or pine-wood, which diversify the broad plain of Munich, allow me to subside into the luxury of pleasant dulness, of silly talk, of unthoughtful reverie, nay, of the animal enjoyments of eating, drinking, sleeping and locomotion. My senses and my mind have broken up for the holydays. Yet was I this morning not unlike a dog barking after a carriage, and not knowing where to stop, but returning to it again and yet again. For nearly the whole forty miles from Benedictbeuern to Munich, I was twisting my head round to look at the magnificent panorama of the Tyrolese Alps in the clear light of early morning. I need not praise the view, for what higher commendation can be bestowed by a man than the simple fact of his keeping his head turned and twisted in a carriage to look at it — posture of all postures most harrowing.

At Wolfrathshausen we joined the Isar, a river which, wherever I have seen it, has a desolate domain of gravel-beds, uprooted alders, and sprawling trunks of overturned trees. It is the same Isar which Campbell so unhappily commemorates in his lyrical poem on Hohenlinden — unhappily, for the Isar is quite innocent of bringing his “rolling flow” within twenty miles of the said battle-field.

About seven miles off, the dull, round-capped towers of Munich cathedral came in sight, and shortly after the whole city. It is by no means imposing at a distance, and answers exactly to the description, the most graphic I ever read anywhere, or of any place, and which I have never forgotten since I read it at Oxford, given of it by the Abbé de la Mennais in his *Affaires de Rome*. He deserves great praise for his description, for it is almost impossible to convey any accurate idea of a place in French, or of a scene either. Their class of panegyric words is not extensive, and their own use of them quite indiscriminate. They will often describe a scene by two words, both of which by the force of etymology cannot

be applicable to the same place at the same time. Neither when they use a single epithet do they wish to convey anything characteristic by it. For instance, when a Frenchman calls a view *magnificent*, he does not intend to convey to you the idea of its inspiring you with great thoughts—by *sublime* he does not mean distinctly that the scene at once elevates and depresses you either by a sense of awe or a sense of solitude—neither by a *noble* view has he any wish to give you the idea of extent, or a corresponding expansion of thought and sentiment. By all these epithets, which he duplicates and re-duplicates in honor of the same scene, he simply wishes to give utterance to a confused feeling of admiration, which he has not sufficient sympathy with external nature to analyze.

27.—WÜRTZBURG.

July 19.—A number of petty but vexatious obstacles prevented our leaving Würzburg before nine o'clock, and we were thus exposed to the merciless heat of the day. The country for some miles was a series of ugly undulations of monotonous fertility; but the road soon descended into some rich and well-wooded lowlands. The green of broad woods, and the dark tint of red earth, always compose a pleasantly-colored landscape. The wind was very high, and our carriage made so much noise upon the paved road, that I was indulged in a most favourite enjoyment—that of watching the strong wind imprisoned in a close wood, and bending the stout stems and tossing the leaf-laden branches in his struggles to pass onward; to watch this, and hear nothing—to be on some hill-side removed from the clamor of the gust, and behold the causeless commotion. To-day it was delightful, for most of the wood was birch, and every now and then a blast split through the wood, flung back the curtains of foliage in every direction, and disclosed long arcades of slender and glistening birch stems. As the wood lasted for some miles, I watched and mused upon the strange effect produced, when

one sense is compelled to take cognizance by itself of an object where it is accustomed to have the aid of another. The eye felt the lack of the ear, for still the carriage prevented my hearing the wind. There are some lines in the *Excursion* describing the appearance of natural objects to one born deaf, which express my feeling of pleasant strangeness exactly,—

When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.

The woodlands continued to thicken, till at last, in the bosom of some massive beech-woods we came upon the Abbey of Ebrach, once the richest in all Franconia. It has been dissolved and sold. The pile of building is immense; and the church is a handsome Gothic building with some good round windows. It was founded by St. Bernard early in the twelfth century. I have a great affection for these woodland homes of the old Cistercians, homes akin to the "hollow grove" of Furness, or Vale Crucis by the "clean-watered Dee,"

"Where gentle-mannered monks were wont to hymn
The blissful Mother, as the day grew dim."

28.—NUREMBERG.

A man accustomed to find the Reformation ranked with the English Rebellion and the French Revolution, as the desecrator of holy houses and the defacer of cathedrals, will be pleased to learn that the Nurembergers embraced Protestantism without an iota of this spirit. The churches remain as they were. There are even bones of dead saints in wire cases over one of the altars. Not one of the numerous altars is removed or mutilated; nay, though not used, clean white

cloths are kept upon them all. On one side of the Pegnitz is the quarter of St. Sebald, on the other the quarter of St. Laurence. The church of St. Sebald, though not first rate, is handsome, and the interior extremely good, containing the exquisite shrine of St. Sebald, at which Peter Vischer worked for thirteen years, for the praise, as he says, "of God Almighty alone, and the honor of St. Sebald, prince of heaven." The Frauenkirche in the market-place, a Roman Catholic church, has an exquisite doorway. Two old chapels in the imperial castle, and Albert Durer's house, are also worth seeing in this quarter.

In the other quarter, the church of St. Laurence is a magnificent Gothic church, with a beautiful east exterior; but the inside is superb. The natural ruddy tint of the stone is unprofaned, the aisles of thirteen shapely columns most beautiful, the roof of the choir and the painted windows of the east end all exquisite. But there is a tabernacle of open work for the Holy Sacrament, reaching from the floor to the roof, of the minutest and most elaborately ornamental work in stone, which I think the *ne plus ultra* of Gothic art and beauty. The whole is sustained on three kneeling figures, the sculptor Adam Kraft and his two apprentices. Four years of incessant toil were consumed over it, and the Nurembergers then left him to die in an hospital, while their posterity wonder at his Sacraments-Häuslein, as the miraculous thing is called. It would have converted Vitruvius to Gothic.

These are the main single sights worth seeing in Nuremberg; but they do not constitute the charm of the place. You must riot in odd streets, bewilder yourself in lanes, courts, and grass-grown squares without exit, you must people it all out of Froissart and Monstrelet; and you will go away, not delighted only, but having imbibed no inconsiderable amount of the romantic spirit and temper, which will broaden and deepen the lights and shadows of your mind. To have been at Athens and at Nuremberg is a privilege so great as to involve a responsibility, of a moral as well as an intellectual sort.

July 21.—We found the journey from Nuremberg to Ratisbon sufficiently long to occupy the day, especially with the miserable Bavarian post. But the country is somewhat more interesting, or, to speak more accurately, less monotonous than Bavaria generally is. The ground is broken, and there is a good deal of wood, though most of it is fir. We breakfasted at Feucht, and then proceeded to Neumarkt. This was once a free city of the Empire, and its gates and walls and old houses standing gable-wise into the street still attest its antiquity. It has now dwindled into a spacious, sombre village. Alas! how pathetic is the interest with which these relics of broken Germany are invested. The mighty geographical revolution wrought by the passage of the Cape of Good Hope has done all this. The ocean has sucked in the great streams of inland commerce, and asserted it as her own by indefeasible prerogative. Yet, to indulge in a fanciful speculation, it is possible that the land may still be avenged upon the sea. The Rhine, united by railway with the Danube, as it soon will be, must surely swell the throng of trade along this superb highway across the European continent; though the uncertainty which will hang for the next century over the destiny of the Black Sea and the mouths of the Danube, will thwart the progress of inland commerce. At present, however, commerce has ebbed from the heart of Europe, as it were by instinct, into the sea, its natural receptacle; and these ancient cities are left high and dry, stranded upon the old historical beach. Now and then, perchance, an irregular wave of prosperity, straining against the ebb, may suddenly fling itself upon the shore and wet the mouldering walls of one of these cities; but the moisture sinks into the sand, and its footprint is quickly effaced. Such temporary visitations do but wrong the favored city; for they overwhelm the quaintness and character which alone exact the homage of mankind to these shrines of departed greatness. Nay, Germany itself, what is it now? There is no such country. It is a political phantom, a geographical convenience. It denotes a past epoch, an existing literature, and is the title

of a wide-spread and many-dialected language. This is all which remains of Germany, the religious, the wise, the glorious Germany, which wrought more for mankind than any other people save the wonderful and awful Romans. Germany is departed, and the Ambassadors of Europe watch round the empty coffer at Frankfort, on which her potent name is inscribed. Sweet and reverend deceit! Europe is slow to believe that Germany has passed away! All that is good in Europe, except in the three Mediterranean peninsulas, (and there is little good there,) is German. Our Ambassadors may well worship at our mother's tomb.

29.—A BENEDICTINE MONASTERY.

July 25.—We left the Enns reluctantly, but had no reason to be discontented, for our stony path kept mounting and mounting upward, leading us through many a scene of wild sublimity. Grandeur now began to divest herself of the robe which she had borrowed from beauty in the valley of the Enns. All wood ceased but fir or ash. The mountains rose in gigantic splinters and leaning obelisks of hoary rock, bare, precipitous. Here and there a splinter of more obtuse point than its neighbors had a coronal of dark herbage. We had several sunny showers down below, and the lofty white peaks in the clear sun glistened beautifully through the misty shower, which seemed to refine them to a substance almost as thin and spiritual as the mist itself. One view was singularly striking. On our left was a large mountain covered with black fir, and above it the air was filled with a thin white cloud. I happened to be gazing on this cloud, when all at once it parted asunder two ways, like a scene in a theatre, and two huge, sharp, white mountain-heads started out some two thousand feet above us. They came upon the eye with a shock like that of an unexpected flash of lightning. We had, indeed, great opportunity this afternoon of witnessing the alchemy of mists. At length we reached one of those high, bald, ash-tree valleys, which all who study mountain-

scenes know when to expect in traversing the upper galleries of a mountainous region. From this we descended into the broad valley of the Enns once more. At the foot of the mountain we stopped to bait the horses, and took the opportunity of walking over some fields to get a view of the end of the valley. It is the entrance of the famous pass of Gesäuse, (the Sounding Pass,) through which the Enns forces a passage amid scenes of the most superb and oftentimes desolate character. The view of the portal is truly sublime. On every side are lofty mountains with high fantastically-shaped walls of crags. Between two of these there is a space occupied by romantic but diminutive hills of white rocks crowned with rings of fir. They are like the Trosachs of Loch Katrine, only that there is here no such fair coloring as the drooping birch, the red heather, and the many-tinted ferns combine to make between Benan and Benvenue. Among these Styrian Trosachs the Enns twists and doubles, and escapes as best it may. But *how* I cannot conceive, for immediately behind these diminutive hills rises a stupendous mountain, many thousand feet into the air. It rises like a thick cone, its shingly side ribbed with alternate stripes of dark and light green herbage; but when it should taper off into a summit, it bulges out in beetling precipices, with a huge head like a Roman mural crown, divided into battlements, with gigantic clefts between. It is all of whitest stone, with yellow furrows between the battlements, and its outline is so jagged, and and splintered, and sharp, that the deep blue sky, which has such a power to incorporate almost every harsh outline with her own soft self, can give no smoothness or transparent appearance to this stern mural crown.

As we ascended the river from this mountain pass, the valley opened out into a wet and sterile and forlorn basin. In the midst of this stands the spacious Benedictine monastery, Ad Montes. It was founded by Gebhard, Bishop of Salzburg, in 1074. The pile of building is immense. There are ninety monks in it, who have theological pupils under them, and also instruct the poor of the parishes on their estates in agri-

culture and domestic arts. The usual indomitable energy of the monks has done much to cover this bleak basin with cultivation; but, like an imperfect garment, it only calls attention to the nakedness it would fain conceal. Yet I saw phalanxes of wheat-sheaves along the river side, and many unpromising spots upon the steeps were fragrant with red clover. Almost every Englishman in books, letters, and conversation, is ready with the hack phrases to which a few Whig historians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have tuned us, such as, "lazy monks, drones of monasteries, fatteners on the poor," and the like. Yet, if men, who would or could think, were to wander, as I have done, up river-courses, threading sequestered valleys, and tracing hill-born brooks, and exploring deserted woodlands, not for any such purpose as to gather evidence in behalf of monks, but merely to foster and strengthen meditative power, they would see how, under the toiling hands of the old monks, green grass and yellow corn encroached upon the black heath and unhealthy fen, how lordly and precious woods rose upon unproductive steeps, how waters became a blessing where they had been a curse, irrigating the lands which once they ravaged, how poor communities were held together by their alms in unhopeful places for years, till the constrained earth yielded her reluctant fruits; and cities are now where the struggling tenant-villages of the kind monks were, as the monks' salt-pans are now the princely Munich. If we are to add to this the improvements in husbandry and domestic arts which we owe to the monks, and the copies of the Holy Scriptures and other good books multiplied by their astonishingly indefatigable pens, when printing was not, we surely shall not be so ready with our "drones" &c. &c.; or anyhow we should mark our chronology when our inkpot is seething to abuse the monks. And surely their praise and prayer and intercession was not *quite* nothing, even though it wrought less visibly than their spades and pens. As we continued the ascent of the river, the valley grew richer, and again exquisitely beautiful, though not like yesterday; but as we approached Lietzen, our resting place, the

fair vale was filled with the glory of evening, and at the end of a long mountain-avenue stood a huge hill with a glacier sparkling in its hollow bosom, like a colossal brilliant. St. James's day last year was a happy day. I have been minute therefore with its successor's seeings and doings.

30.—A LUTHERAN SUNDAY.

August 8.—I got up early this morning to read the service. It was one of the Sundays on which I have yearned almost to tears for an English country church. After breakfast we went to the Roman Catholic church to hear mass. The music is said to be very fine, and so indeed it was; yet I had no pleasure in the service. I felt ashamed of being there, the spacious but tasteless church being so evidently converted into a crowded theatre, where swarms of English and of native Lutherans almost elbowed the worshippers out of the building. Dresden is the first Protestant capital which we have hitherto visited, and I never in any Roman Catholic capital saw Sunday so fearfully profaned. I have no puritanical notions concerning Sunday, and never have acknowledged it as either *the sabbath* or *a sabbath*; and I do not in the least object to the large gardens with music being opened near the large cities, for we know how our young men spend their Sunday afternoons at the corners of our village streets. But the Dresdeners seem to regard coffee and music and leafy walks as far too tame a way of spending their Sunday afternoons. We wished to find out the gardens, and took at a guess the street where most people seemed thronging one way. The stream at last brought us to a collection of booths around which from three to four thousand people, if not more, were collected. The tents covered a considerable space, and we walked through the whole of them. I never saw a more profane scene, or a more ridiculous one. There was every species of gambling, smoking, drinking, singing, shooting at targets, tumblers, fire-works, jugglers, merry-andrews, shops, and divers unintelligible amusements. The

most popular were swings, mimic railways with little carriages whirled round by men pulling, a stag-hunt on the same principle, and so forth. In these we saw big soldiers, old men, six feet high babies, riding and swinging, shouting for glee. Now the great bulk of this crowd must have been Lutheran, for Dresden itself is a thoroughly Protestant town. The Lutheran churches were to my knowledge shut the whole afternoon, while the Protestants of the German Florence were thus keeping holy the Lord's Day. Yet year after year are we assured in England of the connection between Popery and whatever is disagreeable in the foreign way of keeping Sunday. No person who has not been abroad, and heard and seen and investigated for himself, would credit the extensive system of lying pursued by English travel-writers, religious tract-compilers, and Exeter Hall speechmakers, respecting the Roman Church abroad; and whether the lies be those of wilfulness or of prejudice, ignorance and indolence, I do not see much to distinguish in the guilt. These dirt-seekers scrape the sewers of England to roughcast the Church of Rome with the plentiful defilements. Nought is left behind. Humanity itself is whitewashed, and the dogma of inherited sin reduced to a mere notion of spiritual helplessness, rather than that one sin should be left unappended, as effect to cause, to some corruption of Roman theology. I have seen this in a hundred ways, and when I stood among these childishly profane Lutherans to-day, I felt again, as I have often felt before, a proper indignation of such coarse falsehood as would make the Romish system exclusively responsible for these puerilities.

CHAPTER V.

1842-3.

MR. FABER remained at Ambleside during the greater part of the year 1842. In the summer he was called from Westmoreland to the sick-bed of his brother, the Rev. F. A. Faber, who was lying ill with typhoid fever at Magdalen College, Oxford, and whom he nursed with affectionate devotion for some weeks.

In the autumn the Rectory of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, was offered to him by his college; and although he declined it in the first instance, he afterward determined to accept the charge. His purpose in doing so is inscribed in the following letter:

LETTER XLIV.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Ambleside, Friday,
December 16, 1842, A. S.

I have to-day made up my mind to accept Elton when it is formally offered. I really trust that in the prayer and fasting of this Ember Week I have been enabled to put aside my own will in the matter; yet I would speak diffidently about it, as knowing my wilfulness. This living hovered about my head in the spring like a bird uncertain where to light. That was an admonition. Again, I positively refused it, consulting my own wilfulness, ten days ago: then the Master forced the consideration of it upon me again. And, as Pusey says somewhere, "Events not of our own seek-

ing are mostly God's ordering." Further, I feel that my chief rock of offence is the subduing the poet to the priest; and I have felt more strongly this Advent than ever that I have very sinfully permitted the man of letters to overlay the priest. *Abstinence* from poetry I could with some small difficulty practice; but Keble thinks it would be wrong, being obviously my chief, if not sole gift; and *temperance* in poetry is most difficult, yet a plain duty in a priest. Now, the necessity of parish duty comes like a divine interference with my wilfulness, and I do not think that I am so far worldly as that I should dare to neglect that duty. And indeed, the whole *pastoral* office, which is very unacceptable to me, seems aptly remedial to the poetic temperament; more so than the less definite duties of college life.

I do believe, my dear J——, that I am judging right in this matter. I feel so happy and open, I know not why or how, that I think I must be doing right; and oh! how slight a sacrifice after all will it be to part with this sweet mountain-land, and all my dear friends, for a man of such faults as mine. My books are gone, and now my mountains go. God be praised! Oh, pray for me that, buried in that village, I may endeavor to lead an apostolical life in church, parsonage, and cottages. God being my helper, I solemnly purpose to do so. Twice, if not three times, has Advent had a special mission to me. May my sole care in life be now to rehearse for meeting the true Advent, and the merciful fire of that day! Ora pro nobis.

Mr. Faber also notified his intention to Mr. Wordsworth, who replied: "I do not say you are wrong; but England loses a poet."

Before entering upon his new duties, Mr. Faber determined to pay a short visit to the Continent. The last four years had brought about a great change in his feelings toward the Catholic Church; and it was now more as a learner than as a critic that he intended

to study her operations. He had a new source of interest in the inquiry ; for the office which he was about to assume made him anxious to gather hints for the work which it would impose. He determined, therefore, to examine closely in Catholic countries, and especially in Rome, the methods pursued by the Church in dealing with the souls entrusted to her care.

With this view, he provided himself with letters of introduction from Dr. Wiseman, then Coadjutor-Bishop of the Central District of England, to Cardinal Acton and Dr. Grant, both resident in Rome. His acquaintance with Dr. Wiseman arose out of the publication of "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Lands." In that work he attacked Dr. Wiseman for saying, in his Lectures on Holy Week, that the services of that season are "dramatic." In a later portion of the book he quoted from the same volume a passage of considerable length, which, owing to an error of the printer, appeared without inverted commas or other acknowledgment. Mr. Faber therefore sent the Bishop an apology, which led to further correspondence.

On Sunday, the 2nd of April, 1843, Mr. Faber read himself in at Elton, and preached to a very crowded church. He was much affected by the reception he met with from his flock, and said that on his return from his tour he should feel as if he was returning to an old home.

On the following day, he left Elton again, accompanied by a former pupil, and proceeded in the course of the week, by Southampton and Havre, to Rouen. From thence he wrote with unbounded admiration of

the examples of Gothic architecture contained in the city; and especially of St. Ouen, "which," he said, "in the view from the heights, seems like a magnificent Latin cross of stone dropped from heaven." He also took an opportunity of finding fault with the new geographical arrangement of the country: "This miserable division of France, the land of conscription and tricolor, into departments, in lieu of the old provinces whose very names were precious sounds of history, seems to *un-Froissart* the country, and to hide, as it were, old France, the land of Catholicism and chivalry; I have been disgusted ever since I left Havre that I might not speak of Normandy: and then the guide-books tell me that Rouen is the chef-lieu, department Seine Inferieure, which is enough to excite indignation."*

Proceeding somewhat leisurely across France, and making a *détour* to Bordeaux, where they spent Easter, Mr. Faber and his companions reached Marseilles before the end of April. The remainder of his journey will be best given in his own words.

LETTER XLV. — TO THE REV. F. A. FABER.

While residing at Marseilles for a couple of days, imprisoned in my room most of the time by the persevering *bise*, I thought it best to have a *bise* of my own, which I had in the shape of a poetical afflatus, wherein a poem of above two hundred lines came into existence, on the present Catholic movement in France; the poem is perhaps more erudite than poetical, and on second thoughts I determined not to trans-

* See Poems. No. LXXXII., edition of 1857.

cribe it for you, lest it should bore you; and I have already sent it to a Roman Catholic gentleman in England, giving him leave to make what use he pleases of it. I am not sure that we did quite right in not going to Toulon; but it is out of the way, and we must, the Pyrenees over, plead guilty to a certain amount of impatience to get to Italy. Instead, therefore, of turning down from Aubagne to Toulon, we went up to the hills, which brought us into some very striking scenery among mountains clothed with stone pines. After crossing one range we came to Brignolles, erewhile the second city of Provence, and night overtook us before we reached Le Luc, where we slept; but the tremulous flashing of the stars among the spiral trees on the hill-tops, the cool incense of the fir-woods, and the noise of the falling streams, made our journey after dark as agreeable as it had been during the daylight. The country from Le Luc to the river Var might be called the paradise of Provence, and we are just in the nick of time for it: the season is far enough advanced for the flowers, and not far enough for the heats to have destroyed the verdure. The stony hills were covered with straggling pines, and carpeted with pink and white gum-cistus, while irregular veins of yellow cytisus ran here and there. The bean-fields smelt like England, and what more sweet? to my fancy, not the orange-flowers which here and there wafted to us tributes of odor. Now and then large rose-grounds attached to distilleries overwhelmed us with their scent, and tangled wilderness of delicate color. In short, it was a picture of plenty, of beautiful plenty — vine, olive, corn, fig, mulberry, rose, orange, lemon, jujube, walnut, cherry, and I know not what, and all with fine dappled mountains to the north; and on the south, scarcely ever absent from the eye, the glittering indigo of the Mediterranean. I felt *admonitus lacorum* at Fréjus, where Tacitus was born; and on seeing the island of Lerins off Cannes, where St. Vincent of Lerins, the great doctor of tradition, lived and taught. Oh, how well I remember sitting in the window of my lodgings at Rothay Cottage, in the summer of 1837, and reading a picturesque description of

that very monastery in St. Vincent's *Commonitorium adversus hereses*. Towards evening we crossed the Var, and were of course in Italy, that

"Bel paese
Che l'Appenin parte, e 'l mar circonda e l'Alpe."

I cannot say that I see much to admire in this Anglicised city of Nice, except the smell of the orange-blossom, and the blue of the sea. But I have had a quiet Sunday here, which is something. If I may use such a term, I *enjoyed* the prayers much, for I was famished for want of worship; but oh the preacher.

* * * * *

Genoa.—Once more in this beautiful city, once more looking out upon the blue harbor, and the countless masts, and the tall Pharos, and the Palazzo Doria. Our road from Nice is not to be described, the beauty of it is so exquisite. It is, as its name imports, a cornice, being the restoration of the old Æmilian way; for what modern improvement is there which those awful Romans did not anticipate? The road runs by the sea shore, now on the strand, now hundreds of feet above, in an out, now facing the sea, now the hills. Remember that that sea is the Mediterranean, that the shore is spotted with gay white towns, that every headland is capped with a ruined tower raised against the Barbary corsairs, that now you are among orange-gardens, now in woods of pinaster, and by cliffs with giant aloes sticking out of the rifts; add to this the sensual pleasure of alternating between slow ascents and rattling descents, the childish thrill of joy at there being no parapet on the cliffs, and—but you have no nose—the orange-flowers and the hot-house smell of the fig-leaves, and what can be wanted by the tourist? The mountains are high, many covered with snow, so you have dignity, as well as loveliness. It is, in short, a hundred and fifty-four miles of a mountain paradise. Here we are at Genoa; yet let not Savona be passed without a word,—you know the exquisite description of it in Wordsworth, but it is Chiabrera's epitaph,

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written by himself, that I mean. It has affected me very deeply indeed: I have often alluded (to you) to the struggle in myself between the poet and the priest, on account of the *absorbing* character of such a pursuit as poetry, and the *exclusive* character of such a calling as the priesthood. More than once I have desisted from composition, but in the end nature got the upper hand of holier resolutions. All this has been passing through my mind lately, and in the acme of another struggle Chiabrera rises from the dead, and preaches from his tomb in San Giacomo at Savona. These are the words he ordered to be engraved:

AMICO, IO VIVENDO CERCAVA CONFORTO
NEL MONTE PARNASSO:
TU, MEGLIO CONSIGLIATO, CERCALO
NEL CALVARIO!

I do not think I ever got such a sermon in my life; and, remembering that I have hardly ever written a line directly in honor of our Lord, I have vowed a poetical work in honor of Calvary itself; and have begun it. It is a translation of some most sweet ascetical hymns to our Blessed Lord on His Passion and Cross, arranged for prayer or devotional meditation. If I succeed in translating them simply, with such changes as I think will adapt them to English devotional uses, they will make a little book of about one hundred and fifty pages, which I shall publish under the title of the Rosary of our Lord Jesus Christ—the name they bear in the book from which I take them. Of course I shall in the execution do them as well as I can, yet I shall always sacrifice poetical effect to simplicity of scriptural expression, or literal rendering of a line whose quaintness has devotional depth in it. At any event it is a delightful occupation to fill in the interstices of my time on a journey, and keep me from wandering thoughts.

Spezzia.—I am not ashamed to confess that in this beautiful paradise my thoughts have run a good deal on Shelley,

and his hapless fate in this voluptuous bay. I do not mean to say that I think him a worthy object of sympathy, for he was a low, unprincipled scoundrel, not a romantic dreamer: but I owe so much to him of joy and pleasure, that his death has given a melancholy interest in my eyes to this Gulf of Spezzia laving the foot of the "olive-sandelled Apennine." Shelley was forever singing the praises of the Apennines; I thought as I came along to-day, that I should like to do the same, but in a different way. To a theological poet the Apennines are peculiarly interesting, for they contain the Umbrian sanctuaries, and are the seats of the exquisite Franciscan legends; and indeed the summits are constantly crowned with monasteries. It is a glorious thought, that this chain of mountains from Savona to Benevento is, at all hours of day and night, positively alive and resonant with prayer and psalmody.

It is very remarkable that three tracts of country in Christian Europe have always had something supernatural about them, viz., Umbria, the part of France confining on Piedmont, and the vicinity of the German Brocken. I remember Leo of Halle, the splendid historian of Italy, in his rationalistic way speaks of Umbria, *apropos* of St. Francis, producing from its solemn scenery gloomy religious enthusiasts. It is all very well to dispose of matters after this physical fashion; but really when you consider that Umbrian enthusiasm changed the whole aspect of the Church, that it forced art and poetry to take new directions, that it diverted the course of, though it did not crush, the heathen renaissance of the Medici and their loathsome school, that even to this day the character of the whole Roman Church is visibly Umbrian, it seems scarcely reverent to think such great changes were not intended in God's Providence as the work which supernatural Umbria was fore-ordained to accomplish. But I must not go prosing on about Umbria, which is a hobby of mine, for I see I have not told you anything about our journey from Genoa here.

I really think the Riviera di Levante, *i. e.*, below Genoa,

is even finer than the Riviera di Ponente, above Genoa, which I have already described. After some posts of most delicious sea views the road turns inland, and leads into the penetralia of the Apennines, which are entirely clothed with immense forests of Spanish chestnuts. We are a little too early for the full beauty: the hills are just closed in a vapory, vernal green; but when in full leaf the inequalities of the hills must produce magnificent folds of shadowy and sunny foliage. The deep valley of the river Vara is very striking, and the descent upon Spezzia, with the gray and white marble-streaked mountains of Carrara in front, the blue sea, and pale Corsica beyond, and white and red Spezzia muffled in palms and oranges, is superb. This afternoon's drive, too, was enhanced by the bells of the mountain churches; for it is St. Monica's day, and the peasants were in holiday attire in honor of St. Augustine's mother.

This is the fourth of May, and we were to have been in Rome on the fifth. I hope we shall get there before Ascension Day at any rate.

Pisa. — I begin now to feel that I have little need to journalize for you, as I am in your old route, and you must remember all these places as well or better than I can describe them. The road still continued most beautiful, even after we had deserted the Mediterranean at Spezzia; it turned inland and carried us to the little city of Carrara, which is beautifully situated at the base of five striking Apennines; over one of these we passed and descended on the picturesque city of Massa, and thence to Lucca. The churches at Lucca would be more interesting to a man who understood pictures than they were to me. Marble exteriors are not good; those at Pisa are more equably weather-stained than any I have seen elsewhere, and consequently look less diseased; and the airy style of Gothic prevalent in these parts is of course beautiful; yet, compared with a German minster, or a Flemish, or an English, or a Norman, it is a Rossini's operatic *Stabat Mater en face* with Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. One thing at Lucca pleased me: there hangs from the nave of the roof a coarse

iron cresset, on which flax is burned before the bishop whenever he celebrates mass pontifically, *i. e.* as a bishop, that the light flames and the *sic transit gloria mundi* may remind him of the true nature of his earthly dignity. This is a ritual common to heathens and Christians; it is the monarch's slave in another shape; but it seems to come with peculiar propriety before the celebration of the holy Sacrament by an ecclesiastical grandee.

Before touching on Pisa let the beautiful walks on the Lucchese ramparts be mentioned. To pass from Lucca to Pisa, to know that at Pisa you are six posts from Florence and ten hours from Siena, is to an historical scholar like standing on the Acro-Corinth. The geographical littleness of what is historically so extensive is difficult to be realized. Two hours of a sunny afternoon brought us from Lucca to Pisa; indeed, the Campanile and Duomo were visible long before; yet what an infinite distance of feeling, what difficulty of transit, there was wont to be when those two republics fought like cat and dog, and left their contest to be a part of history, for the genius' sake of those who were engaged therein. In point of real importance, *i. e.* of enduring natural consequences, how stand the wars of Pisa and Lucca, Florence and Siena, Athens and Sparta, with reference to the Tweedside wars of our own Scotch border? and as to literature, the ballad of Chevy Chase is worth a good slice of Thucydides. Pisa certainly has no such beautiful situation as Lucca, but it is truly a fairy town.

How often it happens, when the mind sets out bent on the capture of some special train of thought, that an insignificant matter intercepts and detains it. It was in a measure so with me at Pisa. You know the quiet meadow, withdrawn a little space from the noisy streets, from whose smooth turf rise the Cathedral, the Campanile, the Baptistery, and the cloister of the Campo Santo, a group hardly equalled in the world. Of course I repaired there at once, pretty well knowing what to find. But it so happened that the turf is just now closely carpeted with white clover in full flower, and overpoweringly

fragrant. The odor was of such a home kind that away went buildings, art, history, Pisa, Italy, and the whole concern; my eyes saw, but reported not what they saw. I was in England; and yet the leaning tower fixed the exact spot in England, namely, the side window of the drawing-room at Auckland, looking out upon the Bishop's gateway, and wherein stood an old stained table, the drawer of which specially pertained to me. There I played the geographical game with my mother for hours; there I studied a fat duodecimo in red sheep, entitled *The Wonders of the World*, where the wall of China and the leaning tower of Pisa made an ineffaceable impression upon me. Oh! I cannot tell you how that tower brought my dear mother back to me. The picture, I think, leaned somewhat more effectively than the reality. Yet that was a rightful fraud; for childhood is greedy of wonder, and not easily satisfied: the impression would have been less correct if the delineation had been more accurate. It was some time before I recovered this first mood, and became alive to the real beauty of the wonderful scene before me.

To my taste, the cathedral, except the façade, is poor; but the Baptistery is divine, the cloisters glorious, though inferior to Gloucester; and it is the *group* which is so wonderful: and I mused, and mused, and mused, pacing about on the thick clover till all my senses were wrapped in a delicious dream of art and history. This was my second mood. Now it happens that this voluptuous, silent poetry which Italy engenders in so many, is just what I have been arming myself against beforehand, as effeminate, sensual, literary; not devotional, priestly, Catholic, Christian. I want to go to Italy, not as a poet, or a tourist, or a pleased dreamer, but as a pilgrim who regards it as a second Palestine, the Holy Land of the West, and here at Pisa was I vanquished on the very threshold. Those luxurious gardens on the Mediterranean, with aromatic orange-flowers, have unmanned me; but at last I succeeded in shaking off the poetic fit; and then, as the flowers had brought home before me, and the beauty had brought art and history, so the character of the buildings, and especially

the striking calmness of the locality, brought the Church to mind. Unaffectedly aloof from the city, in a calm meadow, the great tower leaning like a telescope pointed *toward Rome*, the minster whence the chanting faintly sounded, the glorious Baptistery, a temple (most unusual sight!) raised to the sole honor of the sacrament of regeneration, the veritable earth of Palestine in the cloisters where the dead sleep; all seemed a *world* (to use a wrong word) of its own, apart from the other world, yet near; unlike, yet into which the other world must pass. It symbolized the character of the Church, it illustrated its history. This was my third mood, and the only one which has lasted, because the only worthy one. We arrived here on Friday; it is now Sunday, and to-morrow morning we start for Siena, having determined not to visit Volterra. Except to Etruscan scholars, I think a sight of Cortona will be enough for those antiquities. D. V., we shall on Monday sleep at Siena, on Tuesday at Ponte Centino beyond Radicofani, on Wednesday at Viterbo, and on Thursday at Rome.

Siena.—None of the Italian cities, except Venice, has ever struck me so much as Siena has done; and although I am suffering severely from a bilious attack (I have scarcely been free from headache since I left England,) yet I have staggered about the streets in mingled pain and delight. I do not mean to say that I approve of any of the elaborate details of the cathedral, but the miraculous whole runs away with any critical objections, and I paced the nave and aisles for long in perfect ecstasy. A red and stormy sunset was making its way into the building through the narrow windows, and playing with the alternate stripes of black and white marble in a marvellous manner, while in the gloomy side-chapels the candles burnt like steady stars before the several altars. La Comunità, i. e. Hôtel de Ville, is also a delicious building, and for fairy-like effect I really prefer it to the Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice. Altogether I am fascinated with Siena, and could write pages to you about it, were it not for the *tremblement de système* which my bilious attack is causing.

I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of the city of St. Catherine and St. Bernardine, and my favorite study of hagiography will be pursued at Elton with fresh zest after all these new topographical remembrances. To-morrow for "bleak Radicofani" as ὁ ποιητής calls it—that is to say, if I am well enough.

The bleak Radicofani is passed; and a beautiful ascent led us up to Acquapendente. The exterior is very pleasing; the cliffs are waving with golden broom, the Spanish chestnuts are in full yellow-green leaf, and the cuckoo crying in the woods. From the steep of San Lorenzo we looked down on the Lake of Bolsena. What a beautiful scene it is! Yet the silence of its houseless shores, and the laborers returning up the hill from their day's labor to sleep on the heights, were admonitions of the treachery of all this beauty. Yet the nightingales sang bravely to cheer us as we wound along through the blue mist on the shores. Bolsena interested me from its being the scene of the famous miracle of the Bleeding Wafer, in consequence of which the feast of Corpus Domini was instituted by Urban IV. in the thirteenth century. We durst not, however, stay at Bolsena to sleep; so we left it by moonlight, and as a monastery bell rang the monks up to midnight prayers, we arrived at Viterbo, where the musical splash of a fountain soon put me to sleep. The extreme filth and squalor of Viterbo render it quite needful to make a manly effort to call up the recollections of history in order to enjoy to the full the consciousness of being in Viterbo. To one at all versed in Pontifical history it is full of *admonitus loci*, and there is no department of modern history so romantic, so various, so illustrative of humanity as the history of the Popes. So, thinking of Charles of Anjou, I left Viterbo. But how shall I describe to you the view which burst upon me from the top of Monte Cimino, when the long ascent was done? At my feet lay the beautiful blue lake, far to the right the gleamy line of the Mediterranean, in front the pale green undulations of the Campagna, to the left the Apennines of Albano, and the Sabine hills; and, deeply purple

and alone, rose from the Campagna — SORACTE. *Vides ut alta stet nive candidum* came out loudly from my lips unconsciously; yet — I know your weakness, and Byron shall comment on the *candidum*.

“The lone Soracte’s heights displayed,
Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman’s aid
For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing.”

The Campagna, with its sigular pale green, and veins or fosses of verdure, delighted me. From the lip of the crater of Baccano I saw the dome of St. Peter’s: I have crossed the Ponte Molle, where Constantine vanquished Maxentius, and established Christianity, and by moonlight I have prayed at the Tomb of the Apostles, almost alone in the metropolitan church of the whole world. To describe my feelings is impossible.

ROMÆ, MAI. IX. MDCCCXLIII.

Thanks to the kindness of Dr. Grant, the present Bishop of Southwark, and of Dr. Baggs, then Rector of the English College, and afterward Vicar Apostolic of the Western District of England, Mr. Faber was enabled to see much more of the various works of charity and religion in Rome than falls to the lot of an ordinary visitor. He devoted himself to the study of Italian, in order that he might understand the numerous lives of Saints published in that language. His master, Signor Armellini, taught him by reading aloud to him, and directed him to conjugate the verbs by the simple process of taking the Latin which he knew, and giving it the Italian modification, the irregularities being the same in both languages.

It was at this time that he acquired his first devo-

tion to St. Philip Neri, his future Father. He has recorded in the Spirit and Genius of St. Philip, preached and published in 1850, the impression made upon him by a visit to the Chiesa Nuova. Speaking of the room in which the Saint used to say mass, he writes: "How little did I, a Protestant stranger in that room years ago, dream I should ever be of the Saint's family, or that the Oratorian father who showed it me should in a few years be appointed by the Pope the novice-master of the English Oratorians. I remember how, when he kissed the glass of the case in which St. Philip's little bed is kept as a relic, he apologized to me as a Protestant, lest I should be scandalized, and told me with a smile how tenderly St. Philip's children loved their father. I was not scandalized with their relic-worship then, but I can understand better now what he said about the love, the childlike love, wherewith St. Philip inspired his sons. If any one had told me that in seven short years I should wear the same white collar in the streets of London, and be preaching a triduo in honor of Rome's apostle, I should have wondered how any one could dream so wild a dream."

The continuation of his letters gives a vivid description of his occupations and feelings during his stay in Rome.

LETTER XLVI.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Rome, No. 22, Via di Propaganda,
May 20, 1843,

You will naturally expect to hear from me at Rome, and to learn something of what I have felt, and learned, and seen,

and whether I am likely to find my way home again! Well — with the separate wonders of Rome I have, with the exception of the Coliseum, been much disappointed, and further knowledge and repeated visits either to St. Peter's or elsewhere, only keep up the original feeling of disappointment. Picture-galleries and museums I have not entered, neither have I taken any *pains* about the antiquities, except such as are consecrated by Church traditions. I do not wish either the pettifogging criticisms of art or literature to mingle with the feelings proper to a first visit to mysterious Rome. I have consequently a great deal of time to myself, and am reading theology with great application. Dr. Wiseman's letters have engaged me the cheerful kindness of several of the Roman clergy, and a portion of almost every day is spent with them, either visiting the *holier* churches, and convents famous for miracles and the residence of Saints, or in amicable discussion of our position in England. And hitherto I have found my occupations very profitable; for although one may be disappointed with the details of Rome, it is quite impossible for any Christian to be disappointed in Rome. You walk through the streets — here stood the centurion's house, and beneath that church St. Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles — there St. Ignatius shed his blood — from that pulpit St. Thomas of Aquino preached — in that room St. Francis slept — in that house St. Dominic first began his order — in that shabby basilica Pope Zosimus heard and judged Celestius and condemned the Pelagian heresy — beneath that tomb are the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul — in yonder church five famous councils were held — in those catacombs are the bones of the nameless martyrs known to God only — and so one might go on forever. Some of the traditions may be incorrect, many are clearly not so, and withal, if the locality be wrongly fixed, the city itself somewhere must contain the true one. It is truly a "dreadful" place, and lays a great weight on the spirit.

It is natural that while thus adoring the Divine Footsteps in history, and overwhelmed by the admonitions of such holy

places, one's thirst for Catholic unity should increase to an extent which might lead one to undisciplined acts; living too with saintly men and hearing their affectionate eloquence on unity and Rome. Moreover, I am specially anxious to keep my mind open to conviction, and to expel all rude, unreasoning dislike out of my thoughts: for neither shame, nor station, nor interest would, I hope, prevent me from going where conscience leads. But I do not find myself shaken at all, though in many ways humbled; and in proportion to the openness with which I lay myself out to receive impressions and views, I persevere in prayer not to be led astray nor to seek anything of my own will; and I find my attachment to the Church of England growing in Rome, the more I bewail our position. All arguments on the doctrine of indulgences, &c., I have put aside, telling my friends that in reality the one thing necessary to prove was that adherence to the Holy See was essential to the *being* of a Church; to the *well-being* of all Churches I admit it essential.

If this point were demonstrated by Catholic tradition, I apprehend the controversy is over with me. They did not seem quite to like this simplification of the matter; and have been quite unable hitherto to establish a case. One professor, whom I much esteem, urged upon me his own firm faith that I should not be saved: I said that of course it was most distressing to be told so, but afforded no ground to leave my Church, and that if we were humbly submitting ourselves to antiquity, and truly penitent for our own sins, and spoke no evil of our brethren, I could not but hope that God "would reveal this unto us also," if needful.

On returning home and reading the evening service, I was delighted on meeting in the Psalms the verse, "And no good thing shall he withhold from them that lead a godly life;" it seemed to come with great force, and to justify the method in which I had put the controversy. In another discussion of a very grave nature, I said to the Rector of the English College, "It is not right to press me in this way; before you urge me to leave my (so-called) Church, you must *first* prove

that she is no Church, or is unchurched, otherwise you urge me to what is, in your own moral theology, a sin, viz., a disobedient act of self-will and self-judgment against an authority whose lawfulness you have not disproved. This is not right; you are urging my conscience to a sin." He took my hand, and said I was right; that so long as I felt in my conscience that I could not without sin leave my Church, he would never give me advice to leave it, or welcome my conversion.

Thus at present I feel much benefited by my visit to Rome, and my allegiance to England quite unshaken. Of course I could not make any use of a *feeling* as an argument, yet I confess that sometimes when I am hard pressed I feel that there is a little fortress in the background quite unsuspected by the enemy, namely, recollections of Oxford and the good people there. I feel, however unable I may be to put it scholastically, that *there* is evident work of the Holy Spirit, whose sanctifying influences they would restrain, so far as any real advance in holiness is concerned, to the Roman Church. I confess also that I have not forgotten the pleasant contrast between all I saw in my Roman tour in England last Lent, and your demeanor and conversation on my return to Oxford. There is a catholicity which *barbara celarent darii* and that confraternity cannot hold or represent; and the *ἡρεσις* of heresy is never invisible, even in men who try to be good in their way, as with our puritans. I write all this to you, because I think you ought to know it, and will be interested in knowing it. It is plain I am in somewhat of a dangerous position, yet from which I think it would not be right to fly, and in which I have not been shaken hitherto. I feel my chief security to be in continuing to regard the matter one much more to be decided by moral temper than by scholastic theology; however you must pray for me. And another ground of confidence which I think I am not wrong in mentioning to you, is the gradual accession of seriousness which has gone on for some months and has been much corroborated in Rome; and one may humbly hope that

amid increasing contempt of self, fear of judgment, and love of Christ, the Evil One may not be permitted to catch me falling away from changeableness or trust in intellect or any other of those sins out of which religious metamorphoses sometimes spring. You are now pretty much in possession of my state at Rome. I do not think I ever read less than six or eight hours a day, partly Perrone's Prælections and partly St. Teresa's practical works. I keep no journal, and write no poetry, lest I should dissipate my mind.

Now that I have been to Rome I do not wonder at the contradictory accounts given of the mighty capital of Christendom. There are two separate Romes; the Rome of the English, exclusive, frivolous, ignorant, surrounded with *valets de place* who think to please the Protestants by inventing scandals of the Pope or amours of the cardinals or priests; eating ices, subscribing to reading-rooms, buying cameos, examining artists' studios, coursing over picture galleries, reading the last novel, going to mass to hear the music "not discerning the Lord's body." This is one Rome, which lies mainly to the northeast, and of which I see only glimpses now. The other is made up of residents, native or foreign, quiet Cardinals, humble Jesuits, unobtrusive monks, pious scholars, kind-hearted, simple-mannered, erudite—full of interest of all kinds—the existence of which second Rome ninety-nine out of a hundred of the English tourists no more suspect than that of a secret club at Ispahan: yet cross a few streets and you are in it. Of sin there is perhaps neither more nor less than in any other great capital, and a considerable increase of it pious men of different persuasions agree in referring to the increase of English, French and American tourists. As in the Church itself, so in Rome, there is quite enough evil to hide the good from the unsympathizing, uncandid, or inobservant. I find much, very much both to love and revere—I shall be here till after St. Peter's Day, so if you write directly you will catch me.

LETTER XLVII. — TO THE REV. F. A. FABER.

Rome. Via di Propaganda. No. 22.

The Feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, 1843, A. D.

I have ceased to make daily records of my proceedings; they have been almost all of one kind, viz., visiting churches in company with Dr. Grant, Cardinal Acton's chaplain. I am pretty tolerably well-read in hagiography, and have a great reverence for many of the modern Saints, so I got Dr. Grant to carry me to little obscure places where interesting memorials of them are to be seen, or at least where one can court *admonitus locorum* of an edifying sort. I have entered none of the picture galleries, and only went to that part of the Vatican where the implements with which the primitive martyrs were tortured, the early church vessels, and the like are to be seen. My lionizing is not therefore hurried or wearisome, and I have plenty of time for reading theology and papal history.

Venerable Bede's Day, May 27. Many thanks for your letter, which refreshed me much. What you say of the impropriety of using hard words of bishops, even of such as Latimer, is probably true; one cannot think too highly of the episcopate. Yet it is right, on the other hand, to remember the *essential impiety* of Protestantism, and of Protestantism *as such*. You must remember that the Church of England is not Protestant, and that in one of her own convocations of the last century she authoritatively rejected the name, thereby rendering it binding on the consciences of her members to reject the heretical name. That there is plenty of Protestantism in the Church of England I am not wild enough to deny; but one cannot too *openly* or too consistently assert one's opinion that it is a spirit alien to that of the Church, condemned by the Church, and separable from it; just as a demon is separable from the sufferer whom he is allowed to possess. I have declared this so repeatedly and so publicly that I beg you will not think it necessary to suppress anything of mine on that account. Depend upon it, we have a hard enough

game to play with the Church of Rome; and nothing but a prominent bringing into view of the Catholic, *i. e.*, anti-Protestant, character of our Church, can save our best, holiest, and most learned members from leaving her. Protestantism has had three centuries of existence; in Prussia, where it rose, it has degenerated into a blasphemous rationalism, denying the four Gospels; in Switzerland, its second home, it has sunk into the worst form of Socinianism; in English dissent it has degenerated into an impious caricature of the truth; and in the Church, it is now fighting for its life against sacraments and good works. We must take our parts. Violence of language is perhaps always blameable; but, come what will, opinions formed on strict and conscientious research must not be withheld.

To take or allow the very *name* of Protestant, rejected by our own Church, is to disobey the Church, and so commit, if *knowingly* done, a *mortal* sin; and in proportion as our honest conviction of this is suppressed will be the number of our members who will leave us and go over to the Church of Rome. Now I pray you do not suppress this letter. If God prolongs our lives a quarter of a century, our doubts will be solved. Protestantism is perishing: what is good in it is by God's mercy being gathered into the garner of Rome; what is bad in it is running into blasphemy and unbelief. Whether our Church be a Church, be something *more* than, something over and above, a form of Protestantism, will be seen by the issue of this struggle: if she is not, God help us: we must go to Rome: if she is, which I BELIEVE, then are we Catholics, then do we enjoy the priesthood and sacraments of Christ's *one* (Ephes. iv.) Church, without having to bend and break our consciences to what modern Rome has reared upon the ancient superstructure. My whole life, God willing, shall be one crusade against the detestable and *diabolical* heresy of Protestantism, the very name even of which has been publicly and authoritatively abjured by my own Church. Arianism, Pelagianism, and the like are awful enough, and soul-destroying: but Protestantism is the devil's masterpiece. It has

broken into the English pastures, and must be hunted down. I will do my best in my little way, because I *doubt* the salvation of Protestants, and my office is to save souls.

Last Thursday was of course Holy Thursday, and the Pope celebrated the Ascension in St. John Lateran, "the mother Church" of the world, as it is called, and the Pope's cathedral. Oh what a sight it was! I got close to the altar, inside the Swiss Guards, and when Pope Gregory descended from his throne, and knelt at the foot of the altar, and we all knelt with him, it was a scene more touching than I had ever seen before; the red robes of the prostrate cardinals, the purple of the inferior prelates, the kneeling soldiers, and miscellaneous crowd, the magnificence of the stupendous Church, and the *invisible presence of its grand historical memories*, and in the midst that old man in white, prostrate before the uplifted Body of the Lord, and the dead, dead silence—Oh what a sight it was! St. Augustine used to say he should like to have seen a Roman triumph! His wish would have been more than fulfilled had he seen last Thursday's pomp, and seen the saintly (for a great saint he is) Gregory in the Lateran. On leaving St. John's by the great western door, the immense piazza was full of people; but we got a good place immediately under the Pope; and in spite of the noonday sun, I bared my head and knelt with the people, and received with joy the Holy Father's blessing, till he fell back on his throne and was borne away. I do not think I ever returned from any service so thoroughly Christianized in every joint and limb, or so right of heart, as I did from the Lateran on Thursday.

Yesterday, Friday, I went through all the Trastevere, and the island of St Bartholomew, the classical island of *Æsculapius*; saw the church of Sta. Francesca de Ripa, where St. Francis of Assisi lived when in Rome; the church of San Pietro in Montorio, where St. Peter is said to have been crucified; Sant' Onofrio, where Tasso died, and where St. Philip Neri taught the little children of Rome; and the Corsini and Farnese palaces. I think the view of Rome from the plat-

form in front of San Pietro in Montorio one of the most striking things I ever saw, and we had a beautiful evening for it.

To-day, Saturday, Cardinal Acton's chaplain has been kind enough to take me all over St. Peter's. The roof gives one the true notion of its enormous size: the cottages of the workmen, with the spacious offices, the fountain, and the whole appurtenances of a little village, seem only to occupy a moderate portion of the roof of a single church! The idea of people living, cooking, sleeping, &c., on the roof, struck me beyond anything. The view was glorious: the sea looked almost at my feet, while the monster of a building respired incense from the masses going on below. I mounted into the ball, but it was like a furnace, and I could scarcely stay there an instant. On descending we went into the subterranean church, which is full of most interesting mosaics, and sweet Christian sculptures taken from the old basilica of St. Peter. In the presence of the bodies of the two apostles, fear got the better of my faculties, and I remember nothing but the general golden appearance of the subterranean altar. That was the altar the sight of which Dr. Wiseman hoped would bring me to the "true fold." I was in truth immensely impressed, but not that way.

Rome was all alive yesterday, keeping the feast of St. Philip Neri, certainly one of the greatest men the Church has had since early times. I must tell you a new anecdote of him, which I learned from Dr. Grant; for it gives me the greatest idea of submission and self-denial (not in the Saint, for it only proves his marvellous discernment) I ever heard. When the Magdeburg centuriators published their famous Protestant Church History, and others were abusing it, St. Philip said, "No; it is a great work: we must now have a book." Then he went to a man whom he knew, and the character of whose mind he had fathomed better than the man himself, and said to him, "See, you must write a history of the Church." The man stared, and said it was impossible, for history was a study to which he had never

given himself, and which he did not like. St. Philip said: "I will not leave you till you undertake to write a history of the Church." He compelled the man; he was daily with him at his work, inciting and cheering him. The reluctant but obedient man was the immortal Baronius; thus to St. Philip Neri we owe under God one of the most stupendous works of pious erudition which the world possesses. What faith and what obedience Baronius must have had to turn the full force of his intellect to a study which he disliked, and to face such an overwhelming work as a history of twelve centuries, which I think he completed in thirteen folios of Latin, double columns! And now during these eight days which follow St. Philip's feast, the Romans crowd to see conjointly the room of St. Philip with his old coat and writing-desk, and the room where Baronius during the progress of his work taught his church history to a class who came to learn from him: and these things I too must go to see.

Upon my word, the interest of Rome is something inconceivable, even to one so little interested in art as I am. It is quite different from any place I have ever been at; I bless God that there is such a place upon the surface of this sinful earth. What piety, humility, self-sacrifice, saintly grandeur, have I not come across, with awful admonitions of history and monuments of faith! I feel as if I should like to satisfy my feelings by walking barefoot and bareheaded in the streets, as one would do around the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, so present does God seem in this mysterious city. And yet there is a little world around me of my countrymen, buying mosaics, lounging in the Corso, promenading on the Pincian, giving soirées, criticising at studios, lisping artistical nonsense about cameos! It makes me very sad, very sad, very sad. Oh that they had better and graver thoughts!

It has been a great advantage to me having Dr. Grant with me. He is younger than I am, and adds to the perfect knowledge of a cicerone much solid erudition, true Catholic feeling and enthusiastic piety. I have indeed seen Rome under most favorable auspices: and when I am weary of lionizing

and reading, I seek no café, no fashionable English ice-shop, but mount by the SS. Trinità de' Monti, and look at Mr. Wordsworth's pine, sailing evermore, yet anchored evermore, in the pale blue of the morning, or the delicate glow of saffron which renders these Italian sunsets so inexpressibly pathetic; and I think of the yew-trees on Rydal Head, and how the sun is coming slantwise out of Langdale and almost consuming their black foliage in his vivid amethyst, and falling in a noiseless cataract of light upon the northern side of Wansfell. That mountain-side is as it were a cushion on which my homesick thoughts repose at ease, in a kind of natural vespers, yet not without religion of their own.

LETTER XLVIII.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Rome, Villa Strozzi,
St. Alban's Day,* 1843.

We left Rome yesterday to spend a few quiet days at Albano, and this morning we were just setting off to bury ourselves in the woods, when my kind friend, Dr. Grant, burst into our room. I said, "You here! what is the meaning of this?" He answered, "I have come all the twelve miles to fetch you back to Rome immediately." It appears that yesterday evening he had called upon me, not knowing that I had left town immediately after the ceremonies of Corpus Christi; upon my table he saw an official letter from one of the prelates, which he thought it best to open; it was to order me to be in full dress at the Vatican library at 5 P. M., to-day, to have a private audience, which Cardinal Acton had asked for without saying a word to me; and Dr. Grant most good-naturedly came off early in the morning to catch me. In five minutes more we should have been irrecoverably in the woods, and what a mess there would have been! The Rector of the English College accompanied me, and told me that as Protestants did not like kissing the Pope's foot, I should not be expected to do it. We waited in the lobby of the Vatican

* June 17th, according to the Calendar of the Anglican Prayer-book.

library for half an hour, when the Pope arrived, and a prelate opened the door, remaining outside. The Pope was perfectly alone, without a courtier or prelate, standing in the middle of the library, in a plain white cassock, and a white silk skull-cap, (white is the Papal color.) On entering, I knelt down, and again, when a few yards from him, and lastly, before him; he held out his hand, but I kissed his foot; there seemed to be a mean puerility in refusing the customary homage. With Dr. Baggs for interpreter, we had a long conversation; he spoke of Dr. Pusey's suspension for defending the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, with amazement and disgust; he said to me, "You must not mislead yourself in wishing for unity, yet waiting for your *Church* to move. Think of the salvation of your own soul." I said I feared self-will and *individual* judging. He said, "You are all individuals in the English Church, you have only external communion, and the accident of being all under the Queen. You know this: you know all doctrines are taught among you anyhow. You have good wishes, may God strengthen them! You must think for yourself and for your soul." He then laid his hands on my shoulders, and I immediately knelt down; upon which he laid them on my head, and said, "*May the grace of God correspond to your good wishes, and deliver you from the nets (insidie) of Anglicanism, and bring you to the true Holy Church.*" I left him almost in tears, affected as much by the earnest, affectionate demeanor of the old man, as by his blessing and his prayer; I shall remember St. Alban's Day in 1843 to my life's end. (His companion reported that the Holy Father, when first told he came from England, said twice, "Inghilterra! Inghilterra!" and burst into tears.)

Sunday morning.—I hope by the time you receive this your nerves will be a good deal better; I fear you have been overworking with your book. As to Pusey's business, I feel an excessive indignation, which has too much of temper mixed with it to be altogether right; but in what a state of

corruption our Church must be, when one of her four universities can suffer a board of doctors, without instant excommunication, to pass such a sentence! Where can a protest be made? Where can the truth be authoritatively asserted? How can the Church show it is not her sentence? No way: there is no unity, no order, no authority, even where the honor of the Lord's Body is blasphemously slighted: we may explain it away, to be sure, on technical grounds, but *after all*, in the eyes of plain-thinking people, has not the Church of England, in negligent silence, permitted the theological authorities of the University of Oxford to deny the Real Presence, and implicitly to assert the damnable heresy of Zuinglius? There is rottenness somewhere.

As to myself, nothing retains me but the fear of self-will; I grow more Roman every day, but I hope not wilfully. I used—and blessed it was—to invoke the Saints, but since the day last Lent, when you said you feared it was not justifiable on our system, I have desisted; for, please God, I will obey in all things while I can. But I do not know what the end will be indeed; I hardly dare read the articles; their weight grows heavier on me daily. I hope our Blessed Lady's intercession may not cease for any of us, because we do not seek it, since we desist for obedience's sake. . . . May God bless us all, and keep us in the right way, and free us either from self-interest or from self-will!

It is not surprising to find that Mr. Faber was on the point of being received into the Church at this time. Every manifestation of Catholic life seemed to answer a doubt, or to dispel a fear; the advice given to him by the Holy Father touching the importance of saving his own soul, pressed upon him with great weight, whilst the unhesitating condemnation of Anglicanism pronounced by the Roman professors whom he consulted, gradually convinced him of the untenable nature of the theory on which he had taken his stand.

On one occasion, when he lost his way in going from the English College to the Piazza di Spagna, and found himself, first at the Ponte Sant' Angelo, and then at Monte Citorio, he compared his wanderings to his position as a Protestant, seeking to guide himself by private judgment.

He was much struck by the procession on the feast of Corpus Christi, and by the variety of objects and devotions represented by the religious orders and congregations engaged in it, accounting for it by the fact that the Blessed Trinity is so *broad*, that the Church, as it were, "went into committee," and distributed its attributes for worship. Again, after praying at the shrine of St. Aloysius on the feast of that Saint, he left the church as if speechless, and not knowing where he was going. He said afterward that he saw then that he must within three years either be a Catholic or lose his mind. After his reception he told Dr. Grant that on the 21st of June, St. Aloysius had always knocked very hard at his heart.

"It has pleased God," he wrote to Mr. Morris from Florence on the 11th of August, "to make my journey mainly one of great suffering, both of body and of mind: what I went through at Rome I am sure my most forcible words could not explain; and I think I told you I twice took my hat to go to the Collegio Inglese to abjure." On each occasion some trifling circumstance interfered to prevent him from carrying out his purpose; and this he attributed at the time to his Guardian Angel, whom he fervently and constantly invoked. His anxiety on the subject was the cause

of physical injuries, from which he suffered during the remainder of his life.

From Rome he went to Naples and Sorrento, paying a short visit to Salerno before turning his face northward. The later incidents of his stay in Rome, and his journey to Naples were described as follows:—

LETTER XLIX.—TO THE REV. F. A. FABER.

Naples, Wednesday, July 5, 1843, A. D.

What a change to come over the spirit of a man's dream : The solemn magnificence of old Rome, the silence, the holiness, the unworldly aspect of that Holy of Holies is left behind the Latin hills, and here is the loud mirth, the extravagant splendor, the military glitter, the eternal revel, the *dolce far niente*, of this earthly paradise. I feel quite oppressed ; I feel as if I was smothered by the bad that is in the world, as if the devil had visibly got the upper hand, and had put down Providence. The effect is quite strange : at Rome the good comes uppermost ; the nearest approach I can make to an imagination of heaven is that it is like Rome, not the Rome of the Piazza di Spagna, the tourists and their friends the *valets*, but the other true Rome wherein I dwelt. I know there is an immense deal of piety in Naples, but the beautiful, the voluptuous, the idle, the happy,—that is the only Naples which meets the eye. Dear sombre Rome ! the tawny Campagna, with its broken aqueducts, is better than this Elysian seaside.

* * * *

My twenty-ninth birthday was St. Peter's eve. I attended vespers, and saw the Pope bless the palls, and heard the *O Roma felix* of Boethius. Afterward came the illumination I stood in the piazza and watched the first illumination, the architectural one, which is much the most beautiful to my fancy ; I then ran off to the Pincian, saw it from there,

rushed back to St. Peter's, and arrived breathless in the piazza, just as the marvellous burst took place. But the finest view was on my return home from the Trinità steps out of the Piazza di Spagna, the steps you used to shirk. I thought of the last illumination on my birthday at Oxford, the Queen's coronation, our Nuneham day.

On Thursday morning I went to the Pontifical mass: its effect on me was just as much as I could bear; one moment was intolerable; the thousands in that tremendous building of course made a considerable noise, but when the canon of the mass began all sank on their knees, and not a pin could have dropped unperceived, and (I had not been told of it before) when the Pontiff, his eyes streaming with tears, slowly elevated the Lord's Body, suddenly from the roof some ten or twelve trumpets, as from heaven, pealed out with a long, wailing, timorous jubilee, and I fell forward completely overcome. One other thing touched me extremely: the Pope receives the Communion standing at his throne, and as they were bringing it up to him, when it came near, in one moment, without arranging his robes, without dignity, he threw himself down on the ground till it reached him, when he rose to receive it. While he stood praying before it, his beating and striking of his breast were so vehement that you could hear them all over, and he looked a saint. All his servants say that he is a most edifying man. He is a Venetian, and in their way supports himself by coffee several times a day; now that day he had been up between four and five working, he sang the mass, it was twelve before he received, he is seventy-eight years of age, yet had fasted till then, though his age would have licensed him. I was also pleased with the halt in the procession, half way down the church, when the ambassadors huddle off, and the old Pope from his throne makes a loud protest against Sicily and its investiture being taken from him. Thus the Papacy goes on, biding its time: this is now a tourist's show: I would wager my life that the Pontiffs will be lords of Sicily again sometime, and the continuity of the protest will be of great importance. It has been so with a hundred other things.

Dr. Pantaleone (a medical doctor) tells me that an immense number of the English who expose themselves to the sunset dews at Rome are saved from ague by retaining their national habit of scalding themselves internally with tea; he said coffee would not do. I could have hugged him; hearing the praises of tea is like listening to a eulogy on one's parents or brothers. On Friday afternoon H—— was well enough to go a few stages, and we slept at Velletri, on the edge of the Pontine Marshes. On Saturday we arrived at Mola di Gaeta. What a paradise! We had a room with a balcony amid lemon-groves, close to the sea, among the ruins of Cicero's villa. I cared mighty little for Cicero or his villa, but gazed upon that bay, and Vesuvius smoking far off, and the beautiful city of Gaeta opposite, as Hartlepool to Seaton, and I did think of Æneas' ships, and the old nurse dying there. Here I was entranced for two days, roaming on the soft velvet sands, getting my whole body inflated with good air, till I was nearly drunk with it, after the enfeebling siroccos of the Roman Campagna. At five on Sunday morning I was rolling like a porpoise in the Mediterranean, and hoped to have done so on Monday and Tuesday, but either I stayed in too long, or went under water too often or for almost too long a time, which you know I always preferred to other aquatic tricks. . .

I certainly have got a *cranky* body, for I have more sufferings to relate. Those Neapolitan postillions managed to keep us ten or eleven hours on the road to Naples. We set off early in the morning to avoid the heat, the consequence was that Phœbus played in upon us, as our vehicle is a kind of britska; the carriage became so hot it was like a furnace; not a twig or leaf stirred; clouds of white dust rose up from the horses' feet, and there being no wind, lingered about the carriage, so we breathe dust, fire and dust mixed. We groaned, but all in vain; not a puff, not a breath, not a cloud, but the frightful sun shimmering away, and the cicala screaming (I may say that) as if their trees were on fire: the "fields through which pleasant Liris glides," as Bishop Taylor hath it, were peculiarly bad. Capua saw us kept for an hour for passports in the breathless panting streets.

A short but severe illness rendered him unequal to the exertion of travelling by land, and he therefore went by sea from Naples to Leghorn, renouncing his intention of visiting the Franciscan sanctuaries of Umbria. Florence was his next halting-place, and there he began "a course of Parish Lectures for the Eltonians on the Sacred Infancy and Childhood of our Lord." "I shall attempt, of course, no great depth," he wrote, "but much is opening upon me; and anyhow I shall live (p.v.) a happy fortnight in the *dolcezza* of the subject. It was St. Antony of Padua's special *devotion* (as the Romans use that word,) and surely to all of us who are trying to win back the honor due to the Real Presence, all subjects which touch the Lord's Blessed Humanity get a double sacredness in our eyes."

The following letters continue the narration of the events of his journey

LETTER L.—TO THE REV. F. A. FABER.

Florence, August 13, 1843, A. D.

..... Onè day we spent in the most delightful manner. We hired a sailing-boat with an awning, and went from Leghorn to the mouth of the Arno, ascending about a couple of miles; we then dismissed the boatman for awhile, and dined under the trees. Before dinner, three of us disported for a long while in the Arno, and I shall not easily forget the singular picturesqueness of the view from the middle of the river, looking north. On our left was the blue Mediterranean, with one glistening streak of white water on the river bar; on our right was the Arno doubling through an old wood of stone-pines, running toward Pisa, and in front rose the fine mountains of Carrara, with their white-splintered

spears, and the foreground was pale-green sandy plain, part of the Grand Duke's farm, whereon were droves of white oxen, and innumerable camels stalking about with the graceful laziness of Asia Minor. It was quite a notable view. . . .

On Thursday (10th) we passed through Pisa, and came to Florence. Of course it has been most imperfectly lionized as yet, and I can only give you my first impressions; which are, that after Venice, and not including Rome, which belongs to the world, and not to Italy, Florence is the most interesting Italian city I have been in; but before I say anything of the city, I must express my delight in the promenade, the Cascine; that plain of green farm-like fields, the mighty elms, the lucid Arno in the evening, and the purple mountains behind Fiesole and downward—beautiful they are, yet I do not mention them for their independent beauty, but—get behind a tree which hides the domes of Florence, and where a friendly side-branch erases the white terraces of Fiesole, and first, you would swear you were at home and not abroad; and secondly, you would perceive for a certainty that you were at Llangollen, and you would point out the blue gorge up the winding of whose tributary stream couch the ash-curtained ruins of Vale Crucis abbey, So much is due to the Cascine. And the city itself is much to my taste. The gorgeous, though unfinished, cathedral is, as to exterior, most glorious and imposing. The interior, with its harmonious blending of white and brown wash, is quite *awful*, and the less said of it the better. The church of the Annunziata, Sta. Maria Novella, the Ambrosian basilica of St. Lorenzo, and many others, are very fine indeed, *in the Italian way*. There is a shower of rain, I must go and look at it and smell it!

Thursday morning.—The last three days have comprised so much lionizing, and so much delightful, and to me congenial, society that I have had no time to continue my letter. Tuesday was the feast of our Blessed Lady's Assumption, and of course we saw a Florentine holyday to great perfection. I won't bore you with describing what you know as

well as I do, the churches of Florence, of which San Michele and Sta. Croce are much the finest, after the Duomo. But my endless, endless delight in Florence is that maraviglia of a Campanile, where architecture and painting unite to produce a tower really worthy of the city of Dante, and whose glorious ideal can only have sprung out of a mind highly congenial to his. I regret to say, and Wordsworth's sonnet makes me regret it still more, that Dante's stone has been taken down, and let into the pavement; so that hardly any one could observe it: this is among some recent "municipal improvements:" verily the plague of church-wardens and town-councilmen is not confined to poor England. Dante's stone has to my fancy lost nearly all its interest, now that it is no longer a chair, because the historic interest arose from its having been the stone seat whereon he sat watching the building of the marvellous Duomo, for which he was asked to give the plans: and indeed by breaking an egg and leaning all his weight upon it without crushing the broken half he did give the first idea of the dome. Another delight of mine here is looking down the Arno, where the trees of the Cascine, already mottled with autumnal gold, are backed by the mountains of—Llangollen. Though the view from our windows is not so decidedly Welsh as in the Cascine itself, yet it is Welsh, and very beautiful also.

Friday. August 18.—I spent a *delicious* evening at Fiesole yesterday, and not being, as I had feared, tormented by a single thought of the execrable rebel and heretic Milton, I had nothing to disturb the beautiful tranquillity of the sunset, and the rosy mists of the garden-like Valdarno. I confess many a scene in Italy has been marred for me by some officious friend reminding me of the godless Byron, and had I not yesterday been with a religious Roman Catholic family, I doubt not I should have been reminded of that worse child of the devil, whose grand poem is so horribly instinct with hatred of the Son of God, and blasphemy against His Divinity. As it was, the famous lines in *Paradise Lost*, which

I thought of this morning, kindly tumbled out of my memory yesterday evening. I must say that I cannot comprehend the anomaly which strikes me both in guide-books and conversation, of quoting and praising men like Milton and Byron, when a man professes to love Christ and to put all his hopes of salvation in Him:—To love Christ in church, yet to praise His blasphemers in society; to pray and speak against unchastity, as a thing hateful to God, yet to praise one whose works as well as life were full of it. I cannot understand the nice distinction of the man and the poet, pure passages and impure. If a man wronged the person of my love, I could not receive aid or pleasure from him; and I cannot conceive how anything like a delicate and ardent love of the Saviour can enjoy the works of the Saviour's enemy. The mind admits the distinction, the heart does not. Milton (accursed be his blasphemous memory) spent great part of his life in writing down my Lord's Divinity, my sole trust, my sole love; and that thought poisons Comus. Byron trampling underfoot his duties to his country, and scorning the natural pieties, lived disgracefully in exile, dressing up crime and unbelief in verse: the *beast* who thrust (I tremble to write it) Christ into company with Jove and Mahomet, is a *beast* to me in his purest passages. And I have never repented the hour when at University I threw into the fire my beautiful four-volume edition of Shelley, "So spake the bard, holiest of men"—if my tears could wash out those words, and the word "divine," the Excursion would go down to posterity free from that burden which now makes so many good men, at Oxford and elsewhere, look at it with coldness and distrust, when they might feed upon its Catholic grandeurs with so much profit to themselves; but I will not blame them; to be jealous, even to a scruple, of anything which interferes with the honor of Christ, both God and man, is a saintly fault, if it be a fault at all. England has no "need" of Milton: how can a country have need of anything, policy, courage, talent, or anything else which is unblest of God, and how can any talent in any subject-matter be blessed by

the Eternal Father for one who in prose and verse denied, ridiculed, blasphemed the Godhead of the Eternal Son? Si quis non amat DOMINUM nostrum Jesum Christum, sit anathema: that was St. Paul's view; but enough.

Whilst at Florence he was persuaded to wear a miraculous medal, and shortly afterward he wrote from Bologna a letter which seemed to him to contain unanswerable arguments against Anglicanism. He returned to England by Switzerland, reaching Elton in the course of October. From Berne he wrote the following description of his state of mind, which sufficiently shows that his remaining a member of the Church of England was due to the personal influence of others, to whose authority he elected to submit.

LETTER LI. — TO REV. J. B. MORRIS.

September 30, 1843.

Whatever be the end of my doubts, I can already rejoice in one thing, namely, that I have *suffered*; one of the Saints said, *patire e morire*, to suffer and die, but Sta. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi went further, *vivere e patire*, to live and suffer. . . . If we are not now in the One Church, but in a concubine, (so long as it be a *doubt*,) we may hope, in the endurance of that last mercy, Purgatory, to be knitted into the true body; but if it grows beyond a doubt—what then? You will say, *suffer, suffer, suffer*. If it be so, I must go on, and God will reveal this also to me. If I try to pray, if I kneel without words in acknowledgement of God's Presence, if I try to love Christ, if I meditate on the Passion, all is in the mist and in the dark.

I think—all this must begin with the one Church; are you in it? If not, of what good is all this? You have had it put before you—look at her catholicity, unity, sanctity, fruitful missions, clear miracles, wonderful Saints, ancient things!

In one age, while we groaned under dryness and irreverence, were vouchsafed to her Saints Philip Neri, Charles Borromeo, Francis Borgia, Francis Xavier, Francis of Sales, Ignatius, Felix of Cantalice, Aloysius, Camillus of Lellis! You pray in vain, because you have not really humbled yourself before the Church so revealed to you; you confess in vain, you communicate in vain; all are shadows.—So thoughts rush upon me. If in happy times I say, *amore amoris Tui mundo moriar, qui amore amoris mei dignatus es in Cruce mori*—then comes the chilling question, Why are not you in the communion where he was who said that, and lived upon it?

But you will answer, You think too much about the salvation of your own soul, and too little about the Church. But, my dear J—, I have not the consolation of thinking that I am running a risk (most dreadful idea) for the Church, but of harming a number of misbelievers by not following the light given me to show me where the Church is. . . . It comes to this: to stay is misery at present, and I *dare not* go away. You must pray for me, you and T. and Dalgairns; I do for all of you, but I fear that will bring none of you any good yet.

In another letter he sums up the effects of his tour in these words: “I have been much altered since I came abroad this time; but I am very, very, very Roman. I have *learnt* an immense deal, both inwardly and outwardly; and I hope it will lead to something more than feelings.”

On his return he brought home with him two rosaries blessed by the Pope, and gave them to two friends, who subsequently became Catholics, one a little before, and the other a little after himself. To the latter he gave a copy of St. Ignatius’ Exercises, dated on his birthday (which he used to keep as the feast of St. Irenæus at one time) in which were written the words of the hymn:

*"O Roma felix, quæ duorum principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine;
Horum cruore purpurata cæteras
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines."*

Trifles of this sort often exhibit the discrimination of character for which he was afterwards remarkable, while they also help to show that his conversion was not a sudden one, but the result of a gradual process.

CHAPTER VI.

1843-5.

ON returning to England, Mr. Faber lost no time in commencing his work at Elton. He had determined to put aside for a while the long entertained doubts concerning the Anglican Church, which had been strengthened by his visit to Italy. His convictions remained the same on all the details of the controversy; but, fearful of acting from self-will, he judged it better to remain quiet for a time, than to take a decisive step on what might prove to be a mistaken impulse. As rector of Elton, he had the opportunity of putting the powers of the Church of England to the test of practical work, and he hoped to derive from this a confirmation or refutation of his opinions respecting them.

It must be remembered that at this period the idea of conversion was not familiar to the minds of Anglicans. Their greatest leader was living in seclusion at

Littlemore, as yet uncertain what course it would be his duty to pursue; the delay which he had imposed upon himself he also recommended to those who sought his counsel; and it was in deference to his judgment that Mr. Faber remained for two years longer in the Anglican communion. He had already written as follows:

LETTER LII.—TO THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

Berne, September 30, 1843.

It is a great comfort to me to see you recommending *delay* even in my state of mind; for I told Dr. Grant at Rome, when I was in an extraordinary tumult of mind in the church of St. Ignatius, on the feast of St. Aloysius, that I would not make up my mind till the same day in 1845. And it is on this point that I have suffered most since I left Rome, as they have worked on my natural timidity by representing this as perhaps the moment of *finalis gratia*, which passed, I am hardened and lost; and indeed this has caused me much misery of mind.

It is a great enough evil to have to fight with a *doubt*, while one is fighting with one's sins also: to doubt the sacraments one is seeking, to have any holy feelings chilled by the thought that this is (vulgarly speaking) putting the cart before the horse, and of no use till one is in the One Church, that to begin anywhere else is useless altogether. But this may be a punishment for past sins: and I must make the best I can of it. Anyhow, I will *wait*; and it is a great joy to me to know that I have your prayers meanwhile.

I hope the end of it all with all of us will be the being led into all truth, and that we may be patient during the dismal *meanwhile* which is before some of us.

It was Mr. Faber's intention to model his pastoral operations on the system pursued by the Catholic

Church, and to work his parish, as he expressed it, "in the spirit of St. Philip and St. Alphonso." What he had thus announced he carried out. Without paying so much attention as most Anglicans were accustomed to do to ceremonies and decorations, he relied, for the reformation of his people, on preaching, and on what he believed to be the sacraments. His services were conducted with proper decency and reverence; but so little value did he set on what in many places were considered points of vital importance, that when the surplice controversy was agitating the Church of England, he told his congregation that he usually preached in a surplice because he preferred it, but that, far from insisting on doing so, he would preach in his *shirt sleeves*, if it would be any satisfaction to them.

He was at considerable pains to form a choir, and full cathedral service was performed in his church on Sundays and Saints' days, during the last year of his residence at Elton. In prosecution of the determination above mentioned, he circulated among his people a history of the Sacred Heart, thinking that nobody would object to devotion to our Blessed Lord. But the instinct of the neighborhood did not fail to discover Popery in it; nor can it be said that it belongs to the genuine spirit of the Established Church to rejoice in anything like carrying out the details of the Incarnation or the Passion. To wish others to do so was a proof that Catholicity was gradually making a conquest of him. He also published three tracts on

examination of conscience, a practice then scarcely known out of the Catholic Church.

A year later, he expressed himself as follows, in the Life of St. Wilfrid:

“Let us be men, and not dreamers: one cannot dream in religion without profaning it. When men strive about the decorations of the altar, and the lights, and the rood screen, and the credence, and the piscina, and the sedilia, and the postures here and the postures there, and the people are not first diligently instructed in the holy mysteries, or brought to realize the Presence and the Sacrifice, no less than the commemorative Sacrament, what is it all but puerility, raised into the wretched dignity of profaneness by the awfulness of the subject-matter? Is there not already very visible mischief in the architectural pedantry displayed here and there, and the grotesque earnestness about petty trivialities, and the stupid reverence for the *formal* past? Altars are the playthings of nineteenth century societies, and we are taught that the Church cannot change, modify, or amplify her worship; she is, so we learn, a thing of a past century, not a life of all centuries; and there is abusive wrangling and peevish sarcasm, while men are striving to force some favorite antiquated clothing of their own over the majestic figure of true, solid, abiding Catholicism. It is downright wickedness to be going thus *a-mumming* (a buffoonery doubtless correct enough out of some mediæval costume-book,) when we should be doing plain work for our age and our neighbors’. But *sentiment* is easier than *action*, and an embroidered frontal a prettier thing than an ill-furnished house and a spare table, yet, after all, it is not so striking; and a wan face gives more force to a sacred rite than an accurately clipped stole, or a handsomely swelling chasuble. The world was once taught by a holy man that there was nothing merely external in Christianity; the value of its forms consists in their being the truthful expressions

of inwardly-existing convictions; and what convictions of the English poor, who come unconfessed to the Blessed Sacrifice, does all this modern ancientness of vestment and adorning express? Children are fond of *playing at funerals*: it is touching to see nature's fears so working at that innocent age: whereas, to see grown-up children, book in hand, *playing at mass*, putting ornament before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in Catholic sentiment instead of offering the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity—this is a fearful, indeed a sickening development of the peculiar iniquity of the times, a masterpiece of Satan's craft. This is not the way to become Catholic again; it is only a profaner kind of Protestantism than any we have seen hitherto. Austerity is the mother of beauty: only so is beauty legitimately born." — p. 205-7.

Materials were not wanting for the exercise of his zeal. The parish was in evil repute among its neighbors, and as his predecessor had done little or nothing toward its reformation, it had become almost a by-word for its intemperance and profligacy. "I have tumbled," he wrote soon after he reached Elton, "into a sad parish; eight hundred people, and nearly four hundred *rabid* Dissenters, who have found out that I am, to use the expression of a hostile church-warden, tainted, to say the least, with Puseyism." The experience of a few months confirmed his first impressions: he said on the 24th of March in the following year:

LETTER LIII.—TO A FRIEND (B).

I feel impatient, thinking I could do all things in my parish as if I were a Roman, and had not my feet in the stocks of our system.

I have nearly one thousand people here, and *everything* wants doing. But I have no right to complain: the Dissenters are very violent: they *worship* the Sabbath, and really though they seem to cheat and live impurely on week-days, none of their neighbors seem to doubt but that they are *the* elect. I get from twenty-five to thirty poor on Wednesdays and Fridays and Saints' days, besides the children, and we average about forty monthly communions. The week-day services seem a sort of test, for I find they just collect the quiet, unobtrusive, unboastful people, "the merely moral," as the Dissenters call them. On Sunday evening, my choir, at my request, when at practice in the evening with locked doors, tried to sing the Litany without organ, which we do in church now: and it is believed that I shut myself up with them and celebrated mass! although it chanced that I never went to the church that particular evening.

It was not long before the fruit of Mr. Faber's exertions manifested itself. His preaching soon became very popular, and the Methodist chapel in the village began to be deserted. On Sunday afternoons the rectory grounds were thrown open to the parishioners, rich or poor, and at these times, in imitation of St. Philip, he used to be on the look-out to catch souls. Some scandal was taken at the games of cricket and football, which were introduced at these gatherings; but the moral improvement which resulted from them overcame all opposition. The affection which his people bore him was such that when his effects were sold at the rectory after his departure, numerous insignificant articles were sold for many times their value, the poor parishioners vying with each other for the possession of some object which had once been his.

A number of the parishioners, chiefly young men,

began to go to confession to him, and to receive communion frequently. Out of the most promising of these penitents he formed a sort of community. They were accustomed to meet in the rectory every night at twelve o'clock, and to spend about an hour in prayer, chiefly in reciting portions of the Psalter. On the eves of great feasts, the devotions were prolonged for three or four hours. The use of the Discipline was also introduced on Fridays, eves of festivals, and every night in Lent, each taking his turn to receive it from the others. It would seem that these vigils excited the anger of the evil spirits, for mysterious noises used to be heard in the house at the time, often apparently just outside the door of the oratory where the members were assembled. Sometimes, on these occasions, they took lights, and searched all over the house, but without finding anything which could account for the noises which had been heard. These disturbances did not avail to put a stop to their nightly meetings, which were persevered in up to the time of Mr. Faber's departure from Elton.* Several of those who frequented the rectory, were also members of a Society of St. Joseph, and employed in visiting the sick, as well as in other works of charity to the parishioners.

To these influences the inhabitants of Elton gradually yielded, and in a short time the appearance of the village was completely changed. The authority and example of the rector won over the most disorderly to

* These particulars were collected by the late Father Hutchinson from so many persons who were present at different times that he was quite satisfied of their truth.

his side, so that regular devotion and honest recreation took the place of those scenes of dissipation and riot for which it had been notorious.

The superintendence of his community, the thorough visitation of his parish, and the repairs of the church, which he undertook, engrossed so much of Mr. Faber's time during the two years of his parochial charge as to allow him but little leisure to continue his literary pursuits. He contrived, nevertheless, to write the lives of St. Wilfrid, St. Paulinus, St. Edwin, St. Oswald, and others, in the series of English Saints, published by Mr. Toovey; as well as to revise and bring out "Sir Lancelot," a poem in ten books, and to collect several minor pieces into a volume, the proceeds of which were applied to the repairs of his church.

The chief interest, however, of this period of his life is to be found in the struggles of his mind toward the centre of Catholic unity. Restrained by the obedience under which he had placed himself from following out his strong attraction toward the Church of Rome, and yet devoted with all his heart to her doctrines and practices, it is no wonder that he found his position almost unendurable. He had obtained a confessor in his friend, the Rev. M. Watts Russell: but he pined for a spiritual director whom he could consult more frequently. In asking an Oxford friend to send him a curate, he wrote: "the rector wants a confessor quite as sorely as the parish a curate." His views of the necessity of confession are seen in the following passage of another letter (July 14, 1844): "I shall never be easy about you, my very dear friend,

till I hear that you have laid that only sure foundation of saintly living, the practice of sacramental confession. The longer I live, and the more experience I have in the conduct of souls, the more deeply I am convinced that in these days it is almost the only safeguard against self-delusion. Bodily austerities are not to be compared with it as a means of sanctification."

The absence of congenial society weighed heavily upon him at times; he wrote on July 17, 1844

LETTER LIV. — TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

You see I have no educated, no religious person near me: my solitude is, *in effect*, as utter as that of the Thebaid: the horrors without the honors of an anchorite. Sometimes I see in this a penance, very gracious, for my peculiar defects; sometimes I do not; anyhow it enervates me at times, because I am psychologically eating myself. One while I think of betaking myself to read some mere intellectual book; but I have lost my taste for literature now, and it seems time lost to read any but spiritual books. Another while I think of poetry, but with me that is too engrossing. Except a few lines on you, and such mutations as Sir Lancelot wants in his passage through the press, I have written no poetry since I came to Elton. . . .

It does not sound well for a priest to say that the poor are not company enough for him: still I do feel a want of those *entretiens de récréation* which even monks have; though I do not think that I am presumptuous enough, in a great Anglican parsonage, to fancy myself a monk. However, I should like to have some advice how to be cheerful with a great stone round one's neck (I mean our cramping parochial system).

Mr. Faber's letters at this time spoke of his being engaged in frequent prayer, and the decline of his

health told as a clear tale of abstinence and penance. In mental prayer he followed the system of St. Ignatius; and Rodriguez on Spiritual Perfection was constantly in his hands. He was also familiar with the Life of St. Philip, which he began to translate into English, the works of St. Francis of Sales, St. Alphonso, and many other Catholic writers.

He fasted rigorously, often taking for his dinner nothing but a herring and a few potatoes, and on more than one occasion during Lent he fainted while reading morning prayers. Sundays were the only days on which he could be said to take a meal, and his medical attendant ascribed many of his attacks of illness to the want of proper nourishment.

The details given by those who lived with him, in spite of the pains he took to conceal his austerities from observation, show the great extent to which he carried the practice of them. On this point he appears to have been his own director, and he was certainly most unsparing of himself, habitually wearing, among other penances, a thick horse-hair cord tied in knots round his waist. Yet he wrote, (August 22, 1844,) "It is very hard to keep alive the spirit of compunction, where penance is in a great measure self-chosen, and has not the safeguard of being imposed from without, specially when one is effeminately inclined."

A few extracts from his letters will give the best idea of the state of his mind during the later months of 1844.

LEETER LV.—TO THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

St. Clare's day, (August 12,) 1844.

I seem to grow more Roman daily, and almost to write from out the bosom of the Roman Church instead of from where I am. I suppose I am not going on as I ought to do, for our system seems more and more to enervate me, and I sometimes get a glimpse of a state of mind which would view my position as a parish priest as that of a man telling a lie to people. I doubt not the fault is in myself; and I have (I think more than once) written to you to ask you to remove your prohibition against invoking our Blessed Lady, the Angels and Saints, but I have destroyed the letters in what I fancied were better moods, and in truth I want restraints to keep me where I am. I know M—— does not pray to our Blessed Lady, and it would be very absurd in me to run ahead of him in wants of that kind. But, you know, I see nobody from month's end to month's end, often do not speak for days, except a few words to the servants, and now in the throng of harvest I have not even the gossip of the cottagers; so that I get moody about Church matters, and then one's position looks so very dismal.

LETTER LVI.—TO THE SAME.

November 28, 1845.

I have a request to make which I cannot any longer refrain from making; but I shall submit at once to a *No*, if you will say it. I want you to revoke your prohibition, laid on me last October year, of invoking our Blessed Lady, the Saints, and Angels. Really, I do not know whether I ask this in a lower and less spiritual mood than usual, or whether the mere pain I feel in not speaking to the Blessed Mother of God drives me to it; but I do feel somehow weakened for the want of it, and *fancy* I should get strength if I did it. *Oret* has become almost intolerable. However, obedience will do me

more good than invocation; so if you still really think I. ad better refrain, of course I will do so still.

For some weeks past I have confronted the notion of a change, and seem to have recoiled from it further than I was before; and yet I can really give no good grounds for my staying where I am. I *hope* there are no low motives at bottom which keep me; but I know so much evil of myself that I am sure it is quite possible.

LETTER LVII.—TO THE SAME.

December 12, 1844.

Not having daily service in public, the private recitation of the English office has been more easily infringed than the keeping of the Diurnal Hours of the Roman Breviary, which was of course self-love. I hope I am now quite content to wait patiently where I am, and keep my thoughts more on my own shortcomings than on anything else. I am afraid to speak evil of myself, lest it should look humble, which I am not yet; still I may say that I am leper enough to stay where I am till I myself am far other than I am. When others move, then I shall *begin* the serious consideration of what I am to do. I only wish to be where God wills me to be: but then sin deafens one; He may speak and I not hear: He may *have* spoken, *e. g.* at Rome, and I not have heard. What they said about *finalis gratia* there, sometimes runs like cold steel through me. Do what I will, I cannot outgrow the fear of being "*damned*," as out of the Church: and so I too much overlook the risk of the same awful event through my own sinfulness and ineffective penance. I pine to feel *sure*, and that is self-love again. Yet, if I can be confident of anything, it is that I am *to an extent* within reach of grace: whether corresponded to or not, I am sure it is offered; so I may well be patient. I cannot help fancying that the grace comes always or mostly through what in my life is borrowed from another system, not from what I have of my own; and so I feel as if I was living a dishonest life: and this is painful,

and yet once more it is self-love of which this pain comes. So the upshot is that I must not decide for myself, but, as you say, be patient till the way is mercifully cleared for us: and I suppose so long as one can get a *little* purer, and one's temper a *little* evened, and one's habitual thoughts *somewhat* more stayed on God, the *poorest* growths may be considered as proofs of Christ being with us *so far*, for it would be absolutely unendurable not to have some mark of being in Him.

The beginning of the year 1845 was marked by a violent attack upon the *Lives of the English Saints* published by Toovey. The *Life of St. Stephen Harding*, with which the series began, had been considered by men of great weight (so it is stated in Dr. Newman's *Apologia*, p. 339,) to be of such a character as to be inconsistent with its being given to the world by an Anglican publisher. The irritation caused by its appearance was not appeased by any of the succeeding volumes, but the *Life of St. Wilfrid* provoked the most hostile feeling, for in it the Catholic tendencies of the Tractarian school were developed with the utmost freedom. It was no secret that it was written by Mr. Faber, who had no sympathy with the policy of reserve in such matters, which was adopted by several of his friends. "I cannot see," he wrote to Mr. Morris, "the meaning or the honesty of reserve: but I am ready to admit that I am not in such a state of moral advancement as to allow me to practice 'economy,' while others are." He spoke, therefore, with characteristic energy on points of Catholic doctrine and practice, which had but few supporters in the Anglican communion. It is difficult to conceive how the following passages selected almost at random

from the Life of St. Wilfrid, could have been written by a member of the Church of England.

"He (Wilfrid) saw that the one thing to do was to go to Rome, and learn under the shadow of St. Peter's chair the more perfect way. To look Romeward is a Catholic instinct, seemingly implanted in us for the safety of the faith." (p. 4.)

"Wilfrid felt that there were few parts of a bishop's office so important as a strict vigilance over the monastic orders. Monastic orders are the very life's blood of a Church, monuments of true apostolic Christianity, the refuges of spirituality in the worst times, the nurseries of heroic bishops, the mothers of rough-handed and great-hearted missionaries. A Church without monasteries is a body with its right arm paralyzed." (pp. 62-3.)

"Certainly, it is true that he materially aided the blessed work of riveting more tightly the happy chains which held England to St. Peter's chair — chains never snapped, as sad experience tells us, without the loss of many precious Christian things. Wilfrid did betray, to use modern language, the liberty of the national Church; that is, translated into Catholic phraseology, he rescued England, even in the seventh century, from the wretched and debasing formality of nationalism." (pp. 84-5.)

"Never was there upon earth a tribunal so august as that of Rome! While in the local Churches, party spirit and factious tumult, the wrath of kings and the strife of prelates, keep all things in effervescence, the patient discernment, the devout tranquility of deliberation, the unimpassioned disentanglement of truth from falsehood, the kindly suspense, the saintly moderation without respect of persons, the clear-voiced utterance of the decree at last,—how wonderful were all these things in the court of Rome! With profoundest reverence be it spoken, did not this tribunal faintly shadow forth the imperturbed peace, long-suffering, merciful delay, yet loving promptitude of the divine judgments? Earth trembled and was still: for many a century was this true of

Rome; surely it was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." (p. 172-3.)

These were startling utterances from a Protestant rectory: and the opponents of the series were not slow to seize the opportunity which was thus afforded them. They saw in it a sufficient proof that Rome was the end at which the Anglican party was aiming: the authority attributed to St. Peter's Chair, the necessity which was proclaimed of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the miraculous legends related with approval, the whole spirit as well as the contents of Mr. Faber's volume, were all taken as signs that his party had at last thrown off the mask, and that their next step would inevitably be a declaration of their allegiance to the Church of Rome.

Nor was it only by the avowed enemies of the Tractarian movement that the Life of St. Wilfrid was condemned; many of the author's friends were displeased at its outspoken frankness, which appeared to commit their party to greater lengths than they were prepared to go. Their judgment was keenly felt at Elton; and Mr. Faber wrote January the 29th, 1845:

LETTER LVIII.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

I am quite sure, though I do not see how, that there is some sin in the matter, when you, Marriott, and Pusey all speak so strongly: but Newman's admission that he read the whole and passed it through the press, and did not feel the objection so strongly as to speak, and Oakeley's letter to acknowledge the good he got from it, must be consolations to me.

It is quite clear to me that I must retire from the Lives, and for a season from all writing. The whole business brings home to me very forcibly the culpable forwardness and presumption of my venturing at all to take an active part in a movement, *the very avowed object of which is to unsettle men's minds*—IS, HAS BEEN, and WILL BE. I ought never to have stepped out in the way that I have done. I feel this more particularly because in the case of St. Wilfrid I have done no more nor half so much to Romanize men's minds and unsettle them, as others have done *unblamed*: and I think it is simple and *most justifiable* want of *fiducia* in the individual that makes his colleagues willing to throw him overboard when the cry comes, for outcries are periodical, and have little intrinsic connection with the thing cried out at. This makes me think the admonition more Providential: I have long felt called to a much stricter and more contemplative life than I have hitherto led, and severer penance: and it does seem God's will I should keep to my obscure duties, and great retirement here. For instance, on Saturday night, after Marriott's second letter, a very striking conversion and confession of a Methodist took place. On Sunday night, after your letter, a great grown-up farmer who had never shown any contrition confessed, and though above six feet high and very strong, he so nearly went into fits that I was obliged to fetch wine to restore him. And to-day after receiving your letter I recited the seven Penitential Psalms, for whatever wantonness (Pusey's word) there was in St. Wilfrid, and I seemed to have quite a light *ut instruum te in via hac qua gradieris*.

There is no reason why I should make vows, &c., against writing, or do any other absurd thing: I merely mean that I think it my duty to live somewhat differently for a while. My school, my sick, my penitents, my sermons, form enough of active duty for several hours daily.

What has passed about St. Wilfrid during the last fortnight has done me more good than anything which has happened for a long while. The book is so wholly *beneath* the piece of work made, that it can only be sent as a lesson; so now—to learn it “with what appetite I may.”

Although Mr. Faber had said, *apropos* of the condemnation of Mr. Ward at Oxford, that from the far-off serene bosom of the Holy Roman Church, such squabbles in a duck-pond must appear infinitely little, he received a proof at this juncture of the affectionate interest with which her rulers were watching the spiritual growth of those whom they were soon to admit within her pale. The controversy about the Life of St. Wilfrid attracted the attention of the Right Rev. Dr. Wareing, Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District, and he sent a letter of condolence to Mr. Faber on the attacks which had been made upon him. To this the following reply was returned :

LETTER LIX.—TO BISHOP WAREING.

Elton Rectory, Stilton,
Feast of St. Agnes, 1845.

My Lord :

Allow me to thank you for your obliging note. It is natural that sympathy should be welcome from any quarter, but it is especially so from one of the rulers of the Holy Roman Church. Your Lordship will of course understand why I should feel reluctant to enter at all upon the present perplexities of the Anglican Communion, and also what sort of difficulties are forced upon any one when he confronts, even in thought, a change of religion. But I may be allowed to say that I shall much cherish the thought that your Lordship prays for me, and perhaps sometimes remembers me at the Blessed Sacrifice. God grant that self-will may not accelerate, nor self-interest retard, any change He may beckon me to. I am far too great a sinner to be *plainly* told His will, yet I trust your lordship will acknowledge that even in my position, I am within reach of grace enough to find the right

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way, if I do not from self-seeking hold back when light is given.

I remain, your obedient servant,

FRED. WM. FABER.

The Right Rev. Dr. Wareing, Northampton.

Despite the renewed eagerness with which Mr. Faber applied himself at this time to his parochial duties, the uncertainty which he felt concerning his position made steady progress. His moorings were slipping daily; and, do what he would to Anglicanize himself, he was growing more and more Roman. In a letter to his constant correspondent, Mr. Morris, he gave some interesting details of the work which he was carrying on, and of the affection with which he regarded it.

LETTER LX. — TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

March 11, 1845.

Tuesday after Passion Sunday.

The more I think, the more I fancy it best to take my name off the books at Oxford, in order to stand in a simple ecclesiastical position. I seem more Roman than ever, yet more frightened than ever at going, because of my parish. There are now seventeen persons strikingly converted, all *confitentes*, some really being led in extraordinary ways, and perfectionwards: some confess weekly, five or six of them. Thirty-one persons came to the *early* communion last Sunday; and the sermons on examination of conscience seem to have moved the whole place: *numbers* come almost daily in grief or distress, and I doubt not many of these will become *confitentes*. I can hardly open a book now, let alone write; for seeing people here *privately* occupies three or four hours daily, or averages that. (I have just been interrupted by a confes-

sion.) People are beginning to come beforehand when they wish to communicate; the little children in the school, by simple minute catechising in the Passion open their little griefs and sins to me; the actual *face* of the village is changed obviously to worldly eyes, in sobriety and nocturnal quiet: — I really cannot without anguish confront the idea of throwing this up, and leaving these souls to — I know not what.

This anxiety about his state, and the severe bodily penances which he inflicted on himself, combined with the pressure of Lenten work to injure his health materially: and in the course of the summer he was obliged to take rest and change of air. He could not bear, however, to be long away from his beloved parish, and his absences were only of short duration.

In the autumn of 1845 many of his friends were received into the Catholic Church, and he soon saw that his own conversion was only a question of time. The Saints, in whose spirit he had endeavored to work, drew him surely onward to the centre of unity from whence their own holiness had been derived. Although Elton was spoken of by a high authority in the establishment as a sign of life, and a model parish, where the system of the Church of England was fully carried out, it was to its rector a place where Anglicanism had been fairly weighed in the balance and found wanting. His doubts were much strengthened by the conversion of many whose judgment he valued, especially by that of Mr. Newman, to whose teaching his first attraction to the Church had been mainly due, and to whose authority he had been accustomed to submit. A friend, who was staying with him at the

time of Mr. Newman's reception into the Church, well remembers the impression made upon them both by his urging upon Mr. Faber that he was "out of the one true fold." The words had an awfulness to him, because God had long been preparing his mind for the change.

That change was not long in coming. Immediately after the reception of Mr. Newman at Littlemore, Mr. Faber wrote the following letter:

LETTER LXI.—TO BISHOP WAREING.

Elton Rectory, Stilton, Hunts,
October 14, 1845.

My Lord:

I fear I am but trespassing on your patience, yet I am sure I am not wrong in reckoning on your episcopal kindness, in asking you to be so kind as to let me know how much of abjuration is involved in an Anglican's reconciliation with the Roman Church, how far he is supposed to pass any opinion on the validity of his own orders and past ministerial acts. Your Lordship will, I am sure, understand that many things may seem clear enough to a man when he has been some time in the enjoyment of Catholic communion, which he cannot feel clear about beforehand; and if a man's convictions have got so far that he has fixed a definite period, at the expiration of which, if his convictions stand the test of time and prayer, he would beg for reconciliation, of course it is desirable for him to know as much as he can beforehand. I must beg your Lordship to receive this letter as confidential, and to remember the most unworthy writer of it in your prayers, pardoning the intrusion upon you of one who is such a leper that he durst not hope for affectionate solicitude except from those whose office it is to recall the wandering; pray forgive this raw note, and believe me,

Your Lordship's most humble servant,
FRED. W. FABER.

To this the Bishop replied :

My dear Sir :

The "*forma reconciliandi conversum*," as standing in our Ritual, is only so far an abjuration of any false doctrine as is necessarily involved in the solemn profession of what is believed to be the truth. A member of the Anglican Church in complying with this form, is not called upon *totidem verbis* to pass any opinion upon the validity of his orders or his past ministerial acts. He simply and sincerely professes his adherence to doctrines which he believes to be orthodox, and to a Church which he believes to be divinely taught ; but the question is not mooted how far these doctrines and this Church coincide with Anglicanism. That is a question left to the exercise of his own reasoning powers and his quiet good sense to decide upon. May I be allowed to add that we almost invariably find that where a single-hearted desire to embrace the truth precedes, peace and satisfaction on many previously perplexing points follow. I am sorry you should think any apology necessary for consulting me ; it affords me real pleasure to render you any service, and you may rely on our correspondence being strictly confidential.

I am, with sincere regards,

Dear Sir,

Yours truly in Christ,

✠ WILLIAM WAREING.

On the 27th of October he consulted the Bishop again about several points connected with reception into the Church, and inquired how soon a convert would be allowed to proceed to minor orders, and to the priesthood. During this time of suspense he was redoubling his prayers and penances, in order to obtain light to know and strength to carry out the holy will of God.

Mr. Faber also acquainted his relations and friends

with the step he was about to take. In one letter on this occasion he said (Oct. 21, 1845 :)

LETTER LXII.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Of course one is tempted, for devotion's sake, to quiet one's mind, and it is very much in our power to do so; and then one takes that quieting brought about by known moral laws, for a conviction the other way, brought about spiritually. I really cannot exaggerate to you the intense cutting misery of last week about my most dear flock; but as R—— pointed out, one's flock is not one's only duty to the Church of England. He said very truly that Pusey was quite unshaken, for he claims to be *in suspense* about all Roman doctrines, instancing even Purgatory; but, my dear J——, are you and I in suspense about them? Do we not honestly hold all Tridentine doctrines for holy and true? Do you not practice even invocation? So, anyhow, Pusey's quietness is wholly inapplicable to us; he is on a different doctrinal *standpoint*. Now I *do* think that this consideration tells very materially (I do not say decisively, but *very* materially) on the whole question of subscription. You hold your fellowship on a subscription of Articles XIV., XIX., XXI., XXII., XXIV., XXXI., and the oath of supremacy; now just read those articles over quietly, not as Pusey may with his suspended judgment, but as a man who would subscribe *ex animo* the Trent decrees to-morrow, and see how they sound. I am putting this before you without quite knowing its force; but so it lies before me *at present*, and seems very much to simplify my condition.

I hope we may all have 1. honesty to seek God's Will, 2. light to find it, 3. love to know it when found, 4. strength to follow it, and 5. special preserving grace to keep us from stifling convictions — which five things may we get through daily oblation of ourselves to the five benignant wounds. R—— says to me what St. Alphonso Liguori said, I believe,

to the cardinals in their perplexity: "Tout ce que je trouve à dire, c'est qu'il faut beaucoup prier."

His reception was delayed a little by two considerations. The first was the necessity of abandoning the work which had been entrusted to him at Elton, involving, as it would, spiritual injury to many. He applied, therefore, to one whose counsel he had always followed in times of difficulty. "Your own soul," he was told, "is the only consideration, and you must save that, because—" "No," interrupted he, "I have obeyed you as a Protestant without the because, and I don't want to hear it now."

The state of his pecuniary affairs was another cause of his delay. On taking possession of his rectory, he had borrowed a considerable sum of money from two members of his family, in order to put his house in repair, and to make improvements in his glebe lands. The income of each year had been freely spent. Always generous in his gifts, he frequently procured from London large parcels of groceries for distribution in his village. He also began to turn the stables into alms-houses, which he intended to be supplementary to those already existing in the parish; but the alteration was not far advanced when he left Elton. In the event of his conversion, he would be unable to pay either principal or interest of this debt, and indeed would have nothing in the world beyond the proceeds of the sale of his furniture. Justice, therefore, to those who had advanced the money on the security of his living, seemed to require him to act against his convictions, and to remain Rector of Elton until his

debt should be paid. Feeling certain that if he consulted any Catholic on the subject he would be advised to join the Church at all costs, he had recourse to an Anglican dignitary of his own party, who answered his question by saying, "Depend upon it, if God means you to be a Catholic, He will not let that stand in the way."

Mr. Faber accordingly determined that this obstacle should not prevent him from carrying out his purpose, and he had only just despatched the letters announcing this decision, when he was relieved from his difficulties by the generous act of a friend, who, hearing of his perplexity, wrote to him, expressing sorrow that such a man as he was should have his freedom thus impeded, and enclosing a cheque for the amount of his debt, begged him to accept it, on the condition that the subject should never be mentioned between them. The fact that this friend had no drawing towards the Catholic Church, and regarded the converts with a certain feeling of bitterness, makes his generosity the more noble.

Thus freed from his embarrassments, Mr. Faber made preparations for his hardest sacrifice, departure from his beloved Elton. After interviews with Dr. Pusey in London, Dr. Wiseman at Oscott, and Mr. Newman at Littlemore, he determined to go to Northampton, and make his abjuration to Bishop Wareing. This determination was not arrived at without a painful struggle and much inward suffering. One night (November the 12th) when he went to give communion to a sick parishoner, such a conviction sprang up

in his mind that it was no real communion, and he himself no real priest, that from that time he felt that he could no longer administer it. It is curious to learn that, being in doubt whether to give this communion or not, he remembered the teaching of St. Alphonso, and determined to act on what he considered only a probable opinion.

On Sunday, November the 16th, he officiated for the last time as Rector of Elton. He did not administer the communion in the morning, as was stated at that time by those who wished to cast a slur upon his good faith. At the evening service, after a few preliminary words, he told his people that the doctrines he had taught them, though true, were not those of the Church of England; that, as far as the Church of England had a voice, she had disavowed them, and that consequently he could not remain in her communion, but must go where truth was to be found. Then he hastily descended the pulpit stairs, threw off his surplice, which he left upon the ground, and made his way as quickly as possible through the vestry to the rectory.

For a few moments the congregation remained in blank astonishment, and then, while the majority turned slowly homeward, some of the parishioners, among whom were the church-wardens, followed him to the rectory, and implored him to reconsider his decision. He might preach whatever doctrine he pleased, they said, and they would never question it, if he would only remain with them: but finding him immovable, they took a sorrowful farewell and left him.

So much was he worn by anxiety and illness, and so keenly did he feel the separation from his place and people, that he feared to fail in the accomplishment of the sacrifice, and extorted a promise from those about him that they would take him, if necessary by force, on the following morning to be received. Arrangements had been previously made, and on Monday morning, November the 17th, 1845, Mr. Faber left Elton, accompanied by Mr. T. F. Knox, scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, whom he had invited to be received into the Church with him, his two servants, and seven of his parishioners, who had been members of his little community, and were resolved to become Catholics likewise. The party had hoped to escape notice by starting early, but the parishioners were on the look-out, and as they drove through the village every window was thrown open, and the poor people waved their handkerchiefs and sobbed out, "God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go." Their feeling will be understood by those who in later years felt the fascination of that sweet manner and musical voice, with which his sympathizing and loving heart attached so many to their father.

On the evening of the same day he and his companions were admitted into the Church at Northampton, by Bishop Wareing, who was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, and on the following morning they received their first Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation. From that time Mr. Faber enjoyed the perfect inward peace of full Catholic communion, and he afterwards said that when he was confirmed

he felt himself, like the Apostles at Pentecost, permeated by the sensible presence of the Holy Ghost. At the end of a letter to Mr. Morris, which, on account of illness, he dictated to one of his companions, he wrote with his own hand the words "Peace, peace, peace!"

In confirmation he took the name of his patron St. Wilfrid, with whom he had been much connected through life. "Is it not a little odd," he wrote from Elton in 1844, "that I was one of the first deacons ordained by the new bishop in St. Wilfrid's old cathedral of Ripon, and that the church tower, or spire rather, which looks so beautifully into my garden here, should prove to be the Undalum (Oundle) where St. Wilfrid died." When at Rome he had lived, as the Saint did, near Sta. Maria Maggiore, and doubtless often knelt in prayer before the same ancient image of the Blessed Mother of God.

From Northampton he proceeded to his brother's rectory at Saunderton, near Tring, whence he wrote:

LETTER LXIII. — TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

November 19th, 1845.

My dear J—,

I have now a little breathing time to write you a few lines, though still, as you may conceive, busied and bothered with many temporal concerns. I was confirmed yesterday morning and made my first Communion. I prayed for you at the time, and, indeed, every hour now seems to dispel doubts, and so to augment inward peace that I cannot but yearn that those I love should enjoy the same privileges with myself. A new light seems to be shed on everything, and more especially

on my past position—a light so clear as to surprise me; and though I am homeless and unsettled, and as to worldly prospects considerably bewildered, yet there is such a repose of conscience as more than compensates for the intense and fiery struggle which began on Tuesday and only ended on the Monday morning following.

A little later he wrote again from Birmingham:

LETTER LXIV.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

F. of St. Birinus, (Dec. 5.)

My own dear Friend,

While every day adds to my happiness, and the sense of Catholic communion dilates within me like a new life, I feel more and more the *want* of your conversion. How long is it to be delayed? How long is the unhelpful bondage of that communion with nothing and with nobody to keep you from the open profession of all those sweet truths which you have lived up to far better than I have, and which form your secret life at this day? Indeed I felt most vehemently the strength of all the ties which still bind you, and now how poor and weak and nothing-like they seem!

Whatever the Council of Trent enunciates in the face of Christendom, of course every individual Catholic is to all honest intents and purposes committed to, and does himself enunciate in the face of Christendom. The same is the case with you and the Anglican enunciations: so that my beloved J. B. M., while next Monday he is saying the sweet office of our B. Lady's Conception before that awfully grand crucifix, is enunciating in the face of Christendom these Catholic anti-phones out of the Homilies, to which the Articles, on which he holds his orders, put their imprimatur:—vide Peril of Idolatry, part 3, and that on Rebellion:—and yet P—wonders and is bitter because, when God's goodness has translated our vileness into the kingdom of His dear Son, and so opened our eyes to see what is behind us, we utterly loathe

that unaltared, unsacrificed prison-house of heresy and schism out of which we have been delivered. I cannot tell you how, every day, every mass, seems more and more to show me the greatness of the peril from which I have been so mercifully rescued; and natural it is that I should yearn the more intensely while on the hill-top I watch the angel leading those I love out of the burning Sodom. I trust N.'s book will finish the good work, *Deo adjuvante*; and meanwhile I have given your name and others to the Nuns of the Infant Jesus, who will transmit them to the Arch-confraternity of the Heart of Mary all over France and Belgium.

After Mr. Morris's conversion, Mr. Faber wrote again :

LETTER LXV.—TO THE SAME.

My heart gets more and more gladdened as I come more and more to realize that our separation is over. When once the turmoil and the irksomeness of new forms, and the stiffness of one's new costume, so to call it, are over, how happy will you be! First there comes a feeling of truthful naturalness highly grateful—then the gifts and treasures of the Church. Every day seems to increase my happiness, and to deepen, in a way I knew nothing of before, union with God.

After his conversion, many circumstances combined to lead Mr. Faber to Birmingham. Under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Moore, the church and house of St. Chad, in that town, had become a great centre of Catholic life, and many of the recent converts having made their abjuration there, had naturally settled in its neighborhood. Most of them had given up their homes for their faith, and had nothing therefore to induce them to take up their residence elsewhere. The

presence of Mgr. Wiseman, Coadjutor to the Bishop of the Central District, at Oscott College was another great attraction, as the interest he took in the Oxford movement was well known. Mr. Moore had also been most kind in assisting Mr. Faber to provide for the converts who had followed him from Elton. He therefore accepted an invitation to stay at St. Chad's until he could settle his affairs, and make arrangements for his future life. Bishop Wareing proposed to admit him to priest's orders, and to employ him at once in missionary work, but his humility led him to refuse the offer.

During this period he was not idle, but made the most of every opportunity to bring about the conversion of others. One instance is thus described by him (December 8, 1845 :)

LETTER LXVI.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

My journey has been providentially delayed, for a young Protestant came out of curiosity (on his road through Birmingham) to mass yesterday, and ventured to stare at the elevation of the Host. The effect upon him was immediate: contrition for his past life, and what he deemed a call to the Catholic Church. He would, however, have left Birmingham without speaking, had he not heard accidentally from the verger of the cathedral that I was here. He was very fond of my books, and wrote me a note from the inn—ran after the messenger to get it back again, but could not catch him. The result was an interview of many hours, and I took him to the Convent of our Lady of Mercy to the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. He wishes to return here to-morrow, when, I trust, please God, that he will enter the Catholic Church; anyhow, he wishes me to be here to see him.

An undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Hutchison, has left the following record of his first visit to Birmingham, which he made with the intention of being received there.

"I went up to Mr. Moore's room. There I saw a person on his knees before the fire, trying to make it burn up better: his hair was gray, he was dressed in a long black coat and tweed trousers, and he looked to me hungry and worn. I thought, this is some poor fellow whom they keep here out of charity, and as there were a good many books round the room, I took it into my head that it was the library, and this person was employed as librarian. What other views I should next have taken I don't know, for Mr. Moore proceeded to introduce me to him, and to my astonishment he proved to be—Mr. Faber. I little thought then that that was really the most fortunate moment, as it has been also the turning point of my life.

"In the first place it secured my conversion. I had many long talks with Mr. Moore, in the course of which I propounded various questions about indulgences, praying to the saints, &c., and received satisfactory answers; but, indeed, I had no real difficulties as far as the doctrines of the Church were concerned. I was not sufficiently in earnest, however, to make up my mind to be received at once, and perhaps I should have drifted away from the Church after all, had it not been for Faber. I did not get on well with him the first day from shyness, but afterward we became more intimate; and then, when he began to talk to me about our Lord when dying on the Cross, thinking of me individually, and shedding His Blood for me as if there had been no one else in the world, he made me realize all this in a way I had never done before. From that time I made no more excuses for delay, but acted on his advice, and on the 21st of December, St. Thomas the Apostle, I was received by Mr. Moore, in the private chapel in the Bishop's house. On Christmas night I

made my first Communion, and on St. Thomas of Canterbury was confirmed by Bishop Walsh."

Thus began that most intimate and cordial friendship between Mr. Faber and Mr. Hutchison, which ended only with their lives.

Like many other converts, Mr. Faber published a pamphlet on his admission to the Catholic Church, a short summary of which will fitly conclude this chapter.

It was written in the form of a letter to a friend, dated January 10, 1846, and entitled "Grounds for remaining in the Anglican Communion," (Toovey.) After commenting upon the prominence given by Catholics, as contrasted with Protestants, to the necessity of the salvation of each single soul, he points out to his Anglican friend that the latter must either recognize some authority in his Church to which he is willing to bow, or investigate his position for himself, with his own powers of mind and in constant prayer.

The writer considers the first of these alternatives impossible in the Anglican Church, and therefore urges the second, continuing: "If the result of that investigation is to cast over you a horrible overwhelming doubt as to whether you are not in a position most disadvantageous to your soul, then act as a man would act who cares for nothing else but his soul."

Before answering in detail any argument in defence of the Anglican position, Mr. Faber replies to the charge of ingratitude toward the Church of England, which was commonly brought against converts, in the following passage:

"Why should it seem to you so unnatural that those who have left you should feel anything rather than loyalty and affection to a system, or anything but kindly reminiscences of a dreadful position, which they were forced from by the simple fear of everlasting ruin? Where do I owe my Christian allegiance? Is it not to the Church of my baptism? And surely *you* at least cannot be so foolish as to suppose that any one is baptized into any particular, insular, national or provincial part or branch of the Church, or into anything short of the Catholic Church of Christ. It is there my allegiance is due, and it is there your allegiance is due also. A false system took me from my mother, as soon as I had either sense to do overt acts of schism, or wilfulness to commit a mortal sin: that system nurtured me in hatred of the Holy See; it nurtured me in false doctrine; it has had the strength of my youth, and formed the character of my mind, and educated me in strange neglect, as well of doctrinal instruction as of moral safeguards; and now, do I owe allegiance to the mother from whose breast I was torn, and whose face was so long strange to me? or to her who tore me from her, and usurped a name that was not hers, and whose fraud I have discovered? No! I owe my allegiance to the Church into which I was baptized, the Church wherein my old forefathers died, the Church where I can help my later fathers who died away from her in their helpless ignorance; and, like the stolen child who has found his mother, her loving reception and the outbreak, the happy outbreak, of his own instinct tell him, and have told him, more truly than all the legal proofs of parentage can do, that this, and this only, is the true mother who bore him years ago to God, and welcomes him now, in a way that humbles him most of all — without suspicion, probation, or reproof."

The succeeding pages are devoted to an exposure of the fallacious nature of the grounds usually relied upon by those who remained in the Anglican communion. The second one is thus stated: "You say

these difficulties (the disadvantages of the Anglican position) are trials sent from God for the strengthening of your faith, and that impatience to get rid of them would be sinful." Admitting that some difficulties are trials from God, the author shows the necessity of caution before deciding that those of Anglicans are so sent, and continues: "I would have you consider whether this theory of your ecclesiastical difficulties being trials, under which it is your duty to be quiescent, does not in reality militate against all idea of a visible Church at all."

Further he adds: "We are to have doubts and perplexities; but surely the Church is to support us under them, not to be the very fountain of them. We are to be cross-bearers: but where are we ever led to be prepared for anything so terrible as that our Church is to be our cross? Yet you acknowledge *your* Church to be *itself* a very realizable cross to you: your light is darkness; alas! that it should be so. But you may say, it is not so much that the Church itself is darkness, as that your sins hinder you from discerning the countenance of the Church. . . . But a Catholic would tell you that to none is the countenance of the Church more clear, for none so plain, with its pitiful inviting look, as the poor sinner."

To the argument that it would be wrong for an Anglican to abandon his position until he has tried all the means of grace which it affords, it is answered that on that principle "no one ever could be converted from falsehood to truth; for it is hardly conceivable that there should be in the world a false position, in which

more moral helps are not vouchsafed than any one lives up to, or makes full use of:” and it is remarked that until the best Methodist has made full use of the means of humiliation, of affectionate counsel, and of spiritual direction, which his class-meeting affords, it would be *immoral*, on the Anglican theory, in the rector of the parish to urge him to join the establishment. “If, my dear friend,” the writer proceeds, “you have a proper scruple of leaving the Anglican establishment till you have tried all her means of grace, ought you not to have a scruple in using secret devotions and ascetical practices, which cannot be openly taught, and which are alien to the spirit of your communion? Are you not living two lives, an Anglican and a Roman? Are you not mixing religions? Are you allowing the religion you profess to be a rule over you, as you ought to do? Are you not picking and choosing, your own pope, your own bishop, your own spiritual director? Are you not more like an Eclectic than a Catholic?”

On what may be called the “Branch” theory, Mr. Faber next inquires: “When did this theory of ‘Branch’ Churches begin, for it is a strange-sounding language? Are all the Churches *branch* Churches? Is there no *trunk* Church? If there is, where is it? If it be the Roman, a branch cut off, solemnly sawed away by the teeth of an excommunication, need not boast much of its branchship. I must insist, also, that when Anglicans talk of Branch Churches they are bound to add, what is the very distinctive part of their theory, the fatal epithet ‘*non-communicating*.’ ‘The

Roman doctrine of the Church,'” he proceeds to quote from the letter of a friend, “‘is a key to the analogy of a tree and its branches: your theory of Branch Churches is not. Catholics in England are a branch of the visible trunk in Rome; but Anglicans are a branch of an invisible trunk (which is not the invisible counterpart of the visible trunk, but) a pure creation of their own fancy, unwarranted either by Scripture or tradition.’”

After condemning, as serving man rather than God, those who think it safe and humble to wait till such and such men join the Roman Church, the pamphlet points out the isolated position of an Anglican in his Church, and says, “You quote Athanasius *contra mundum*, and so goes the bench of Protestant Bishops to the four winds of heaven. Well, but is this humble? Are you sure that you and yours put together weigh an Athanasius? Are you *quite* confident that Athanasius would have been with you just now? Indeed, I have a very shrewd suspicion that we should have seen him with a Popish chasuble over his shoulders, rather than an Oxford or a Cambridge hood.”

The same remark, it is stated a few pages later, applies with increased force to those who quote as a token of the Catholicity of their Church the fact that in times past she produced Laud and Andrewes. The fact of the Roman Church having produced St. Francis of Sales, and St. Philip Neri, and St. Charles Borromeo, since the Reformation, is a much stronger argument for joining her communion than the other is for staying away. With regard to Laud and Andrewes, one

or two points are then put forward. To the latter, the spiritual vigor with which the Catholic Church has been reinforced since his time by the operation of the reforms of the Council of Trent, and the number of canonized saints who have been produced by what is called Tridentine morality, would have been most moving considerations; whilst the former would have been equally affected by the development of Continental Protestantism into heresy and unbelief. Anglicanism, it must be remembered, was then an untried system; it was not known how it could adapt itself to new circumstances, cope with new difficulties, deal with schism, be a pillar and ground of the truth against heresy. "How does Anglicanism fare now? Where is its manly struggle? It has the wealth, and the dignity, and the power, the churches, the colleges, the schools, and the inestimable vigorous privileges of the *Cathedra Victorice*,—we have a right to expect wonders from it: where are its daily triumphs? Around the very stoves of its carpeted vestries it is being beaten continually."

Mr. Faber then defends the recent converts, as a body, from the charges brought against them of unfair hostility to the Establishment, of causing division in families, of trying to unsettle and convert others, and shows that such proceedings are only the natural consequence of their change of faith.

He proceeds, after exposing the fictitious character of the late revival in the English Church, to treat the vexed question of Anglican orders. Purposely avoiding theological arguments, and keeping to the peculiar

grounds relied upon by his friend, he thus addresses him: "You say that the Church has never decided the question, and that the Pope has passed no dogmatic judgment upon it, to which you would bow when given. Now, my dear friend, in the outset let me ask you if you are acting honestly toward the Anglican communion, when you remain in it with a determination, ready beforehand, to submit to a decree of Gregory XVI. on the subject of the orders of your ministers? To be plain, is not this quite dishonest? And then, in the next place, has not Rome *implicitly* settled the question of your orders by the administration of Confirmation, and of Ordination also, without any condition? This is the more remarkable from the way in which the Church administers conditional baptism to converts; without ceremonies, and with every possible want of solemnity beyond what mere safety requires, to intimate her fear of sacrilege, and the simple prudence of charity which has forced her thereto."

He next goes on to give instances of the way in which theologians, looking at the question from the different points of history, *intention*, or jurisdiction, agree in deciding against the validity of Anglican orders. But, granting for a moment their validity, it is part of the injury of schism that "*valid sacraments do not give safety*," their efficacy being suspended "until the charity of the Gospel, the *caritas* of St. Augustine, which he ever explains of the unity of the Church, gains them access to the souls of men."

Contenting himself with a bare mention of the

secret motives which influence many to remain in the Anglican communion, the author makes a touching appeal to his friend to come into the One Fold of Christ, and concludes, "You are not a Catholic, and so such belief alone is yours as St. Ambrose speaks of, (how long shall it be true of you and yours?) *Credis quod tibi prodesse præsumis ; non credis quod Deo dignum est.*"

CHAPTER VII.

1845-6

THE new life which began for Mr. Faber at his conversion was one after his own heart. The security and happiness of the present seemed to have been cheaply purchased by the sufferings and anxieties of the past ; and he entered upon the enjoyment of his newly-acquired privileges with a zest which can be appreciated only by those who have endeavored to nourish themselves with uncertain means of grace, and to find peace where none is possible. In spite of the pecuniary difficulties which confronted him, he became happier day by day ; the doubts which had been weighing on his mind for so long were set at rest forever, and all other difficulties seemed to him as nothing in comparison with that tranquility.

It was his first thought to devote himself to the cause of the Church by every means in his power, and her authorities readily accepted the services of so prom-

ising an auxiliary. In addition to the endeavors which he made to induce many of his Anglican friends to submit to the Catholic Church, the little band of companions, about eight in number, who had followed him from Elton, occupied much of his attention. Their conversion had been his work, and they still retained the habit of dependence upon him. They were anxious to resume, if possible, the quasi-religious life which they had led before, and accordingly Mr. Faber, with the cordial approbation of Dr. Wiseman and Mr. Moore, determined to collect them together into a little community, and to take up his abode with them. As early as the Feast of the Immaculate Conception he could write: "I hope by the end of next week to get all my dear monks around me in a little hovel here; how we are to be supported I do not know; mutual love is next door to victuals and drink, and it is some comfort to me that I shall be simply on a level with them, and live like a poor man. I hope a monastery may grow out of it in time, and I shall go to Italy in a few months to see if I can get means toward it."

A small house, No. 77 Caroline street, Birmingham, was taken, and on the 19th of December, 1845, the new community entered into possession of it. No definite rule was drawn up at first. Mr. Faber was the superior, and was implicitly obeyed. There was a general plan of training the lay brothers, which the Elton converts were to be, so that they might be useful as assistants to the clergy in visiting the sick, giving instructions, and similar duties. In fact, they were to be something like what Scripture-readers are among

Protestants, but acting under proper guidance. The duties of the choir brothers were to be decided at a later period.

Mr. Hutchison has left the following amusing account of a visit which he paid to the community in Caroline street, a few days after its establishment :

"I visited them on the 22d. Preparations for dinner were going on. The Superior (Faber) was acting as cook, and though terribly scorched by the fire, was perseveringly stirring without ceasing a kettle full of pea-soup. He and the lay brothers wore black cassocks of the Anglican pattern which they had brought from Elton. I remember well the impression that John Strickson (afterwards Brother Chad) made on me. He wore a cassock made of some very woolly, shaggy material, and he looked so gaunt and hungry that I thought him the very beau-ideal of a wolf in sheep's clothing. I have since found him however to be a most innocent and excellent wolf. The furniture of the house was very scanty. They had certainly a chair apiece, and a long deal table for their meals; each had also a knife and fork and a mug; a benefactor had given them some pewter spoons with the temperance pledge stamped on them, and as they were too poor and too ascetic to drink anything stronger than tea, the pledge was not likely to be broken. A small, round, three-legged deal table, split across the centre, and a Windsor arm-chair completed the furniture of this room, the front parlor, which served as refectory, recreation-room, and parlor for guests. The arm-chair and round table were for Faber. On it stood the ivory crucifix which used before to stand in his oratory at Elton, and at this table, when I first visited Caroline Street, he was busy, when not cooking, in writing his pamphlet, which soon after appeared under the title of 'Grounds for remaining in the Anglican Communion.'

"Behind the refectory was a miserable back kitchen, and up-stairs four small rooms. One of these was used as the

Chapel. It had no furniture whatever, not even an altar, but only a crucifix on one wall, Here they assembled at fixed hours and recited various litanies and other prayers. The other rooms were dormitories: the beds were all on the floor, as they could not afford to buy bedsteads, and there was an old second-hand chest of drawers in which Faber kept his clothes. His bed was on the ground like the rest.

"It will be understood from all this that the life they led was an extremely hard one; in fact, I believe they depended in a great measure at this time on alms for their daily food. Still every one seemed very happy and cheerful, Faber especially so, though his health was suffering a good deal, and he often had violent headaches, brought on by the hardships he was undergoing."

As it became evident that without external assistance the infant community could not be supported, the superior resolved to visit Italy, in the hope of interesting in its behalf a friend who had formerly held out hopes of coming to his relief. A seasonable alms which he received at this time enabled him to undertake the journey, and also to make some provision for the support of the brothers in his absence. The difficulty of separation from the community was overcome by the kindness of Mr. Moore, who promised to act as its superior. It was also arranged that the brothers should try to get employment from some of the Catholic tradesmen in the town. In this they soon succeeded, and during the absence of their superior they continued to go out to work in the daytime, and to return to Caroline Street at night.

Mr. Faber invited his friend Mr. Hutchison to accompany him abroad, and the offer was gladly accepted. They started on the Feast of the Purification, Feb-

ruary 2, 1846, and after a few days in London, during which time Mr. Faber was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Sisk, at the Chapel-house, Chelsea, they proceeded by Southampton to Havre, where they landed on the morning of the 8th. On that day they began the practice of saying the Divine Office together, which they kept up throughout their journey.

On the 14th of February they were at Sens, and visited the relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which are venerated in the cathedral. It was here that the first idea of a complete rule for his new community struck Mr. Faber, and on leaving the town he proceeded to note it down in the fly leaves of his companion's guide-book. On that day, two years later, the community was received into the Congregation of the Oratory, almost at the very hour at which the first idea of the rule was conceived in the cathedral of Sens.

At Lyons the travellers were amused at reading a pastoral letter from the archbishop, directing thanksgivings to be made for the recent conversions, which had given the Newmans, the Oakeleys, and the Fabers to the Church.

It had been part of their original intention to make a short visit to the Holy Land, but when they reached Marseilles they found themselves obliged to change their plans, and to proceed direct to Italy. They accordingly went by sea to Leghorn, and thence to Florence, where Mr. Faber was entertained by Mr. F. J. Sloane, at the Palazzo Boutourlin, while Mr. Hutchison established himself in lodgings in the Piazza di Sta. Maria Novella. Here they remained for some

weeks, enjoying to the full the religious life of a Catholic town, and frequenting Expositions, Benedictions, Novenas, and other functions with great assiduity. Like most converts of that date, their tastes were what is called Gothic, and they were consequently disposed to criticize unfavorably some of the ecclesiastical arrangements which came under their notice. Such dispositions, however, gradually disappeared under the influence of the edification which they received, and before they returned home their fastidiousness had given place to a hearty admiration of the material as well as spiritual developments of Italian piety.

It was natural that Mr. Faber's thoughts should often revert to his little community at Birmingham. From every halting place he despatched a long letter to one or other of its members. They were little sermons or chapters rather than letters, and were intended to encourage the brothers to perseverance in spite of the difficulties of their position. Sometimes, by a vivid picture of the wonders of the Church which he was witnessing, more often by direct spiritual advice founded upon his knowledge of the character of each, and always with an affectionate remembrance of the circumstances and occupations of those whom he was addressing, he endeavored to supply the blank which his absence made. A few extracts from them will illustrate at once the spiritual state of the little body, and the watchful jealous care with which they were regarded by their superior.

LETTER LXVII.—TO JOHN STRICKSON.

Havre de Grace, France.
Septuagesima Sunday, 1846.

My dear John :

We landed here quite safely this morning after a very tempestuous passage, during which I had work enough to keep in bed, without thinking of sleep. You may be sure I am glad enough to get clear of England after all the annoyance of the last three months, and travelling will be a very different thing to me now, as I find the Church and the Blessed Sacrament everywhere, so that everywhere I am at home. What will be uppermost in my mind are of course *our* plans for the future, and I shall endeavor as much as possible to learn in Catholic countries what will be useful for poor England ; but after the miserable foothold which the world and the flesh have gained in our little household at Birmingham, I believe my absence is very necessary as a trial to you all, to prove who is to do God's work in the world *without self*, and who is not. Those who are honestly seeking from God a saintly vocation will have temptations of a very dangerous sort to go through, and it is these which I want to speak to you about now. When a few weeks are gone, you will begin to fancy that you are not living so strict a life as you ought to do ; the rules will not be severe enough, and they will not always be kept as they ought to be ; and so you will fancy it is no use going on and that you had better return home. You will be sure to feel all this :—but now observe where the mistake lies ; you are impatient to be a monk, and so you will fancy you are one already, instead of being only *in trial to be one*. You will want more rule, more prayer, more fasting, more spiritual reading, more religious peace and modesty and silence ; and of course it is only through the grace of God that you can have such good and holy wants as these ; but even in spiritual things God will in some measure and for a time keep back from you what you want, partly in order to increase your appetite, partly in order to try your patience, partly in

order to prove to myself and others the reality of your vocation. Now you must put steadily before yourself *this one thing* — that your present position is an awkward and in some respects an uncomfortable one, which is to be your trial *till I come back*, and no longer: if then it be four months, or six, or nine, be patient, and think that if God does give you the grace and the happiness to become a monk at last, this waiting will really have been but a small price to pay. You will not, cannot get what you look forward to, till I come back; bear this in mind, put up with what is not to your liking, and sanctify yourself as well as you can with your present means of grace, which are indeed very many, as you well know. Above all, keep a strict watch over yourself; look what has happened among us already; depend upon it, it is the devil's doing, in order to disappoint a great plan which was for God's glory. But as I said before, *your* temptation will be to be dissatisfied with your present amount of strictness, and this you must guard against; be as much as possible in the chapel; read Rodriguez on Conformity to God's Will, through and through; and in a few months, please God, we may make a start. You may be sure that in many a hundred places, when kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, I shall think of Caroline Street. Pray every day for Hutchison and myself, and remember us at mass. Give my kind love to all, and tell George to pray much to St. Joseph, and L. to take care, for he is near to falling. God Almighty bless you all.

Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

FRED. WILFRID FABER.

LETTER LXVIII.—TO WILLIAM ———.

Rouen, Tuesday, February 10, 1846.

My dear William:

I had not time to say as much to you as I could have wished before I came away, about your wish to become a monk. I think it is God's Holy Spirit who has put that wish into your mind; but a great deal will have to be done

on your part before it can be fulfilled. You must remember that in becoming a monk, you give yourself altogether to Almighty God, body as well as soul, mind and will and liberty, and all you are and all you have. To be sure, this is but a little, a very little sacrifice to make to Jesus in return for the unspeakable one He has made, and makes on the altar every day for you ; but it is a *hard* sacrifice for us weak sinners to make ; and because it is a sacrifice of *love*, Jesus counts it a great sacrifice, and not a little one. How happy, how very happy are those who have strength given them to make this sacrifice to the Lord, to crucify themselves unto the world, and to die to it, and to its most tempting pleasures here, that they may live to Jesus and Mary hereafter. But our Lord says in the Gospel, that when a man wishes to build a tower, he ought first of all to sit down and count the cost. Now my dear William, the Christian perfection at which you aim is just such a tower, a very high tower, for its top reaches heaven itself ; and so, though it is a blessed thing to wish to build such a tower at all, yet it is a wise and an humble thing to sit down first and count the cost. I do not wish, my dear William, at all to discourage you, very far from it ; indeed it would be a great and a bitter disappointment to me *now*, were you not to persevere in your holy desire, but it is quite right you should think a little of the hardships ; it is better to stay where you are than to go further and *then to draw back*, and so lose your vocation. You see you are very young ; God has, almost in spite of yourself, preserved you from certain very great sins ; and then, without my so much as asking you, He was pleased to lead you into His One True Fold, the Holy Catholic Church. All life is before you ; there are many who love you and who will be glad to be kind to you ; and after all, while a man is young and strong and well, the world is a pleasant place, far *too* pleasant a place to live in ; you can marry, you can have a home ; God may bless you with children, you can have rest and ease and comfort and holiday, and all this without sin ; you may save your soul in the next world without putting up with a monk's hardships

in this. Now this is a very bright picture, a picture any one might well enough fall in love with. What is it then which makes men turn their backs on all this, and fall in love with a poor, rough, uncomfortable dress, with short sleep and long praying, with hard lying and coarse eating, with fasting and discipline, and teaching the stupid, and nursing the sick, and attending the dying, and dull silence and stiff obedience, fighting and fighting and fighting till one's head aches and one's appetite fails and one is sick with the weary fight. What makes a young man like you in love with all manner of comfortless things like these? What was it you were thinking of, William, when you threw your arms round me the other day, and begged of me to make you a monk? You know you asked far more of me than I could do: it is grace and grace only, which can make men monks, and I need rather to be prayed for as the filthiest leper in the doorway of God's Church, than to be spoken to as you spoke to me then; but what were you thinking of when you made such a request? I will tell you what was in your mind, even though you might not be aware of it;—it was the Three-and-thirty years in which our Blessed Saviour, the Almighty Creator of the world, lived and moved and spoke and ate and drank and slept and watched and prayed and suffered on His own earth for you and me; it was the five sweet adorable wounds of His hands and feet and side, which like so many sweet singing-birds sang to your heart, and you loved the music of them more than the gayer and the louder songs of the world, the flesh and the devil; it was the seven dear awful blood-sheddings which dropped their sevenfold drops upon you, and softened your heart of stone, and not softened it only, but heated it with divine love, and made you long to lead a hard life for the sake of Jesus, and for the love of His Mother Mary,—the blood of the Babe's circumcision, the blood which stained the roots of the olive trees on the mount, which dyed red the scourges of the scourgers, which spirted up as the thorns went into His skull, which flowed from the old stripes when they rudely tore His clothes from His back on

Calvary, which ran from the nails they drove into His hands and feet, and which followed the spear which dared to enter His side when He was dead. These Seven Blood-sheddings were in your heart when you begged to be a monk; and in truth, William, marriage and home and money and comfort and happiness *do* sound odd unloving words to me, when scourges, and thorns and nails, and spear and cross are all that tell of Jesus and of the life He chose and—William—of our sins which made him choose it. Well then, what you want is to choose a life where all day long and in all your commonest duties you can honor Jesus with His three-and-thirty years, and His five wounds, and His seven blood-sheddings. Hardships for His sake seem to you better than happiness for your own sake; and indeed they are so, much better; but then think it well over: is it really the steady wish of your heart? Do you long with a sort of holy impatience for the dull life of a monk? or was it only a feeling of love to me which made you long not to be separated from me? and if once you were a monk, do you feel humbly sure that by God's grace you should not repent of it? What does Elton seem as we look back upon it? those gettings-up at the cold midnight, the teasing hair-girdles on Wednesday and Friday, the harsh disciplines at midnight, the long, long vigils of the Saints' days, what do you think of them now? To me they seem like heaven, although we were not yet Catholics?

You see, poor T., even amid the graces of the Holy Church, has gone and hid his talent in a napkin, has fled back into Egypt without St. Joseph to guide him, has forsaken Jesus, and will not, even for the sake of the awful cross or the sweet manger, give up the delights of selfish love, and chastise his rebellious flesh. This success of the devil in a quarter where I so little expected it, has wounded me very deeply; and therefore I am the more anxious that you, whom I never expected to be a monk, and who, with so much love and zeal offered yourself of your own free will, should count the cost beforehand, and then take good heart, shoulder the cross, and follow Jesus over rough and smooth.

Now, William, if this letter finds you still in the same mind, steadfast in your holy purpose, and anxiously longing till God shall of His mercy open a road for you to fulfil your desire, let me give you a word or two of advice. If you wish not to lose your vocation, you must pray daily to God to give you the gift of virginity, that you may preserve the virginal innocence which He has of His mercy not allowed the devil to rob you of. God gives nothing, much less His chief gifts, unless we ask often, and ask for long together. To ask often, and to ask long together, these are the two necessary things in prayer. Every mass you hear, and every communion you receive, think of your wish to be a monk, and ask of Jesus to keep you in the same good mind; and every night when you have put your light out, and laid down in bed, ask of the Blessed Virgin not to forget your wish to be a virgin, but to pray for you and for your perseverance in your vocation, and as you wish to fly from all the Herods of this world into religious retirement, ask St. Joseph to protect you in your journey, say to him, "Holy St. Joseph, pray for me, that I may be made worthy of the promises of Christ," and then very often, when you are tired and fainting, and half inclined to give up your holy resolution, St. Joseph will turn round and show to the eyes of your faith the Child whom he is carrying in his arms, and you will feel your heart warm again to Jesus, and by His mercy you will thus keep your vocation. Then with regard to what I remember were your besetting temptations, I would say that of all kinds of Catholic devotion none is so proper for you as the continual memory of the PRESENCE OF GOD. Your work will not allow you to make long prayers; but no work stands in the way of remembering the presence of God. Get into the habit of often saying short sentences to Him, such as, "O my God, I love Thee, make me love Thee more—Jesus keep me pure," and such like. Get the habit of thinking of God whenever you hear the clock strike, and say, "God give me perseverance;" whenever any one rings for you, say as you go up stairs, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and

of the Holy Ghost, Amen ;” and take every means you can to keep yourself united to God by thinking of His presence. You will find that meal-times are the worst for forgetting God, and so before each meal you can lift up your heart secretly to God for half a minute, and beg that you may have grace not to forget Him all the meal, nor to speak as you would not dare to speak if you were at table with Jesus and His disciples. Do not put yourself out or make a scruple if you forget any of these things; only do your best to keep always in mind, in any manner which you find easiest and pleasantest, the presence of Almighty God, and learn to love that presence as well as to fear it. Remember, William, how that presence is about you now; how priest after priest comes in on a morning who has had Jesus, the real Jesus, within him, and day and night He lies upon the cathedral altar with only one little star of light to burn before Him and do Him honor. Try to get ten minutes a day to pray before the Blessed Sacrament in Church; it is worth an hour of prayer anywhere else. “The star went and stood over the place where the young Child was;” were not the wise men glad when they saw it? Follow that star, William, the star of the Blessed Sacrament, and when the devil presses you, let him press you there—let him drive you to that twinkling lamb, and to the little tabernacle where Jesus has made Himself a prisoner for the love of those who pray there for the love of Him. Write to me when you have time; Mr. Moore will tell you my direction. God bless you, William; pray very, very often for me, lest I should fall away.

Very affectionately yours,

FRED. WILFRID FABER.

LETTER LXIX. — TO THE COMMUNITY IN CAROLINE STREET.

Paris, Thursday, February 12, 1846.

THE WILL OF GOD.

To my dear family in Caroline Street:

Some clock in the street has just struck eight; so I suppose some of you are at this moment in St. Chad's at Benediction, and I trust are remembering me in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. I scarcely think of anything but you and England all day long. I can find no services anywhere like those at St. Chad's, but still I *can* find our dear Lord on the altars and in the tabernacles of the churches, and everywhere it is my own church, and I can pray and be at ease. To-day I managed to be at two Benedictions, though the churches were a great distance from each other, yet by walking fast we managed to be in time. I heard mass in the church of St. Sulpice, a church to which I have a great devotion, because I have got so much good from the famous book of M. Tronson, composed for the use of the scholars there. Some of you will remember the little French book out of which I used sometimes to read examinations of conscience to you at Elton, which were very hard to come up to; and I used to read one examination out of it every day after my twelve o'clock prayers in the poor little chapel at Elton: the book smells of the cinnamon of the chapel, and when I read it now I fancy I can almost see the colors of the painted glass falling on the pages as they used to do through the window at Elton. I do not think I shall ever love any place as I loved that chapel. However, I must not regret it. There was many and many an hour of bitter and of earnest prayer in it as to whether I should become a Catholic, many a kissing of the feet of the crucifix, and imploring Jesus to let me stay in the English Church, if it could be His will, and many a heartfelt prayer that I might not draw back when His will should be made known. And His will *was*

made known, and the hour came, and how it was that I did not draw back I cannot tell; I only know it was not my own strength which gave me courage; and so, though I may not regret the beautiful little chapel which God made me give up for Him, abandoned to bare walls, to silence, or to the rats, yet I may love it as the place where many of us got grace to follow Christ along the comfortless road He called us, and honored us by calling us. In the blotting-book, on which I am writing, there is a little bit of paper with these words scribbled on it: "O my dear Jesus, accept this intense misery for my sins, and bless my dear mourning people. Elton Rectory, November 16, 1845. Amen. Amen." I suppose I wrote it just after I ran down home after afternoon church. I shall always keep it as a memorial of God's goodness to me, and also to shame me into a strict life, if ever I should be tempted to live a comfortable one. Alas! when we have gone through so much, it will be a thousand shames to aim at anything less than perfection!

You see, my little French book has put me in mind of all this, and I must confess that my heart is always, always going back to Elton, and that the cross of leaving it grows heavier every day instead of lighter. But God will find work for us all to do, work in England, work among our unconverted countrymen. But I was going to tell you about our Benedictions to-day. We went again to the church of St. Sulpice at four o'clock; I went to the Lady Chapel and said the Litany for the House of St. Wilfrid, in Caroline Street, and then begged of our sweet Lady that she would be the Mother of you all, and bless all our future plans. I then returned to the high altar, and at Benediction prayed especially for you. Immediately afterward we walked as fast as we could to the church of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, the two martyrs whom you invoke in the Litany of the Saints; and then, in the Lady Chapel, I begged St. Ignatius, who founded his order there in Paris, to take you under his protection, and to get grace for us all to have good vocations, and to persevere in them. Benediction was given from the high

altar, and again I prayed for the House of St. Wilfrid in Caroline Street, and said the Litany for England. So you see, though I am far away, I am far from forgetting you or the great plan which, if it please God, some of us may yet live to see fulfilled. But there are many distractions and temptations in travelling, and again I must *beg* of you to pray very, very often for Mr. Hutchison and myself. To-morrow morning we are going to set off on a pilgrimage to three places which St. Thomas of Canterbury has rendered sacred. As he is one of our patrons, you may be sure I only make this pilgrimage for one end — prayer, prayer, prayer — that we may live to see *monks* of St. Wilfrid and St. Thomas of Canterbury, humbly striving after the new conversion of poor, faithless England. Amen.

I must give you some notion how we spend our days. The first thing in the morning is to say the prayers for travellers in the Roman Breviary, and such other prayers as we can. Of course I observe the rule of kissing the ground, &c., as in Caroline Street. Then, either on the road, or in a church, or in our rooms, we say the whole of the day office of the Church, and in the evening, the whole of the office of the dead, offered for the English dead who are forgotten and have no one to pray for them; and, lastly, before we go to bed, we say the Litany of the Saints for the House of St. Wilfrid, at Birmingham. Thus, you see, we are as like two Wilfridians as we can be, even though we are far away from you and always on the move; I only fear we are not doing much work for God, and life is short; I quite long to be at work for England; but a few weeks ago I was preaching, and teaching, and confessing, and directing, and now I am floating about Europe like an idle straw on a pool. In my next letter I shall tell you about my pilgrimage. God Almighty bless you all, and keep you fervent and persevering; let *us* love *Him*, and let Him do what he will with *us*.

Your very affectionate servant,

FRED. WILFRID FABER.

LETTER LXX. — TO JOHN STRICKSON.

Auxerre, Saturday, February 14, 1846.

THE WILL OF GOD.

My dear John :

Since I last wrote to you I have got some way further on my journey, and what is still more to the purpose, I hope some way further towards the plan in which some of us are so deeply interested. This morning (Saturday) a week ago I communicated at a chapel in London, and left England the same day ; and this morning, just one week absent, I communicated for the first time in a foreign church. I can hardly tell you what my feelings were. During the last two days I had had rising doubts about the Catholic faith. I was tempted to regret that I had left Elton and all its comforts, and the people that I loved so very much ; I thought that I could have saved my soul there, and need not have become a Catholic ; and then I had doubts whether the Christian religion was not false altogether. Of course it was plainly the work of the devil, and I did not give way to his miserable and accursed suggestions ; still it was high time for me to fortify myself with the bread of the strong in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. I reached Sens last night ; in the cathedral is the same altar at which our patron St. Thomas of Canterbury said mass, and the chapel in which it stands is now dedicated to him. I got to the cathedral by seven this morning, and first went into the treasury where the relics are kept. I was shown a small part of the True Cross, and kissed the crystal case which covered it ; I saw also some relics of St. John the Baptist, St. Gregory the Great, and others ; but what interested me most was the priest's dress of St. Thomas of Canterbury ; I kissed the glass of the window through which I was allowed to see them ; and after this went to mass in the Lady Chapel, and communicated with a number of poor French women. I was very much affected, because I have often been abroad before, and always as a stranger, shut out

of the church; but now, quite unknown, in a strange place, and among foreigners, I went up to the altar just as I should have done at St. Chad's. At Communion I made mention of you all by name, as well as of P—— and N—— at the Bishop's house; and then I prayed that our plan might be prospered for the glory of God and the conversion of poor England, and then I said the Litany of Loreto, recommending our household once more to the patronage of the Mother of Jesus. When I had finished my prayers after communion I went to the chapel and altar of St. Thomas, and there I mentioned all of you, and invoked him very, very earnestly, and besought him to further our plan by his prayers; after that I said the Litany for England, which you say after dinner, and all the while, in the chapel of St. Thomas at Sens, I thought of you and the little oratory in Caroline Street. Then I said the seven Paters, Aves, and Glorias in honor of the seven blood-sheddings, which you say before breakfast; and lastly, some of my church office. I seldom remember being more filled with divine love than I was in that cathedral at Sens, and for some hours after. But what has struck me most, as connected with my solemn invocation of St. Thomas, is that nearly all the day I seem to have received great and astonishing lights about our plan; so that, what I never could do before, I have been able to draw up a complete set of laws for it, its duties, its constitution, its method of government, its special devotions, and the like; and seem to have been plainly guided to strike away from it one very important part of the scheme which we intended before. Of course, I must speak to a spiritual director about these things; but I assure you I have been in an extraordinary way all day, and I trust it has been God who has been with me, blessed be His Holy Name! Alas! how I regret that any whom I love so much, and from whom I looked for so much, should have turned back to the pleasures of the world and the comforts of an easy life; I prayed earnestly that they might *recover* their vocation, when I was at Sens to-day; but God's holy will be done, and may He bless

them wherever they go. I never think of them but my spirits are immediately overclouded; but may every plan we make be ruined, so long as His sweet adorable will has its own way in the world and in the Church....Remember, above all things, to cultivate a spirit of *special* devotion to God's holy will, to which devotion I long since, before the crucifix in the little chapel at Elton, promised to dedicate myself, if God would mercifully vouchsafe to let me know if it was His Blessed Will that I should join the Roman Church. Whether in a monastic state or out of it, obedience is the queen of virtues; and in Protestant England it is the hardest of all virtues to practise; and the only royal road to win this grace is to recognize God's sweet will in *little* vexations and to *love* it, as well as submit to it. There are so many things to learn in religion that a man may well be puzzled what to begin first, and what to go to next: but aim at conformity to God's will, and in winning that you win all. Was it not the *special* character of Jesus? Why did He come into the world at all? "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!" What was His food, His sacrament, if I may so call it, during those Three and thirty years? "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." And what else were His Passion and Death but an act of conformity to the Eternal Father's Will? "Not My will but Thy will be done," was His prayer on the Mount of Olives. And what unites us more closely and more dearly to our Jesus than to do God's will? Oh think of those mighty words in the Gospel; "The same is My brother, and My sister, AND MY MOTHER." Only let us do His Will, and we are all of us Marys, and angels will hail us, and Christ will be born of us, and though his cross may cause us seven and seven times seven sorrows, yet at the last He will assume us into heaven and crown us there, doing to us in our measure what He has done to Mary in her measure: and, if this be true, who would not earnestly strive to have a *special* devotion to the sweet adorable will of God?

God Almighty bless you all; help me with your prayers, lest I should become a cast-away.

Ever your most affectionate servant,

FREDERICK WILFRID FABER.

Sta. Wilfride

Sta. Thoma de Cantuaria

Sta. Philippe Neri

} orate pro nobis.

LETTER LXXI.—TO THE SAME.

Palazzo Boutourlin, Florence,
Ash Wednesday, 1846.

THE WILL OF GOD.

My dear John:

We left Marseilles by the steamboat on Saturday, and soon after the engine broke, and we were obliged to anchor off a rocky island for several hours: however, the sea was very calm, and when the mischief was repaired we had a good voyage to Leghorn, and arrived there on Monday morning. I was very much affected when I saw the mountains of Italy; when I was last at Leghorn I was Rector of Elton, returning to reside there, and with my head full of plans for the spiritual welfare of my parish: now how different all is! I feel fifty years older, tired and broken down, and no longer in love with life, for life has nothing to offer; but I feel still an unabated desire to do God's will, and a daily increasing hunger for hard work, and hard work in England. I confess that just for one moment, when I saw the beautiful mountains, and the glorious blue sky, and the church towers of Italy, I felt as if I never, never would go back to the difficulties and disturbances and enmities and evil speakings of England; but it was a mere temptation which passed away. Comfort and luxury and home and ease are not meant for those who wish to follow Christ. I shall now, my dear John, set myself at once to see what I can do for Caroline Street, and it would, of course, very much strengthen me and quicken my zeal to

hear that you and B—— and L—— still continue steadfast in your holy desire and purpose; so write to me as soon as you can.

LETTER LXXII.—TO THE SAME.

Palazzo Boutourlin, Florence,
Wednesday, March 11, 1846.

My dear John:

I have been in luck to-day, for I went out after my Italian lesson at ten o'clock, to see if I could find mass in some church, and came in for a most beautiful benediction; how or why it was in the morning I do not know; but I felt deeply affected by it, and prayed for you all by name. And when I came home I found your letter on the table. God be thanked that you are all quite well, and so far persevering in your new faith. Let us bless God more than ever for giving us enemies whom we may forgive for the sake of His Son's dear Passion. I am sure there is no privilege on earth so great as that of having any little likeness to the Passion of Jesus in what may happen to ourselves, and in my mental prayer this morning I begged that favor of our Lord.

I cannot tell you what is passing in my soul; I love Jesus more and more and more and more; every day it seems as if I had never loved Him before, never known Him before; so sweet, so new, so fresh does He seem every morning; and what is the consequence of all this? why, that I am a prisoner, caged up; I pine to be in England, to work for England; to be with you all again—with you, but in a very, very different way from what I have been heretofore: all for God, all for Jesus, day and night, week and month and year. God's will be done, whatever that gracious will may be! My journey here has been of great use to me, because it has quieted my mind, it has enabled me to put all the past away, to look at what God wants of me, to seek light from Him and to be patient. Difficulties and uncertainties are still all around me; and of course I am deeply pained at heart with the disappointment I have received in some of my converts; but I may say that

so much as this is settled ; we can live together, under rule, without any work but religion ; and if the experience of some months should show us that we have a real vocation, then we could become actual monks. There is something in this plan which is very dear to me, as one or two of you, whom I love and earnestly desire not to be separated from, may perhaps be induced to try this temporary plan, as it leaves them free liberty to go back to the world hereafter.

Depend upon it, my absence will now be very short, very short indeed ; for I feel that you ought not to be left alone longer than can be helped. Let your mind be quiet ; look calmly and humbly forward to the holy life which God will shortly give you an opportunity of choosing ; do not be disturbed at difficulties and temptations in mental prayer ; the Holy Ghost will be with you ; He will instruct you ; and you will have solid fruit from meditations which seem dry, cold, and formal. Anyhow, one blessing God has already given you ; you may be at ease about my plan ; as far as human things can be seen, that is sure ; death may prevent, many things may prevent ; but He who has led us so far will lead us farther. Write to me very, very often, and tell me everything which happens ; for the least things interest me, so long as they concern Caroline Street.

LETTER LXXIII.—TO WILLIAM —.

Wednesday, March 11, 1846.

My dear William :

I need not say what a great pleasure it was to me to hear from John Strickson of your perseverance in your good resolutions and holy purposes. The love I have for you all, and my ardent desire to see you all go on to perfection, naturally makes me uneasy when I hear of your having temptations to fall away ; but, William, I could not expect that the devil would leave you free from temptations. But I shall not be long away from you now, and, as soon as I return to England, you shall come to me, and satisfy your wishes. I have had

much difficulty and doubt to encounter, but all that is over now, and you shall be a monk; and we shall have a little house where nothing but peace, and love, and kindness, and prayer, and meditation shall be known — all brothers together — all given up heart and soul to serve Jesus in obedience and in purity. I cannot yet fix the time of my return to England, but it will be very much sooner than the autumn; indeed, I think I shall be with you before St. Peter's day in June, perhaps some weeks before that. I am sure I am as anxious to be back to you as you to be back to me. What a change since last Lent! This time last year I was preaching my sermons on examination of conscience, and on the seven last words of our Blessed Lord, and now trying to set up a Popish monastery! This is a pretty trick for a Protestant rector; to say nothing of my running away with my arms full of young men! I think very often, and very affectionately, of our little monastery in the rectory, and you in your shaggy cassock. However, we shall have no midnight services, and fewer bodily severities in our new monastery; yet it will not be very unlike the rectory. The chapel, however, will be much more beautiful; for I am promised all manner of grand ornaments for it; and we shall be as happy as monks, who are in reality by far the happiest people in the world. Tell John Strickson he may expect in a few days to receive a copy of the rule of the Congregation of St. Wilfrid; I will send him a little bit at a time, as I have leisure to copy it out. I dare say it will want a good deal of improvement and alteration before it is quite finished; but it will give you all some idea of the kind of life we are going to lead. Meanwhile, my dear William, pray hard for God's blessing on our poor little plan for His glory and the conversion of our dear country, pray for me, the greatest sinner of you all, pray for your own perseverance in your heavenly vocation. I will tell you a history, which had something like a resemblance to what has happened with us Eltonians; it is the same history I told you when first you came to my study at Elton, and shed tears, and threw sin away. There was all beauty and

all brightness, all power and all peace, love, happiness and glory, immense, unutterable, far away, and yet all over, when there was neither sky, nor earth, nor sea, and there was God, the Three, unspeakably loving each other, the Eternal Father, with His Son eternally begotten in His bosom, and the Spirit eternally proceeding: such love, such peace, never can man conceive or speak rightly of. Ah! we are all ignorant; the brightest scholars do not know what they speak of God. Well, from out of all this beauty, brightness, love and peace, the Eternal Son condescended to borrow a fleshly body of the humblest Virgin on the earth. When he was thirty years old, He was so kind as to gather round Him twelve dear friends; He, the glorious God, talked with them, taught them, was kind to them, did all manner of little loving things for them, day and night, for three years. Would not those twelve men have willingly died for Him, died with Him? They said so, and I am sure at one time they felt so. Well, and how was it at the last? Thursday night came; they had four ways of showing their love to Jesus, four ways, William, which we unworthy converts have of showing *our* love to the same Jesus; either by betraying Him, or by running away from Him, or by following Him, like bad-hearted cowards, afar off, or by denying Him. We none of us thought, in the little monastery at Elton, that we should do such things as these; well, let us take care we do not do them then, for there was a time when the apostles felt quite as sure as we feel, that they should never do any of these things to such a meek Master as Jesus, a Master whose very sweet characteristic it was that He always behaved more like a servant than a Master; for He loved to be then, what He just as much loves to be now, everybody's servant. Judas had received the Blessed Sacrament that very evening; he ventured to kiss his Master's lips, the very act of kissing was treachery; thus many keep on praying, having sweetness in prayer, and even communicating: and yet, after all, they are cherishing, as Judas did his money-bag, some one self-will, and so they in the end, never dreaming of it, become Judases themselves. Others run away from Him when the trial comes;

they will not go along with Him up the steep road of His Passion; they hide themselves among the olive-trees on the mount, and are content to watch from under the shelter the lights and lanterns of those who are carrying off Jesus like a thief; ah! the day will come when He will come more like a thief in the night than He looked that Thursday, but there will be no olive-trees then to hide under. Others follow Him afar off, not too near, not in the way of perfection, "afar off," says Scripture: out upon them! why not try to get as near Jesus as one can? half-hearted Christians, why, was He a half-hearted Jesus? Shame upon *them*, too; and what comes of their *far-off* fashion of following, why, one of the two denies Him! He swore he would go with Him to death; it was his vocation; he made a great profession of faith, and now he begins by following afar off, then he goes creeping up to the warm fire of this world's comforts, (for it was a cold night, the Testament says), and then all his spirit gets warmed and relaxed, and he curses and swears that he does not know "the Man," as he contemptuously calls Him, calls his own Jesus! Oh if people only knew what mostly comes of far-off following! — Blessed be God! for the worst of them there is always the chance (alas! but a chance) of Peter's tears.

LETTER LXXIV.—TO THE SAME.

Florence, St. Benedict's Day,
March 21, 1846.



My dear William:

We are all of us now preparing to celebrate the Feast of our sweet Mother, the Annunciation; and so I will begin my letter to you with her, and try to persuade you to become very devoted to her, a true son, and a loving one, and then she will be a loving Mother to you. Alas! William, we belong to a country where the people think it fine to talk against

the Mother of Jesus; they really seem to think that they please Jesus when they refuse to pay honor to His Mother, whom He loved so tenderly, and whom He has now exalted to the brightest, brightest glory. Let us then, when we become monks, make it one of our chief ends to make up in our poor way to this sweet Mother for the ignorant rudeness of the Protestants. Without great devotion to the Blessed Virgin it is quite impossible ever to arrive at Christian perfection; and indeed, many of the chief doctors of the Church think it is impossible to be saved without devotion to her. You are full of strong feelings of love; when you become a monk your heart will long for a mother, besides your earthly mother; a mother who can be always near you, always full of love to you, always as able as she is ready to help you in heaven above. Mary is the Mother of monks; so she must be your Mother and mine. O sweet Lady, dearest Mother, be a Mother to us two, now and in the hour of our death! Of course, there cannot be any manner of doubt but that Mary *can* obtain from Jesus all that we want for our salvation and perfection. He it is who said, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" how great then will the honor be that He will pay to His Mother! He used to hear her prayers upon earth; He said at Cana that His time was not yet come, but for all that He worked a miracle before His time, because Mary asked it of Him: will He not much more hear her prayers now that He has taken her up, and put her on a throne, and crowned her with bright stars? To be sure He will. And if we know beyond a doubt that Mary *can* obtain all we want for our salvation and perfection, I am sure we can have no doubt but that she *wishes* to obtain it for us, wishes to obtain it even more than we wish it ourselves, because we are so dull and cold and formal and heartless and self-loving and are always missing grace because we have not love enough to ask for it! Do you not remember, William, how she stood at the foot of the cross, and watched the Passion of her Son, how she counted the minutes and the drops of blood, how she looked up and would fain have wiped the clotted blood from

out of His beautiful eyes, but she could not reach so far, how every pang went into her own soul like a sword; and do you think she does not long with all the longing of a wonderful mother to increase the fruit of that dear awful Passion? And what is its best fruit but the souls that are made perfect through the three vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity? She *can* obtain all grace for us; who doubts but that she wishes to obtain it? Ah! and we will not let her: we put our coldness in the way, our unbelief, our silly hankerings after the ways of the world and its carnal joys. She *can* obtain all and she *wishes* to obtain all; throw yourself then, my dear boy, into her loving arms, promise to be her son, to love her as Jesus did, and to do all your little common actions as a servant, just as Jesus did all His common actions in the house at Nazareth. Ah! think how many times He went for water to the well, how many times He swept the floor, how many times He turned the grindstone for St. Joseph, think what He was in Mary's eye when she sat on the step of the door and watched the Boy who created the worlds, helping St. Joseph in the shop. O dear, dear Jesus, O happy, happy Mary, Mother of us all: what else is there on earth on love but Jesus and Mary? Devote yourself then, William, devote yourself to that sweet Mother; picture to yourself that you are a young man of Nazareth, knowing the secret of that wonderful house, and telling it to no one, only behaving to Mary, Joseph, and Jesus as you would have done. O how happy, how quiet will your life be, if you can live it so: how happy shall I be in seven or eight weeks time to find you living so, and then to take you to live with me, to edify me and to set me a good example, to help me with your prayers and to make me happy with your obedience and your love. This love and devotion to the Holy Virgin Mother of Jesus is one of the chief marks of difference between Catholics and Protestants; and so ought to be more precious to us who have been brought out of the darkness of Protestantism, and have to try to make up for the coldness and the forgetfulness of our past life toward the most Holy Virgin. But I can write

no more at present: let me hear how you are, and whether you are still firm in your vocation. I hope to be with you about the 26th of May. God bless you, my dear William, and believe me ever

Very affectionately yours,
F. W. F.

After spending some weeks at Florence, Mr. Faber and Mr. Hutchison determined to proceed to Rome, in order to make their first Easter Communion in the Holy City. They accordingly started on the Feast of the Annunciation, Wednesday, the 25th of March, and taking the road by Arezzo and Perugia, arrived at Foligno on the afternoon of Saturday. The next morning, before continuing their journey, they assisted at the *Messa de' Cacciatori*, a mass celebrated in the cathedral before daylight, for the benefit of the young men of the town, who were going to spend the day in shooting in the neighborhood.

A slight *detour* was made in order to visit Loreto, which was reached on the 30th of March. The Holy House, of which Mr. Hutchison was hereafter to be the defender,* made a great impression upon both the travellers, who received within its walls a notable accession of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. With a few stones from the beach as memorials of their visit, they left Loreto for Rome, taking with them, out of charity, one of the *Fate-bene-fratelli* of St. John of God, who was also on his way thither. He proved an agreeable companion, and repaid the service rendered

* Loreto and Nazareth. By William Antony Hutchison, Priest of the Oratory. London: Dillon, 1868.

him by curing Mr. Faber's feet, which had become sore and painful from walking.

On the Saturday before Palm Sunday, the travellers entered Rome, for the first time as Catholics. They drove at once to the English College, where they were most hospitably received by the rector, Dr. Grant, who invited them to take up their residence there during their stay in the Holy City, an offer which was gratefully accepted. Their time was spent pleasantly and profitably under the guidance of Dr. Grant, and they succeeded in obtaining what they had proposed to themselves as one of the great objects of their visit to Italy, that they should get thoroughly *steeped* in Catholicism. Many consultations were held with Dr. Grant on the subject of Mr. Faber's plans, which were also submitted to, and approved by Cardinal Acton, who remarked that he thought it better, when practicable, for converted clergymen to become priests, because Englishmen have the idea of there being something indelible about orders, and do not like their passing away altogether.*

At Easter, Mr. Hutchison formally proposed himself to Mr. Faber as a member of the new community. He had expressed a wish to this effect several times

* With regard to Anglican orders, Mr. Faber, instead of being anxious for their validity, used to say that it was a comfort to feel the contrary, because of the sacrilegious communions which would otherwise be made by people who have no idea of contrition as a preparation. He also thought it absolutely necessary that all converts should be baptized under condition, saying that, although he was himself careful, he would not for the world that any one baptized by him should not receive that sacrament conditionally when received into the Church.

before, in the course of their journey; but Mr. Faber, not wishing to allow his companion to commit himself to such a course before his mind should be fully made up, had refused to enter upon the subject. This was the more disinterested on his part, inasmuch as the hopes of assistance with which he had undertaken the journey had been disappointed, and the contributions which Mr. Hutchison would have it in his power to make would put an end to the pecuniary difficulties with which his project at Birmingham was surrounded. At this time, however, by the advice of Dr. Grant, Mr. Hutchison's proposal was accepted, and it was agreed that he should join the community as soon as he returned to England.

On the Thursday in Holy Week, Mr. Faber wrote to Mr. Watts Russell at Birmingham:

LETTER LXXV.—TO M. WATTS RUSSELL, ESQ.

If I can begin with a household of five to match our Saviour's wounds I shall be content. But it is up-hill work, and, truth to say, I am worn out, worn out, worn out. My last year's complaint in my feet has broken out again; and I feel more than ever the burden of beginning life over again at my age, standing alone, and surrounded with uncertainty. Then again I find here that there are a host of *canonical* objections to the Rule and Congregation, and I hardly know how to turn myself. I am like a tired-out spider, whose web has been demolished so often that he is inclined to give up spinning it over again. St. Wilfrid seems to get for me a kind of dogged cheerfulness, and so I go on and on and on; and perhaps I may not live much longer, and then it will be well to have worked up to the last moment. But enough

Tell Mr. Moore all manner of kind things from me, and that he must fabricate monks as rapidly as possible, which I suppose is a new kind of *Brummagem ware*. I thought of you all at communion this morning, having made my Easter confession at the Gesù to a Jesuit, with whom I *quarrelled* three years ago. I went to confess in his cell, and he did not know me again; afterwards I introduced myself, and he received me in the most affectionate manner possible. At Florence, the Superior of the Camaldolese expressed a great desire to see me; he was ill in bed, and his bed full of snuff; he seized my head, buried it in the snuffy clothes, and kissed me most unmercifully. Cardinal Acton fell on my neck, and embraced me like a mother. Mr. Sisk kissed me twice at Chelsea; and Mr. F. nearly upset me in your drawing-room: there must be something very *nice* about me.

Easter week was pleasantly spent with the English College at Monte Porzio, whence excursions were made to Tusculum, Nemi, Albano, and Genazzano, famous for its miraculous image of the Mother of Good Counsel. On Easter Tuesday, Mr. Faber wrote to Mr. Morris:

LETTER LXXVI. — To J. B. MORRIS, Esq.

I received your most welcome letter yesterday. I left Rome in the morning with the English College, which has migrated to their country-house here for a few days of fresh air, when we return again to Rome.

I am so, so happy, I cannot tell you. I have had great temptations, very great ones; but I made a pilgrimage to Loreto, and I hardly dare say what happened to me there. It is enough to say that I asked a great thing of our dearest Lady in the Santa Casa, and she got it for me in ten minutes, and I quite burn with love to her. Perfection consists in doing God's holy will; otherwise, for my own spiritual advancement I fancy the Jesuit noviciate would be the place

for me; but as far as one so vile as I can judge, it seems not to be God's will. His providence seems to have committed me to England, and given me spiritual ties there which I may not rupture. I hope therefore to be back by St. Philip Neri's day, in England the 27th of May, and then, with the Bishop's leave, I will try my community plan for eighteen months, and if it should fail I shall ask Newman to take me in at Maryvale. On my return I shall ask the Bishop to draw out a little plan of reading for me, which I shall follow under his obedience, so that if I should ever be judged fit (which I hardly can be) for the priesthood, I may have been directing my studies rightly. This is my plan, so far as I have any.

Meanwhile, the complaint in my feet has returned violently; I hardly kept Lent at all, my confessor and the medico prohibiting it, but Holy Week I rather perversely kept, and I think it has done some harm, or at least did at the time. However, they say in Rome that the complaint is quite incurable; so one must take the incommmodity (for it is rather that than pain) as a favor from our Lord.

I had a mass said for Newman and Maryvale in the Portiuncula at Assisi, in the little chapel where St. Francis composed his Rule, and I had another one said in the Santa Casa for the same intention. I hardly ever hear mass or visit the Blessed Sacrament without making special mention of Maryvale; and to-day, because my heart was yearning toward a *certain friend* there who is always blowing me up, I heard a mass for him early, before the mass at which I communicated, and I hope he will sometimes return the favor. I communicated this morning for my poor boys, W. and J. Pitts, who seem to be persevering delightfully. I had three masses said for them in the house at Assisi, where the boy St. Francis was confined by his father.

I go to the Pope next week: I was rather anxious to avoid this, but the Cardinal thought that I ought to do so. The Protestant bishop of Gibraltar has been here, *i. e.*, at Rome, to confirm, and there was a dispute between the Puseyites and Evangelicals whether he should have a cross carried before

him; but the Evangelicals carried the day. The Romans were disgusted with the impertinence, but they could not make the dear old Pope angry; he chuckled hugely, and said he really had not been aware hitherto that Rome was in the diocese of Gibraltar!!

Tell W. that if I could manage to conceal it under a heap of rosaries, I would get a tea-kettle blessed for him by Santo Padre, but I fear it is impossible. The other day His Holiness took a fit of unholy mirth, and nothing would content him but he must mimic to an English Catholic the way the English Protestants did homage, a familiar nod with their chin, as if they had swallowed pokers; he did it *inimitably* well; I suspect the next Anglican who goes (if he did but know this) would prostrate himself from sheer vexation. Since he got his interview with the Czar over, he has been like a boy that has said a hard lesson and is safe; he sang mass most lustily on Easter day.

The presentation to Pope Gregory XVI., which is alluded to above, is thus described by Mr. Hutchison:

"His Holiness received us most kindly, and was reminded by Dr. Grant that some years before, Faber had been presented to him when he was an Anglican, and that His Holiness' blessing had not been without effect. When the Pope learnt what was the annual value of the living which Faber had given up, he seemed a good deal impressed, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, 'Ah! that was a fine patrimony!' The interview ended by his giving us his blessing, and telling us to go back to England and convert as many of our friends as we could; words in which we pleased ourselves in seeing a certain mission and authorization of our plans."

About this time several copies of the pamphlet published by Mr. Faber on the occasion of his conversion reached Rome, but the first distribution of them was stopped by the religious censors, who were misled by

the title, and imagined that they really contained "Grounds for remaining in the Anglican Communion," and were consequently heretical. The mistake was soon rectified; and the Master of the Sacred Palace, in expressing to the author his regret that it had occurred, complimented him by saying he must remember that the devil sometimes disguised himself as an angel of light.

Mr. Faber's anxiety about his community at Birmingham prevented his making a long stay in Rome. Filled as both the travellers were with the love of everything Roman, they consoled themselves for their departure by the thought that they were going to work for Rome in England. They had learned much that was afterward of use to them, and had been encouraged by the valuable advice given them by their kind friend, Dr. Grant. From Cardinal Acton they had also received many proofs of affectionate interest in their plans, and he gave them reason to hope that there would be much less difficulty than they had anticipated in their being admitted to Holy Orders.

On the 25th of April they began their return home. As they left the city they stopped at the Chiesa Nuova to make a parting visit to St. Philip, and then, taking leave of Dr. Grant on the steps of the church, proceeded on their way to Civita Vecchia through the Piazza of St. Peter's, where the clergy of the different basilicas were assembling for the procession of St. Mark. On the following day they embarked for Leghorn, whence they continued their journey to Florence. After spending a few days there, they travelled rapidly

by Genoa, Turin, and the Mont Cenis to Annecy, where they venerated the relics of St. Francis of Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Pressing onward by Geneva and Strasburg, they went down the Rhine to Cologne, and thus to Ostend, where they took the steamer for London. Mr. Hutchison thus describes their feelings on returning to England :

“I suppose no one can approach London by the river from the sea, the only fit way of approaching it, without being deeply impressed by the immensity of the great city, with its perpetual canopy of smoke, which seems to conceal, and yet perhaps magnifies its vast extent. But to us, who could but look upon it as the great sinful capital of heretical England, the sight of it was painfully interesting and almost depressing; for what could *we* hope to do toward furthering the conversion of this great empire, and yet it was with the view of devoting ourselves to this work that we had now come back to England.”

Once landed at London Bridge, the travellers set off for Euston Square, so as to reach Birmingham on the evening of the same day, Saturday, the 16th of May. Their arrival was quite unexpected, as it was supposed that they would be detained for some time longer in Italy. They brought with them large stores of rosaries, medals, crucifixes, prints, &c., and a collection of Italian books on asceticism and piety, then unused in England, which became the source of the popular devotions since practised at the Oratory. The Rosary of the Seven Dolours was at that time a novelty in this country, and as it first became widely known in it through the Oratory, it must be counted among the fruits of this visit to Italy.

CHAPTER VIII.

1846-8.

THE work which Mr. Faber had undertaken presented difficulties of no ordinary character. Himself a convert of few months standing, and still a layman, he was charged with the government and training of a number of young men, whose experience of Catholic life was no longer than his own, and whom he was to mould into a religious body. In short, he was compelled, under the direction of, or rather under obedience to, the ecclesiastical authorities of the Central District, to assume the position of founder and superior of a new congregation. The proceedings of converts were regarded at this time with a watchful jealousy, and Mr. Faber's undertaking was not likely to escape scrutiny and criticism.

During his absence in Italy steps had been taken toward obtaining a more commodious residence for the community. Mr. M. Watts Russell had secured for it an empty house in Colmore Terrace, Birmingham, next door to his own, which he also transferred to Mr. Faber when he left the town, shortly afterward. The simple wants of the community made the preparation of the premises for their reception an easy task, and within a fortnight of Mr. Faber's return from the continent the brothers were in possession of

their new quarters. Mr. Faber thus describes his prospects in a letter to an old friend :

LETTER LXXVII.—TO A FRIEND (B.)

77 Caroline Street, Birmingham,
Sunday within Oct. Ascens. 1846.

On St. Augustine's day,* I enter a monastery; what my happiness is at this prospect I can hardly describe to you. Though troubles, trials, and outward persecutions, and the most distressing calumnies are all around me, and though I have shrunk from the invidious task which holy obedience has now laid upon me, yet nothing seems to disturb my inward peace. To be sure, the blue sky, and the green fields, and the river-side, and the gray gables, and the idolatry of Elton are far other than the smoke, and the dense streets, and the denser mass of unbelief and utterly abandoned souls, and the stifling sick-rooms, and the hooting and pelting of Birmingham, yet the last is more to my mind *now*; and I hope God may bless us and quicken our love for these poor English artisans more and more.

You must at any rate come and see me; and I hope you will find Brother Wilfrid walking the smoky lanes of Birmingham, with the boys cutting jokes on his habit, a being not a whit less gay than the Frederick Faber of the Lakes; and a great deal more boyish, for all that his dear, angry friends have persecuted him into grey hairs.

The community consisted, at the time of its removal to Colmore Terrace, of the superior, who took the name of Brother Wilfrid of the Humanity of Jesus, three choir brothers, and nine lay brothers. Mr. Hutchison had been received as Brother Antony of the Blessed Sacrament, and Mr. Mills, another Cambridge convert,

* May 26, the Feast of St. Philip Neri.

now a father of the Birmingham Oratory, as Brother Austin of the Ascension. They were established, with the permission of the bishop, under the title of Brothers of the Will of God, and placed under the patronage of our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, and St. Wilfrid. From the name of the latter Saint they were commonly called Wilfridians.

The object of the institute, as far as concerned the choir brothers, was to provide a body of priests who should be ready to undertake the charge of any good works which might be entrusted to them by the bishop and the parochial clergy. It was also to afford the advantage of confessionals open at all times to any one who might come, thus exhibiting one of the peculiar characteristics of the Oratory. The work destined for the lay brothers has been already described. The Wilfridians were to take the three simple vows, and the property of the members was to be in common. By a fiction invented by Brother Wilfrid in order that he might avoid the title and dignity of superior, the true superior was considered to be St. Joseph.

Whitsunday, in that year the last day of the month of Mary, was the date at which the Wilfridian community was fairly launched, and began to observe its rule. Its austere manner of life was described by Brother Antony as follows :

“ We had three abstinence days in the week ; and breakfast, to an Englishman usually the most comfortable meal, was rendered very much the reverse by being taken standing, in silence, and consisting of dry bread and tea without sugar. Butter and permission to sit were given on festivals, to whose

coming I, for one, used therefore to look forward with satisfaction. We rose at half-past five. At six we assembled in the room fitted up as a chapel, for half an hour's meditation in common. Then the choir brothers said the Hours, after which we went to St. Chad's to mass, in parties of two or three. After mass and communion we returned to Colmore Terrace to breakfast; then came a short visit to the chapel, after which the lay brothers were busy in household work. At half-past twelve, the choir brothers said vespers and compline, and the others came to join in some devotions.

"Then came dinner, during which there was spiritual reading. This was followed by recreation, up to which the rule of silence was observed from the beginning of the day, except on Sundays and festivals.

"The afternoon was left tolerably free till about five, then came matins and lauds. After tea and recreation we generally assembled in the chapel to receive instructions in mental prayer, examination of conscience, and such subjects, from Brother Wilfrid. After this followed the giving of the meditation for the morrow, the Rosary of the Seven Dolours, and other night prayers of the community. The brothers were encouraged to practice other devotions during the day, and to use the discipline in their own rooms. A triduo or novena was almost always going on, and a relic of a Saint exposed on the altar.

"One day, I remember, when a relic of St. Thomas of Canterbury was exposed, a Protestant was brought to be converted. Among other things, the man said he did not like to see that lion and unicorn in the Protestant churches, in which Brother Wilfrid, of course, agreed. After they had talked for some time, he took the man into the chapel. There the visitor, seeing the relic surrounded by lights, inquired what it meant, and on its being explained to him, he asked further to be told the history of St. Thomas. This Brother Wilfrid skilfully epitomized by saying that he was a most holy man, who lost his life in resisting the introduction of the lion and unicorn into church. Nothing could have given the man a better idea

of the Saint, for whom he at once expressed the greatest veneration."

The brothers wore a black cassock, buttoned in front like that of the Roman secular clergy, with wide sleeves, and on the breast a cross between the letters V. D. (*Voluntas Dei*) in red cloth. Over the habit was a scanty cloth cloak, also black, on which the same device was repeated. Round the waist was a black leathern girdle, from which a rosary was suspended. The choir brothers wore the Roman collar, and the laics the stock without the white collar.

For the first two weeks the community had to put up with many inconveniences. Their accommodation was not sufficient for their numbers, until the departure of their neighbors put the adjoining house at their disposal: also, as Colmore Terrace lies low, and is surrounded by houses, the unusual heat of the summer of 1846 was severely felt.

Bishop Wiseman and Brother Wilfrid were both of opinion that it was not advisable to involve the community in external occupations at that early stage of its existence, before its members had undergone a certain amount of training and made their noviciate, and consequently, with the exception of visiting a few sick people, they were engaged in little or no work beyond their own walls. This, however, did not meet the wishes of Mr. Moore, who was then their confessor. Ever active himself, and deeply impressed with the necessities of his flock, he did not see the force of Brother Wilfrid's reasons for the delay, and therefore, lest the young community should suffer from his de-

sire to thrust it into work, the bishop determined to appoint the Rev. Mr. Heneage, of Erdington, near Oscott,* to be its confessor in his place. The change was greatly to the advantage of the Brothers, as Mr. Heneage devoted one whole day in each week to the community, and was thus enabled to give ample time to each penitent.

Toward the end of June, Brother Wilfrid was put in possession of the adjoining premises, and the necessary alterations were at once made for throwing the two houses into one, by which the regularity and comfort of the community were much increased. A large room was fitted up as a library, in which some of Brother Wilfrid's books from Elton, the Lives of the Saints and other spiritual works purchased in Italy, and a few volumes of theology, were arranged. (This collection has since formed the nucleus of the Library of the London Oratory.) But the greatest benefit which was derived from the increased accommodation was the fitting up of a chapel sufficiently large to receive the whole community. A room of considerable size, which had formerly been the drawing-room, was devoted to this purpose, and decorated in the Gothic style, with red walls, a blue ceiling, and a handsome altar after a design by Pugin, so as to present a fairly ecclesiastical appearance. The bishop gave permission for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in this chapel, a priest from St. Chad's saying Mass there occasionally, beginning on the Feast of St. Anne, July the 26th.

* Now chaplain to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith.

The brothers had now a large garden at the back of their house, and although it was but a forlorn-looking place, filled with black, smoky fruit-trees and sickly evergreens, it gave them the opportunity of taking exercise without the necessity of going out into the town. In the evening, they used to allow a number of poor Catholic boys to come and play in it, ending their games always with the Litany of Loreto, sung in procession. If the community had remained long in Birmingham, this would have received further development, and have led to the establishment of some sort of Little Oratory or Confraternity.

Few incidents occurred at first to interrupt the quiet manner of life which was thus adopted. To quote Brother Antony again :

“ We went out but little, except to mass at St. Chad’s on week-days, and to the high mass and vespers on Sundays, when the choir brothers occupied seats in the stalls. At first we went through the streets in our habit, but at Mr. Moore’s request this was discontinued.

“ Inside our house I think we succeeded to a great extent in doing what Brother Wilfrid proposed, ignoring the existence of Protestantism, and living as if we were in Italy. Perhaps it was because we were still in the first fervor of our conversion ; but certainly, in those early days, we seemed to live almost in the companionship of the Saints and the Madonna. We led a most unworldly life, and I do not think it was unreal, notwithstanding, perhaps, a little occasional eccentricity. It is true we were merely beginners, revelling in the beauty of Catholic devotions, with which, for the most part, we had till then been unacquainted. We gained much, both in experience of community life and in many other ways, during those first months at Birmingham.

“ We adopted many Italian customs and practices of de-

votion, especially to the Madonna. The devotion of Maria Desolata was observed every week, from Friday evening to Sunday morning. On the Vigil of the Assumption the chapel was adorned with an abundance of candles and fir-trees, which was our great idea of decoration in those days, and we took it in turn to watch each for an hour in the chapel during the night before the Feast. We used also every evening at the Ave to burn a candle before a picture of the Madonna in the library, and this on one occasion served to guide a friend whom we had known in Rome to our house. He was coming to stay with us, and arriving in the evening, was wandering about the road trying in vain to find the house, when through the curtains of a window, which were half undrawn, he saw the Madonna with her burning light, and understood at once that there must be the house he sought."

Occasionally, as was natural, Brother Wilfrid and Brother Antony visited Mr. Newman and his friends at Old Oscott, to which they had given the name of Maryvale. Indeed, it was proposed by Brother Wilfrid to resign his community into the hands of Mr. Newman, to be governed or altered at his pleasure, but the offer was not accepted. This took place before the introduction of the Oratory into England had been decided upon.

Brother Wilfred was requested by the Bishop about this time to found a new monastery of his order at Nottingham, and a house and chapel were offered to him for that purpose, but want of funds prevented him from entertaining the project.

"Perhaps it is quite as well," he wrote in a letter to a Protestant friend (Letter LXXVIII.) describing the Bishop's proposal, "that we Papists should remain in the catacombs a little longer; our business is with the poor and artisans; we

must spread there first, before we can expect to find success in higher quarters, or in rural districts. I believe the large manufacturing towns will be converted, and that their weight will decide the rest of England; and few people have any true idea of how far *that* work has already gone. For myself I have neither wishes nor anxieties about the matter, in a political point of view: I merely long to increase the fruit of my dear Saviour's Passion, and in my beloved England to increase the number of *worshippers of Mary*, for I know no better expression. That sweetest, dearest, and kindest of mothers is ever with me, and my heart burns, actually burns with the most enthusiastic love for the glorious, mighty, gentle, enthroned Deipara. I never knew what it was to love Jesus till I laid my heart at the feet of Mary, and that great Lady spurned it not. In the streets of Birmingham she is with me, or my heart is far away with her, and I am hardly conscious to myself that it is not centuries ago, right in the heart of the Ages of Faith, O Brother of my heart, once Brother in Faith, I cannot describe to you my abounding happiness: I cannot tell you how sweetly dear Catholic truth seems to me, or how plain is the falsehood and treachery and stiff heresy and quibbling schism which yet, but not for long, enthrals my dear friend; but I must not argue. I think it is best to refrain from that. I am a Brother of the Will of God, and I must wait on that will, as my rule binds me. Life now is little short of heaven, and the bliss increases daily, because the calmness of it deepens daily; for I am reading hard, and a quiet, rational undoubtingness of the sole exclusive privileges of the Holy Roman Church grows on me as I read. Still I would fain that you could know a little of what I feel; men will say that the fervor of a new convert is of little account. Alas! a day's fervor in the love of God brings grace enough to make a man a saint; and eight months is long for a fit of fervor, and that it should increase instead of diminish is also strange, and that amid poverty and uncertainty and outward difficulties not a few. How beautifully Oakeley describes a convert's feelings in his three

articles in the Dublin, two in the March number, (on Prayers for England and Pusey's Sermon) and one in the June number (on the Ordination service), and how solemnly Newman describes them in his extraordinary article on Keble in the June number. I wish everybody could read them.... My mouth waters when you "babble o' green fields" and "St. Catharine's by the silver lake;" the thought of the *awful* gulf that is now betwixt me and flesh, blood, and places I idolized before sends a cold chill over me; but the red cross on my rough habit must keep that little beater down, and bid it beat, not less ardently, but for Jesus only—Jesus, my daily Guest, my Lord, my Life, my Love, my All.

Most affectionately and devotedly yours,

WILFRID OF THE HUMANITY OF JESUS, F. V. D.

Blessed be the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

Viva Gesù, Giuseppe, e Maria!

The work at Colmore Terrace progressed steadily, although many ill-natured reports were circulated against it. Brother Wilfred mentioned several of these stories in a letter to Mr. Morris, who was at that time at Maryvale, and cautioned him against giving heed to them.

LETTER LXXIX.—To J. B. MORRIS, Esq.

VOLUNTAS DEI.

St. Wilfrid's, Colmore Terrace, Birmingham.

August 5, 1846.

Many thanks for your most kind letter. I shall begin by saying that I do not doubt the whole of it, so far as blame is concerned, is quite true and richly deserved by me, and I will try to realize it more and more in the presence of God by distinct act. With regard to the rest, I think it well to

make some remarks for your information more than anything else. By the way, talking of our *plans*, we have no "plans;" different things have come before us *ab extra*, which we could not and cannot but consider; meanwhile we have been simply praying and communicating to know God's will, or rather that He should make it known to our superiors. For myself, *intellectually*, I can argue so equally on both sides, that I do not at all see my way, or want to see it; *morally*, I am in the state of the most stone-like indifference, if I know myself, and am not not unsettled by the undecided state we are left in. I would not lift up a finger either way, to decide it.

All you have said, so far as it is any more (and it is a great deal more) than a very well deserved censure on myself, is a strong argument for leaving Birmingham. Here we have lots of strange priests almost daily, and they ask one's views downright, and speak of the Rule, and one can hardly help speaking dogmatically, without in a short visit getting that character of jealous reserve which old Catholics fancy they see in most converts, and by which they are specially disgusted. They come at all hours, stay to meals, take one by surprise, throw one into a hurry, and I must not deny that they have not unfrequently put me out of temper; and I do not think I was in a good humor the night you were here. Hence the importance, even spiritually, of getting out of a large town at present, of withdrawing from notice and remark, of being more with God and one's books for three or four years' training. Here a public position is *forced* upon us; I cannot as a young layman without vows shut my doors, without the charge of affectation, or of a wish to hide myself from old Catholics. I do not think that any but Dr. Wiseman, and to some extent Mr. Heneage, know what I have had already to do; but you *do* know my own earnest desire to abandon it all and be under obedience, not in command. But Dr. Wiseman holds me here. It is odd enough that one of the very arguments used for my staying is the great edification which many of the strange priests have said they received in this house, and how much they had been struck by some things which they wish to imitate.

And as to the word Mariolatry, all I meant to say was, that we spent all our time in teaching people what we were *not* to do to Mary, instead of pushing forward the ardent worship of her, as we ought to do. Mr. R. could not have taken me *au pied de la lettre*; and you will remember he fell foul of St. Alphonso's doctrine of equivocation, whom the Church has canonized, declaring that in his works there is nothing rash, scandalous, or *quod sapit errorem*; and the church is infallible in *materia morum*. In good truth it is odd that I should go to Loreto to beg devotion to our dear Lady, and that afterwards in two solemn communions I should have vowed my life, health, strength, intellect and senses to be her slave and to spread her devotion, in great measure because I feared converts relapsing from want of that great sign of predestination; and then that it should be thought that I was like one who *never* "warmed," as a bishop expressed it to me, to Mary.

Now for all there may be of self-defence in what I have said, may God forgive me and humble me. I have really written under a sense that it is a very important matter. I am in a position of immense difficulty, and danger no less. I seemed to be placed here, not by myself, but by a continuation of the circumstances under which I was converted. I was actually placed here by the bishop; he held me here against my will; nothing is done or "driven" by us without his knowledge and consent; he writes to warn me that I shall "not be understood, even by many good people," but that in spite of that I am to hold on, confident of his affection and complete confidence. Lastly, as to my falling away, I can only say, my dear J——, pray for me. I fear I am far more obstinate than vacillating: in old times, to which you allude, I am not aware I ever changed. When I passed from an Evangelical to a Puseyite, I never went the lengths others did, and so they complained, and you among the rest, whom I used to think disobedient to Anglicanism. I offended many by leaving Oxford and throwing up a literary life, you and Newman among the number; and you called it fickleness. I

can look quietly back upon it, and I believe I took all existing means to find out my vocation, and that I solemnly believed that my vocation was to pastoral activity and not to study. I think so still. I believe I am more reserved than I need be to friends, and so do not in general give all my reasons for conduct, as not much caring to be justified; so I obstinately rejected all the advice you gave me about my leaving Ambleside, and I think rightly.

In 1843 my visit to Rome completely changed me, I grant. I returned with principles as different from those of ordinary Puseyites in one direction, as they had been different in the opposite direction from yours and theirs before I went; till we were both Catholics, you and I never stood on one *standpunkt* of religious belief; and perhaps few know how *slight* (sacraments excepted of course) the change has been to me; the Italianism of 1843, kept up in a disadvantageous way till I left Elton, merely goes ahead more freely and naturally and honestly.* I twice *oscillated* toward Rome, and Newman forcibly held me back; I am not aware that I ever took a step back, *i. e.*, *vacillated*, for a moment. But, after all, whether naturally vacillating or not, one cannot realize too much that it is simply God's grace (to which the Anglican doctrine of habit, so abhorrent to my old evangelical leaven throughout, contributes nothing) which keeps one out of mortal sin, and that if He is angry with me I shall fall. To me, one of the most striking things is, that the more Roman I get, the more I seem to recover, only in a safe way and with make-weights, of old boyish evangelical feelings, instead of the cold *gentility-izing* ethics of Williams and others, which never came natural to me.

However, thank you once more very much for your letter, and pray that it may have its right effect. Seek my perfection, but do not be alarmed at what you hear people say; remember, the bishop even forewarned me of this; I am in

* Mr. Faber wrote to Dr. Grant after his conversion: "By the grace of God, and the love of Rome in my heart as you put it there, I am a Catholic."

his hands; I have not *one* secret from him; you must have confidence that all will come right. Alas! that such an one as I should have to be where I am! it is but yesterday that Mr. Heneage has peremptorily ordered me to take a line of conduct in a certain matter which will have a most proud, presuming appearance; I ventured to object, but he bids me forget myself, and realize the position the bishop has placed me in; and that I must disregard my own reputation, because of my duty as superior to others. But, my dear friend, if you give ear to what you hear around you, you will be full of fears, and the worst of those fears will be that they will not quicken, but distract your prayers for one, whose predestination for anything you know may be made dependent upon them.

In the month of July the Brothers began to think of extending their operations by the erection either in their garden, or on some ground close by, of a larger chapel, in which they could occasionally have some popular services; and inquiries were being made concerning designs and estimates, when an event occurred which entirely changed their plans.

"I must tell you," Brother Wilfrid wrote to Mr. Watts Russell on the 23d July, (Letter LXXX.,) "that we do not seem to get on here for reasons too long to enter into; and I have vowed my life to my dear Lady, body, soul, and spirit, to spread her devotion; and we are keeping a novena to her mother, St. Anne, with great fervor, and are learning God's will about buying a site, &c., &c. And would you believe it? on Tuesday, Lord Shrewsbury, who has an enthusiastic—I don't know what for me and for my order, sends to offer me as a free gift a piece of land adjoining the church at Cheadle, which he has given £1,730 for! and Cotton Hall for the *maison de campagne* of the order, and Newman rushed in to tell me the news. I hesitated, because God's will is my rule. . . .

"Strange to say! Saturday is the last day of the novena to the glorious St. Anne, and Lord Shrewsbury has oddly fixed to come over to me from Alton Towers *on that very day* to have my final answer, and Mr. Heneage has ordered me to decide nothing, but that when Lord Shrewsbury speaks God will put into my mouth what to say. You may judge of Lord Shrewsbury's kind feelings by the tone of his last: 'Dear and Rev. Sir: I am much obliged by your kind favor, and shall do myself the pleasure of calling at the monastery between five and six on Saturday afternoon, if it be not too inconvenient an hour, that is, if I hear nothing to the contrary. Lady S. is also very anxious to make your acquaintance, and, as I presume that your Rule excludes ladies from your precincts, we must hope you will be able to find a moment's leisure on Sunday to come and see us at the Railroad Hotel, as you were good enough to offer to do. I trust to hear that you have not altogether turned a deaf ear to my message through Mr. Newman. I have just spoken to our good bishop on the subject, and *he* at least approves the project, and I still hope before long to show you the localities, as we cannot yet (I had refused his invitation) renounce our expectation of seeing you here (Alton Towers) on occasion of the dedication of St. Giles. Believe me, Rev. and dear Sir, very truly and faithfully yours, Shrewsbury.' It is but a few months since two Protestant parsons gossiped over a crude dream in the garden at Benefield, and but seven months since the founder was a beggared expectant of a prison from his Protestant successor; surely God must have a purpose upon us."

The princely offer of Lord Shrewsbury was made the subject of most anxious consideration and prayer. The opinions of Brother Wilfrid's friends were much divided; the Birmingham clergy, naturally unwilling to lose such valuable auxiliaries, were opposed to the removal of the community from the town and neigh-

borhood. Mr. Newman, on the other hand, who had brought Lord Shrewsbury's message to Brother Wilfrid, was strongly in favor of the proposed change, thinking it a great advantage for the Brothers, as removing the danger of their being too soon swallowed up by active work, and thus breaking down. Bishop Walsh and Mr. Heneage took the same side, and in the following letter from Brother Wilfrid to Mr. Watts Russell, dated Aug. 2, 1846, an account is given of the arguments for and against the scheme, and of the state of holy indifference in which he himself desired to await the decision of his superiors: —

LETTER LXXXI.

Lord Shrewsbury came on Saturday week, and then Lord and Lady S. came on Sunday, as I preferred her coming to us to my going to a hotel. But I am so startled with the possibility of doing what is not God's sweet, peaceful will, that I have begged for time, and Lord S. has kindly granted it. The Birmingham people are affectionately up in arms against our going, and Lord S. found the feeling so strong that he said he would be contented with a filiation, and says I may divide his offer if I please, and take Cheadle without Cotton or Cotton without Cheadle, if I can't manage both. Thus the offer has been the means of showing us that we are more esteemed here than we had any notion of; but I don't see how a filiation can be managed so early. They do not like the idea of being separated from me, any of them, and think they are not sufficiently trained in the spirit of the Rule and Order. Then again comes the question whether the change of locality will not necessitate some amount of change in the Rule, and so in the peculiarity of the Institute. Indeed the pros and cons are balanced with a perplexing nicety. *My* simple business, as superior, is to realize, as far

as possible, the *indifferentia* of St. Ignatius, and I hope by God's grace that I have done so. The whole congregation is pressing me on in the direction of change, and I feel certainly *burdened* by the duty of decision. I went to Cheadle on Thursday night to collect facts, and to Cotton on Friday morning, and returned to St. Wilfrid's the same night, lest green trees, and fresh air, and Elton-looking rustics should do me a mischief; so far as I know of myself, I feel just as a lifeless stone about the two, but I dread keenly, most keenly, the swerving from the V. D. in the matter. We are, in consequence, keeping the month of August to the Heart of Mary, and thirty-three days to St. Joseph and eighteen communions to him, that we may know God's will; and meanwhile I am sad and overweighed, but in perfect peace. They warn us here that if we leave Birmingham we shall strike a serious blow at the interests of religion generally, and give scandal; and one priest says that the whole affair is a plain temptation of the devil. However distressing it is to be thus driven two ways, I hope I am no more shaken by this vehement positiveness than *èbloui* by the offer itself. I fear we have not money enough for a separate filiation; and besides, I think (if it is not conceit) that at present they could not do without *me* in a house. To be at first more separated from the world, to retire, as converts jealously regarded, from public gaze for preparation, to gain more influence with God *first of all* by increased sanctification; to avoid being *prematurely* forced on work, and so breaking down: these are all in favor of moving. But, God willing, I will not decide the question myself. His will is the one thing; it seems to magnify its own sweetness the longer and the more lovingly we adore it; one is fit to burst out into raptures of venturesome congratulation of God that His will is so all-strong, and we so base and vile; and to wonder that He has not *crushed* us in the path of some great providence instead of making such as we are a part and parcel of His overwhelming, onward-bearing will. Indeed, indeed, when the burden of government is heaviest, one can gaze

on the glittering door of the tabernacle that holds our willing Prisoner of Love, till one can almost fancy one hears the huge will of the Supremely Blessed making melody as it moves along and wheels round us, and sparkles in its rapidity, giving light for a moment to its own beautiful movements, and then leaving us on our knees in the darkness once again, with the music of the same perpetual will all round about. But after all, the hot, choking alleys of Birmingham, with the weary sacrifice of limb and spirits to our neighbor, are sweeter, with that music of **THE WILL** in them, than the solemn woods and sighing yews of Cotton, however it might seem that we should be more with Jesus there, if it be not the music of **THE WILL**, but the poetry of **SELF** which should stir the spirit there. *Viva Gesù, Giuseppe e Maria!* That ends all my consultations, for with them the decision must rest. Meanwhile, pray for us that we may be guided, and pray also that Dr. Wiseman may be guided in what he shall decide when he returns from Germany. With this I give three cheers for indifference, and remain, with kindest love,

Very affectionately yours,

WILFRID OF THE HUMANITY OF JESUS,
F. V. D.

On the 1st of September the beautiful Church of St. Giles, erected by Lord Shrewsbury at Cheadle, was solemnly dedicated, and Brother Wilfrid, Brother Antony, and another member of the community, were invited to Alton Towers, in order that they might assist in the ceremony of consecration, which was performed by Bishop Walsh. It is probable that on this occasion, if not sooner, Brother Wilfrid signified to Lord Shrewsbury his grateful acceptance of the offer of the house and grounds of Cotton, or as it was more commonly called, Cotton Hall. Thither the commu-

nity was transferred from Colmore Terrace in the early part of September, the first Sunday spent there being the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, Sept. 13, 1846.

The position of Cotton Hall was in many ways an advantageous one. Standing at a considerable elevation on the northeast side of a deep valley, the lower part of which was filled with thick wood, it looked across to an opposite bank, crowned by a clump of Scotch firs. With a sloping lawn in front, trees at the west side, and a spacious garden, it must have seemed a paradise to those accustomed to the narrow lodgings, flowerless yards, and the smoky atmosphere of such a town as Birmingham.*

The Brothers of the Will of God entered at once with zeal and energy upon their new work. Many alterations were made in the grounds by the formation of gardens and walks, and the plantation of trees. This was principally done by the lay brothers, one of whom had been gardener at Elton Rectory, the choir brothers, who spent the mornings in study, joining them in the afternoon. At first a room in the house was used as a chapel, but as this was totally inadequate to its purpose, it was determined that a suitable church should be built, in the Gothic style, from designs by Mr. Pugin, the necessary funds being provided by three of the brothers, assisted by a donation of £1000 from Lord Shrewsbury. It is believed that the principal contributor was brother Antony, although the

* Many of the characteristic features of St. Wilfrid's, Cotton, are alluded to in Father Faber's *Hymns, Flowers for the Altar*, No. 92, edition of 1862.

mention of this fact is carefully avoided in his notes relating to that period. The first plan was simple enough, but as the work proceeded, many additions were made to it, and other buildings were undertaken for the use of the community. The Brothers had the advantage of a resident priest, at first the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, who had assisted at their reception into the Church at Northampton, and afterward the Rev. Dr. Faa di Bruno. On the 5th of October, not quite a month after the migration to Cotton, henceforward known as St. Wilfrid's, brother Wilfrid wrote to Mr. Watts Russell :

LETTER LXXXII.

You can scarcely form an idea of the confusion, hurry, work, I may actually say *ubiquity*, which have been required of poor me during the past weeks. From Alton Towers to Cotton, at Cotton from the house to the garden, from the new church to the new school, from the quarry to the wood, from bricklayers and carpenters to painters and glaziers, from Dr. Winter the Dominican to Mr. Winter the steward, from Lord Shrewsbury to Brother Chad, trees, walls, windows, seem to echo Brother Wilfrid, Brother Wilfrid, and the unfortunate Brother Wilfrid was everywhere but in the one place where he ought to have been, viz., before the Blessed Sacrament.

I can say no more now than, 1. that I am to receive minor orders with Brothers Antony and Austin, at the Towers on Monday; 2. that the bishop had fixed St. Edward's day, but that ultimately turning out inconvenient to Lord Shrewsbury, it will now be, D.V., on *St. Wilfrid's* day; 3. that on the same day, the bishop with mitre and crosier will walk round the foundations of my new church of St. Wilfrid, and bless it, and sing the litanies over the rising walls; Pugin says it will be "the only perfect church in England," with "an east

window he could die for;" 4. that I desire you much to pray for me that I may have a most abundant and overflowing share of man's scorn and bad opinion and calumny; I think God means it, and I am earnestly begging it; I think, with His grace, I *can* drink that portion of our dear Lord's cup. 5. Pray also for the Catholic clergy, that they may have more of the ecclesiastical spirit, and be less like *ministers*; that God may raise up Newman or some one to get us a "séminaire," as distinguished from our present Oxford-mimicking colleges. I have come to see that that is what we need; turn all your prayers that way, and if you can get hold of it, read the new *Vie de M. Olier, Fondateur de S. Sulpice*.

I go into three days' retreat on Wednesday night, and into a ten days' one a week after, the first time under an Italian, the second under an English Jesuit.

These arrangements were carried out as projected. Brother Wilfrid received the tonsure and the four minor orders from Bishop Walsh, on the 12th of October, the feast of his patron Saint, together with Brother Antony and Brother Austin, and on the same day the first stone of the new church of St. Wilfrid was blessed by the bishop. The ten days' retreat spoken of in the foregoing letter was given to the community by the Rev. Father Cobb, S. J., before the Feast of All Saints. The unbroken silence, and the long hours of solitary meditation were more than Brother Wilfrid's frame could bear: he was exhausted and enfeebled by the months of anxiety and fatigue through which he had passed, and during the retreat he was harassed by the idea, which Father Cobb regarded as a temptation, that he had mistaken his vocation, and was really called to be a Jesuit. The result was that at the conclusion of the exercises he

was seized by a violent attack of nervous fever. Although he was not deprived of consciousness, the symptoms were so alarming that on the evening of All Saints' day it was judged expedient to give him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. A little later he made his profession of faith, bade his community farewell, and received the last blessing and Papal Indulgence, whilst Brother Antony put into his hands a crucifix which had been given him by the Holy Father. It pleased God, however, to hear the pleadings of the Brothers for their father's life, and to restore him in a short time to his usual health.

The retreat was productive of great good to the community. By the advice of Father Cobb, several changes were made in the Brothers' manner of life, and the kindly encouragement which he gave was a stimulus to increased fervor and exertion.

As soon as possible after their establishment at St. Wilfrid's, the Brothers began to do a little missionary work among their neighbors. A beginning was made by opening a school for boys in a loft over the stable, and as early as the month of November the numbers amounted to forty-six. On Sundays the scholars were catechised in the chapel by Brother Wilfrid, and their parents and others were invited to attend. Still the work was much limited by the fact that there were no priests in the community, and it was not until after Brother Wilfrid's ordination that any considerable number of conversions took place.

In the meantime, the enemies of the community spread many reports to its disadvantage. The follow-

ing extract from one of Brother Wilfrid's letters will suffice to show the absurd nature of some of those in circulation. (October, 1846.)

LETTER LXXXIII.—TO M. WATTS RUSSELL, Esq.

I am said to have *strangled* one of my monks: the story is all over the land and is believed. Mrs. R—— came to see me at St. Wilfrid's to "see the man;" and, glaring at me in silence like a tigress, she told Lady Shrewsbury and Lady Arundel that I was quite capable of all she heard, and that her faith in it was established!

A relative of Brother Antony has sent a Scotch physician here to inspect and report; the said relative has also written a letter in which I am "an ambitious villain and a hellish ruler," and that wherever he goes in London "the finger of scorn is pointed at" me. God be praised! this looks like work and vocation, and a seal of heavenly love. This obloquy is what I have lately been praying for: God grant that I may have the cup of the Mount of Olives to the dregs! I never felt so utterly to belong to and to love my sweet Jesus as now. I *beg* you never to say a word in my defence to any one; I keep a most tranquil silence: I feel most for the poor fratelli who mourn in silly sympathy for me.

In the course of Advent, Brother Wilfrid was summoned by the bishop to Oscott, and received from him the order of sub-deacon on the 19th of December, the last circumstance deserving of notice in this eventful year.

Among the first to be attracted to the community of the Brothers of the Will of God by the reputation of its superior and the development of its institute was Mr. Frederick Fortescue Wells, who was admitted as a novice in the beginning of the year 1847, under

the name of Brother Alban. His family resided near Elton, and he thus made the acquaintance of Mr. Faber, from whom he learned many Catholic principles. These soon worked their way out to their legitimate conclusion. Whilst an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he heard of Mr. Faber's conversion, and at once obtained leave of absence from his college tutor, with the intention of proceeding to Birmingham to see his friend. He had not then made up his mind to become a Catholic, but in a few days his remaining doubts were solved, and he was received into the Church by Mr. Moore. He spent the months of December and January in London, where he became acquainted with Mr. Hutchison, Mr. Rowe, and other converts. He also received the sacrament of confirmation from Bishop Griffiths. Being still under age, he was committed by his family to the care of a Protestant clergyman as tutor, in the hope of bringing him back to the English Church. His faith, however, was proof against all such attempts, and he was allowed to practice the duties of his religion without further hindrance. In the course of the summer of 1846 he renewed his intercourse with Brother Wilfrid, and occasionally passed a few days with the community at Colmore Terrace. At this time he first expressed his desire to become a Brother of the Will of God, although he could not carry out his wish until he came of age in the following January. In the meantime, however, he accompanied the Brothers to the opening of the new church at Cheadle on the 1st of September, and took an active part in the removal of the commu-

nity from Colmore Terrace to St. Wilfrid's. It was therefore as an old friend that he was received by the Wilfridians, when the completion of his twenty-first year enabled him to join them. The natural brightness of his disposition soon endeared him to all, whilst his talents and energy rendered him a valuable coadjutor in missionary work.

At the end of January, Brother Wilfrid was summoned to Derby to meet the bishop, who informed him that he was to receive the diaconate on the Saturday before Passion Sunday, termed "Sitientes," occurring in that year on the 20th of March, the feast of St. Cuthbert, patron of Durham and of University College, Oxford, and the priesthood on Holy Saturday, April the 3d, the feast of St. Richard of Chichester, and the anniversary of his father's death.

He took this opportunity to arrange with Messrs. Richardson the publication of a series of Lives of the Saints, for which he had been making preparations for some time. He had obtained the assistance of many of his friends in the translation from foreign languages of the lives of servants of God, whether canonized, beatified, declared venerable by authority, or commonly reputed among Catholics to have died in the odor of sanctity. The object of the collection, as stated in the prospectus, was :

"1. To supply English Catholics with a cabinet library of interesting as well as edifying reading, especially for families, schools, and religious refectories, which would, for many reasons, be particularly adapted for these times, and would, with God's blessing, act as a counter influence to the necessarily

deadening and chilling effects which the neighborhood of heresy and the consequent prevalence of earthly principles and low views of grace may have on the temper and habits of mind even of the faithful;

"2. To present to our other countrymen a number of samples of the fruit which the system, doctrine, and moral discipline established by the holy and blessed Council of Trent have produced, and which will be, to inquirers really in earnest about their souls, an argument more cogent than any that mere controversy can allege, and

"3. To satisfy an humble desire which they feel to spread the honor and love of the ever-blessed Queen of Saints, by showing how greatly an intense devotion to her aided in forming those prodigies of heroic virtue with which the Holy Ghost has been pleased to adorn the Church since the schism of Luther, *more than in almost any previous times*, and whose actions, with a few exceptions, are known to English laymen only in a very general way, and from meagre abridgements; while the same motive will prevent the series being confined to modern Saints exclusively."

It was proposed that six volumes should be published in the course of each year, and that the series should commence as soon as practicable with the Life of St. Philip Neri. This choice indicates the great devotion to that saint which existed in the Wilfridian Community, and that drawing toward his spirit, which ultimately led its members into the Congregation of the Oratory. The translation of his life had been begun by Mr. Faber at Elton, and was completed by him at St. Wilfrid's, with the assistance of Brothers Antony and Alban.

During the short interval between his return from Derby and the time fixed for his ordination, Brother Wilfrid applied himself with assiduity to the prepara-

tion necessary for his reception of the priesthood. Besides the prosecution of his theological studies, he disposed himself by prayer and penance for the celebration of the adorable sacrifice of the mass. "Of course," he wrote to Mr. Morris, who was engaged in the same preparation, "one's utter indignity to offer the Most Holy is so next to infinite, that the very difference between saint and sinner dwindles in looking at it: all you say of yourself is of course only a terrific *a fortiori* for me, whom you have had for years to lug on behind by rebukes and example and secret prayers. I never think of saying Mass without throwing myself at our sweetest Mother's feet, and holding my peace, even of my own unworthiness; she will give me over, or has done so, to St. Joseph."

According to the arrangements made at Derby, Brother Wilfrid received the diaconate on the 20th of March, and the priesthood on Holy Saturday. After the ordination, which was held by Bishop Wiseman at Oscott, he received faculties to hear confessions, and was entrusted with the sole charge of the mission of Cotton. He returned there the same afternoon, and was met at some distance from the house by the people, who took the horses out of the carriage, and dragged it in triumph to St. Wilfrid's. That evening he began his work by hearing confessions, and on Easter-Day he said his first mass. On the fourth Sunday in Lent, in addressing the people, he had used the following words:

"For eight years of my life I have been a Protestant clergyman, with important parishes entrusted to my care, until

it pleased Almighty God of His infinite mercy to show me the dreadful errors and unscriptural doctrines of Protestantism, and to lead me into His true Church, and give me the unspeakable happiness, a happiness which increases every day, of being a Catholic. During those eight years I gave up my life to the poor, lived among their children, was continually in their cottages, or at their death-beds; and, as an Englishman bred and born, no object was so dear to me as the English poor, so miserably neglected, ill-used, or coldly treated as they are now; and now that I am on the point of being ordained a Catholic priest, I feel even more strongly than ever the desire to devote all my health and strength to win my poor countrymen to the true light of the Gospel, to console them in all their tribulations, whether of body or of soul, to sacrifice my own ease and comfort for them, and knowing so well as I do the trials and difficulties of the poor, to endeavor to make religion as easy and as kindly to them as possible — to make the yoke of Jesus what He himself called it, a light yoke and merciful."

The Brothers had been engaged since the beginning of the year in missionary work among their neighbors, and the ordination of Brother Wilfrid enabled them to organize their labors with greater effect. The population, being thinly scattered over the country, was not easily accessible, and a vast field of operation was open, inasmuch as, with the exception of Alton and Cheadle, there were no other missions within several miles. Districts were accordingly marked out and assigned to the Brothers, who each devoted a great portion of the day to a systematic visitation of every house within their limits. The people were invited to assist at the services, and instructed in the more necessary parts of Christian doctrine. The fruit of this was soon apparent, for such as visited St. Wilfrid's were

favorably impressed, and doubtless contrasted the zeal and energy of their Catholic friends with the neglect of their own ministers. During the summer, it was Brother Wilfrid's custom to preach on Sundays in a yard near the house, or under the beach-trees in the garden, as the chapel was far too small to contain the numbers who flocked to hear him.

LETTER LXXXIV.—TO M. WATTS RUSSELL, Esq.

Eve of St. Mary Magdalene, 1847.

We are fairly in for work. God has greatly blessed our poor missionary labors, and I think I have taken about a hundred and fifty into the Church since Easter. Brother Antony will be ordained priest on the Assumption, and this will be an immense help to us. Brother Austin will be ordained deacon at the same time, and Brother Alban tonsured and put into minor orders.* As time, and study, and work go on, the community seems to consolidate, and things look more and more like permanence. The roof is now being put on our church, and a most glorious building it will be, tower and spire all complete; and we have had five painted windows given us, but they will not be finished for two years or more. I returned last night from Birmingham, where I had been preaching at the opening of the new church of our Lady at Handsworth. I preached for I think more than an hour on the Madonna, and then cut back to St. Wilfrid's without going to the banquet in the House of Mercy, whereby I escaped all criticism, i. e., escaped hearing it.

In a very few months there remained but one Protestant family in the parish, and the Protestant church,

* The retreat previous to this ordination was given by Father Dominic, of the Congregation of the Passion.

which stood within the grounds of Cotton Hall itself, was almost entirely abandoned.*

So great a change was not accomplished without opposition. In Brother Wilfrid's correspondence with Mr. Watts Russell, the following passage occurs, under date of July 20th, 1847: "We have much fighting and squabbling with parsons and Methodists, and I preach in the streets in habit and with crucifix." On one occasion Father Faber, as he was now commonly termed, was followed into the room of a sick man by a minister of the Primitive Methodists, who insisted on remaining there to hear what was said in confession, and it was only when the poor invalid had three times implored him to leave the house that he reluctantly agreed to do so, Father Faber saying that at another time and place he should be ready to discuss points of doctrine with him. The minister, Mr. M., seems to have understood this as a challenge to a public disputation, and, on Father Faber's leaving the house, began an argument with him in the presence of several persons. Being worsted in this, he proposed a more formal dispute at another time, (which, however, he declined to fix,) taking the Word of God only as the basis of it, but insisting on the acceptance of the Protestant translation. Father Faber replied that in order to avoid the question of different translations, it would be better to make use of the original Greek. For this Mr. M. was not prepared, and after a corres-

* Brother Antony wrote: "We have converted the pew-opener, leaving the parson only his clerk and two drunken men as his regular communicants."

pondence of some length, in which Father Faber was treated with considerable discourtesy, not to say insult, Mr. M. contrived to evade the proposed discussion.

In protesting against the abuse which his adversary substituted for argument, Father Faber took occasion to point out to the Protestants of the neighborhood the unfair manner in which the controversy was conducted, Catholic priests being treated as prisoners called up to the bar for sentence, not as opponents with equal rights in a dispute. He also expressed his belief that many conversions were due to the violence of the tactics adopted by Mr. M. and other clergymen. His words were:

“What has been the policy of our adversaries, and the fashion of their warfare? One clergyman of the Establishment rides into our garden on his pony, and refusing to bow or return my salutation, tells me that because I persist in trying to convert his people and visiting them in their own houses, my ‘conduct is neither that of a Christian, a gentleman, or an honest man;’ that he is ‘on the look-out to catch me breaking the penal laws, and to make an example of me.’

“You and yours are far more effective Catholic missionaries than we are; and I assure you, hardly a week passes without some one or more stragglers being driven into the bosom of the holy Roman Church, declaring themselves fairly wearied out by the incessant curses fulminated against us from the pulpits of the State Church, and humbly echoed back, with fury even wilder still, from the Dissenters’ chapel and camp-meeting, and desirous to seek a refuge where they hear only of Almighty God, of the love of Jesus, and of duty, charity, peace, and kindly affection toward all, whether Catholic or Protestant. You and your allies of the establishment have, indeed, done our work well and wisely, though most unintentionally; and had you all been our hired and salaried ser-

vants, you could not have done it better. We shall go on as heretofore, in the face of secret spite and of unmanly persecution, without one feeling of ill-will toward either Methodists, clergymen, or others, and daily praying for them all; men of peace, yet ready for war when you choose to provoke us to it, but war in your own camp and by your own fireside; and though I am sure you will forgive us if we cannot at all times resist a good-humored joke against you, when you persist in laying yourself open to it; one thing, by God's grace, you will not provoke us to, and that is, one really uncharitable thought, or one really unkind word; and you yourself should always have a good-tempered and a smiling welcome if ever you choose to call upon us; and while from State Church and Methodist camp the furious thunder of anathemas and curses week after week breaks the blessed stillness of the holy Sabbath, we will be content to go on in our old way, preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and love to the poor whom Jesus left behind Him to fill His place, and for His followers to love."

In the account of this controversy, published at the time, Father Faber left the whole matter to the common sense, the English fairness, and the Christian gentleness of the lovers of truth, remarking that the Protestant attack "was like an angry child beating the huge buttress of a strong stone church, because it has hurt its foot against it, breaking and bruising its own poor little knuckles, and then crying, half with pain and half with spite, because the hard old church will not tumble down for its puny knocks."

In the case of one of Brother Wilfrid's most cherished schemes, he had to encounter the opposition of those of his own faith. So little familiar were English readers with the supernatural manifestations which abound in the biographies of the Saints, that

exception was taken in several quarters to the publication of the Life of St. Philip Neri.

LETTER LXXXV.

September 23, 1847.

I ought to tell you (Brother Wilfrid wrote to Mr. Watts Russell) that, like all my schemes, even our Saints' Lives are in a perilous storm. All this is only a proof that the series is already doing the work we intended it to do, and that opposition should arise in so unexpected a quarter and upon so clearly right an action, is extremely consoling, and goes far toward proving the divine approval. If we can get eight or ten volumes fairly out, we shall be too strong to be disturbed. The third volume, containing St. Rose of Lima, Blessed Colomba of Rieti, and St. Juliana of Falconieri, will cause the storm to wax louder, unless I am very much mistaken. . . . I refused to preach at the opening of the new church at Rugby, thinking to be humble and quiet, but in vain. On Sunday week I have to go to Wolverhampton to rouse an educational movement there; and the four following Sundays and Mondays I am going to give a mission in the Potteries, fifteen miles off, where I may have a chance of martyrdom. Think of me amid the glories of Christian Rome on those Sunday evenings in October, all dedicated to dearest Mama! I shall be waving my crucifix about in a crowd of those rough heathen potters. Thus, by God's grace on our vileness, the Wilfridians are allowed to work their double work against ignorance and brutal sin among these lost poor of Christ, and against *mezzo-protestante freddezza* by the Lives of the Saints. What an immense pleasure it is that you are working with us in this! I often think in the middle of the weary drudgery what invisible secret good this or that life may do—what love to Jesus and to Mary it may breed—what souls it may stir onward to perfection—and how the blessed Saints will love those who thus work to manifest *quam mirabilis est Deus in sanctis suis*.

The Community of the Brothers of the Will of God had now been in existence sufficiently long to admit of the vows of religion being taken by its members. Brother Wilfrid accordingly proposed that he and Brother Antony, the only ones who were priests, should visit London in the course of Advent, and pronounce their vows in the hands of Bishop Wiseman, who was then administrator of the London District. Before his Lordship's answer was received, news arrived in England of Father Newman's proximate return as superior of the Oratory, and the idea of joining that congregation again presented itself to Brother Wilfrid's mind. His own account of this, taken from a letter of December 11th to Mr. Watts Russell, shall be given without abridgment.

LETTER LXXXVI.—To M. WATTS RUSSELL, Esq.

On the feast of St. Andrew, St. Wilfred's patron Saint, I chose for my next morning's meditation St. Joseph's delay about putting our Lady away, and his sorrow; and, reflecting on my own responsible position, I asked as the fruit of my meditation the gift of counsel and the grace of prudence; you must know that our Wednesday's meditation is always on St. Joseph. The next morning I rose at five, and made my meditation; it was full of distractions, but I took pains with it, although I had no particular sweetness in it, nor was there anything signal about it in any way. Toward the conclusion, when making my colloquies, and repeating my petition for counsel and prudence, when nothing was farther from my thoughts, all on a sudden I felt an interior call to join the Oratory of St. Philip and in one instant all the perplexity of the faculties of my soul which I had experienced for some weeks was calmed. I ought to have told you, by the way,

that we were preparing to take our vows. I immediately set myself to work on my knees to argue against this call, and to combat it in every way. I appealed to St. Joseph, our own special patron and superior, but he seemed to answer that God's will was his great end, and that we were to go, with other like things. I then took the relic of St. Philip, and I appealed to him as now enjoying the Beatific Vision, and having no self-love about his own institute, but he seemed to answer that all had been his doing hitherto, and now as the consummation: that I had begun to translate his life at Elton, that he had been my model there, that my rule was only an expression of his spirit adapted to England, and that now the Vicar of God had himself modified the Oratorian rule for England,* that he (St. Philip) had gradually displaced St. Wilfrid as foremost in our devotions, &c., &c. I then tried to throw myself back on a certain repugnance I had always felt, but I found it was gone, thawed away in some mysterious manner. I then went and said mass for the *Anime Sante*, though I could scarcely tell what I was doing, yet I was wonderfully calm. My thanksgiving was of course entirely occupied with this matter; Elton was to come over again; the will of God was to hunt me out of my new home, to snap all ties; so I passed, little indeed to my thinking, once again to the calm broken-heartedness of the past, and I let God strip me as He pleased. My dear Michael, you must try to understand all this as well as you can; it passed in my interior in such a way that it seems impossible for me to describe it. How everything seemed changed when I went out! everything had ceased to be mine: the rising spire of our magnificent church, the young trees, all seemed buried in the one thing, God.

I had now to face my choir brothers, whose aversion to the plan was very vehement; and as we were to take our vows shortly, no time was left me to prepare things. That same

* On this point Brother Wilfrid had been misinformed. The changes made for England in the Institute of the Oratory are very trifling, and cannot be called modifications.

day, Wednesday, I took Father Hutchison out, and told him the whole; he immediately said, "It is from God, I will go with you." His repugnance was utterly gone. The same happened with Brother Alban and Brother Austin; this seemed wonderful. I then proposed that I should go down to the Jesuits to make a retreat, and to make out if all this really came from God. The next morning a letter came from Dr. Wiseman, fixing that Father Hutchison and I should come up to town on the Immaculate Conception B. V. M., to take our vows; this letter made us consider how far it would be well to go down to Stonyhurst without Dr. Wiseman's knowledge and permission, as he had been our director all along. So Father Hutchison and I started for London at once.

Strange to say! the first Oratorian in England, Father Stanton, in the habit, arrived just before us, and was with the bishop in Golden Square. I was up with the bishop till midnight on Thursday; he solemnly approved of the whole as coming from God, and being his adorable will. The next day, St. Francis Xavier, we both said mass for it, and afterward the bishop pronounced definitely that so it was to be. You will not be surprised now at my falling ill; I could not get my breath in London, so I asked the bishop to let me go down by railroad to Tring to sleep, where I could breathe. Father Hutchison, also white as a corpse and very ill, set off with me on Friday at two P. M., but when we got to Euston Square we were obliged to go to bed. In the evening we got up, and went all the way to Derby, and arrived here on Saturday evening in time for the confessional. And now the lay brothers and catechists, Elton and non-Elton, follow me, and N. Darnell of New College also, seventeen in all. It is at present a profound secret, as we do not know whether Newman will accept us; you know he refused me at Maryvale. The Bishop says St. Wilfred's can, by the Pope's modifications, be kept, and become an Oratorian house, and he has pledged himself to me, that our most prosperous mission will be carried on.

What the people will do without "poor Father Fable," as they say, I know not; they were all in misery at a foolish report that I was going to be made a bishop. However, *Fiat voluntas!* And now, fratello mio, you must pray hard: I shrink from the prospect before me, very much; to fall from founder and superior to novice, and a novice who must naturally be an object of extreme jealousy from his influence over the rest of the brothers; to meet the ludibrium of all our old-Catholic enemies, to stand the evil opinion of those who, as J. M. does, think all this from Satan, will require no little grace. It is possible to face it well in meditation, with the dignity of the sacrifice to support us, but the daily irritating detail, there will be the trial, and it is for that I so much need masses and prayers. Still the call has come, our bishop and director approves, and forbids the Jesuit retreat; humility and obedience alone remain. We are all, thank God, in good spirits in the house, and prepared to do God's will; we have felt quite wonderfully in His hands ever since the decision was come to.

I am again under persecution about the Lives of the Saints, and I have offered to discontinue the work. I think the blessed Saints will not let matters come to that, and I hope Dr. Wiseman will be firm. I have now forty writers, of whom nineteen are ecclesiastics of more or less distinction; the sale is advancing rapidly, and in America the series is doing great things. Four thousand pictures of St. Philip Neri have sold, and his Maxims, which I published only the other day, will do good service I think. A thousand copies of each of the four volumes already out will have been disposed of by Christmas, and about a thousand of your edition of Nouet are sold, so that I shall have to reprint that next year, and will do it in a nicer size and type, and with your name. But this is a great sale for Catholic books here in England. I am constantly in hot water about all this, and what with coldness, jealousy, and persecution, am worn out: instead of being able to think only of God, I have to fight with my crucifix for charity, charity, all day long. Yet I am

sure that all these people think me a wild, dangerous, ultra *lad*, grievously needing curb and snaffle, and that they are doing God service by snubbing me; and perhaps they are. I ought to get holiness out of it all, and yet I do not. *Heu mihi quia incolatus meus prolongatus est!* Now at least I am free to die; my community is disposed of, I am no longer necessary to any one, and it has quite come to me with a feeling of joyousness that perhaps God means all this as a prelude to taking me away. However, what I have got steadily to look forward to is this everyday trial of obedience, submission, and harassing change; pray for me that I may have grace in detail, and more and more *distaccamento* every day from earth and the affections of earth. My community was an *attaccamento*; God must mean good to me by cutting it away from me.

Father Newman reached England on Christmas Eve, and in the month of January, 1848, Brother Wilfrid and Brother Alban visited him at Maryvale. To the former the proposal to join the Oratory involved a great sacrifice, nothing less than the abandonment of the work at St. Wilfrid's, which gave so fair a promise, the destruction of the Institute which he had formed, and the exchange of the position of superior and founder for that of simple novice. On the eve of the change, when the Fathers at Maryvale had decided to admit the Wilfridians to their Congregation, Father Faber wrote to Mr. Morris (February 11, 1848):

'I am on the whole in very good spirits, with a downcast fit now and then about my health; but it is a great thing to be putting oneself in the way, as most people seem to think, of doing the utmost one is capable of for the glory of God and the love of dear Mama. Giving St. Wilfrid's up seems to unroot one altogether from the earth, and the future is such

a complete blank that one feels as if one was going to die. It will be a great charity if you will communicate for me on Monday, and get Edward Bagshawe to do the same, as he has had many a memento from me."

His position and feelings were more fully described in the following letter of the same date, to Mr. Watts Russell:

LETTER LXXXVII.

Now I suppose I must tell you a little of myself. Four of our lay brothers have gone to Maryvale; and to-morrow night I expect Father Superior with Fathers Ambrose and Richard (St. John and Stanton); they stay Sunday here, and on Monday, St. Valentine, the day on which two years ago I visited the relics of St Thomas of Canterbury at Sens, and drew up the draft of the Wilfridian rule, we shall all be solemnly admitted Oratorians. My courage fails me a little; I am to remain here a few weeks and then go as a "strict novice" to Maryvale, and I understand I am *never* to return to St. Wilfrid's. So away goes home, church, flock, Eltonian children, and all. The people are up in arms about it, memorializing Father Superior, the Shrewsburys are vexed, the neighboring priests are writing letters, the lay brothers are downcast: as to Father Wilfrid himself, he hopes he is happy. Certainly, rickety and ailing as my health now is, I have occasional fits of low spirits; I cannot move my library to Maryvale, so I shall be separated from that as well, neither will Maryvale be my settled home. In my first spoliation I kept my books and my Elton children; now I lose these two: *Deo gratias et beato Philippo!* Certainly the Oratory has been a bloody husband to me because of the circumcision; but I trust that it will also bring with it a fresh covenant of grace. The Oratorians are remarkably kind to us, and seem very anxious to make us feel happy and at home; and I hope we may have grace not to disappoint them by taking too much upon us and forgetting our place as novices. But this will be very hard;

so you must help us by your prayers. I have had a house full of temptations and repugnances to govern for some weeks past, but by the grace of God and dear Mama's help I hope to steer my little crew into the port of San Filippo without a loss. All this devil's work pleases me, because it seems to betray his fear of what we are doing. Father Superior seems to think large towns my proper sphere; and it is a great joy to me not to have to decide for myself, but to work under blind obedience. My new name of Father Wilfrid begins to sound quite natural to me again: and when I have once got over the wrench of leaving, I hope I shall be quite cheerful. But you know what a desperate fellow I am for local affections; and St. Wilfrid's represents eighteen months of arduous and interesting struggle, besides its own excessive natural beauty. The trees I have planted, the walks I have planned, the streams I have turned, every one has got a shockingly tight hold upon me, and all the two hundred converts! Well, all that can be said is that if I *can* dislocate myself with a moderate indifference and *distaccamento*, I shall be a lucky fellow; God does not often give a man two opportunities of a holocaust; doubtless, my dearest Mama has obtained this for me. And now, enough of this, and perhaps too much.

Thursday, February 17.—Father Superior has now left us, all in our Philippine habits with turndown collars, like so many good boys brought in after dinner. In the solemn admission on Monday morning, he gave a most wonderful address, full of those marvellous pauses which you know of. He showed how wonderfully we had been all brought together from different parts, and how, in his case and ours, St. Philip seemed to have laid hands upon us, and taken us for his own, whether we would or not. Since my admission I seem to have lost all attachment to everything but obedience; I could dance and sing all day, because I am so joyous; I hardly know what to do with myself for very happiness.

CHAPTER IX.

1848-9.

THE first six months of Father Faber's Oratorian life were marked by few incidents. On the 21st of February 1848, he was called to the noviciate at Maryvale, where, under the Father Superior himself as novice master, he was to be practised in the exercises of the Congregation. Contrary to his expectation, however, he was sent back to St. Wilfrid's in the course of a few days. On Easter Tuesday, April the 25th, the new church was solemnly opened, and almost the whole community from Maryvale assisted at the ceremony. The exertions of Father Faber in making preparations for this event, together with the labors of Lent (during which he preached in several of the London chapels,) and Holy Week, brought on a severe attack of rheumatism, which lasted for some days. On his recovery he was much occupied in attendance upon Brother Stanislas, one of the lay brothers, who had been one of the Wilfridian community, and was now dangerously ill. After the holy death of this brother on the 21st of May, Father Faber proceeded to Maryvale, in time to assist at the celebration of the Feast of St. Philip.

As he was still in a suffering state of health, he was sent to the east coast of Yorkshire for change of air, and remained there about three weeks. One night

during his stay at Scarborough he wrote, at the request of Father Hutchison, the two first of his Hymns, those on Our Blessed Lady and Corpus Christi, popularly known as "Mother of Mercy," and "The Blessed Sacrament."

In the beginning of the month of July he was present with Father Dalgairns at the opening of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, and preached in that church on one of the evenings within the octave.

It was not considered necessary to require from Father Faber the complete noviciate of three years, which is prescribed by the institute of the Oratory. On the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, July the 22d, 1848, he was dispensed from the remaining portion of it, and appointed at once to the important office of novice master.

About this time it was proposed to establish an Oratory in London, by accepting the offer of a piece of ground at Bayswater, together with a sum of money for building a church. After some discussion the plan was rejected, and although the offer was frequently renewed at later periods, and pressed upon the acceptance of the Fathers by the Rev. James O'Neal, one of the trustees of the property, they could never be induced to avail themselves of it. The church of St. Helen and St. Elizabeth was subsequently built on the ground, and eventually made over to the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles, by whom it was dedicated to St. Mary of the Angels.

Father Faber wrote to Mr. Watts Russell on the 13th of August:

LETTER LXXXVIII.

The Oratory is flourishing exceedingly; we have our trials and crosses; so much the better. My noviciate has been terminated by dispensation, and I am now master of novices; an office which I love extremely, though I feel my own unfitness for it. Our new church and house at Bayswater are to be begun immediately, and I suppose in a year's time we shall all be in London and hard at work.

We are now ten priests in community, and four more will be ordained very shortly, so you see we are a strong body already. But we begin to see our way to storms and tempests, and the sooner the better, if God only gives us grace to quicken our charity within, the more we are pressed without. I think there is a great work for us to do. My time is of course wholly occupied with training my dear novices in the interior life. I am now just where I would be, hidden completely, doing a secret work, and one which I love above all other works; I can hardly get through all I have to do, yet I would not part with one trial or cross which it brings upon me; it all drives one upon God alone. We English Catholics are quarrelling about trumpery roodscreens, when poor heretic England lies at our feet, like Lazarus at the feet of Dives. We take no part in it; but all the land is wild about it, and we mourn over the childishness and bigotry of it all.

The increase of the Congregation by the arrival of postulants soon rendered the occupation of a larger house desirable, and as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of making a settlement in Birmingham, it was resolved to transfer the whole establishment from Maryvale to St. Wilfrid's. This was accordingly done in the month of October, and the community found the benefit of the change from the inconvenient premises and heavy atmosphere of Maryvale to the

bracing air and roomy buildings of St. Wilfrid's. The difference was certainly considerable. Maryvale was a large rambling house, of which it was difficult to understand the plan. With long winding passages, and staircases in the most unexpected places, it was the sort of house to have the reputation of being haunted. It lay low, without any view except over its own little plot of ground. St. Wilfrid's, on the other hand, when the community arrived there, presented a most attractive aspect. The red stone of the new buildings harmonized beautifully with the autumnal tints of the woods. An image of our Blessed Lady under a canopy on the lawn faced down the valley as though blessing it. The additions, in the Gothic style, to the old house of Cotton Hall, the short cloister connecting it with the church, the west front of which, conspicuous for its graceful spire, stood at right angles to the house, the Stations of the Cross in the garden — all combined to give a Catholic appearance which was rare in those days.

Here the community, now numbering more than forty members, performed its exercises with exemplary regularity. The ceremonies of the Church were carefully carried out, and there were frequent services for the people, who showed by their attendance and devotion that they appreciated the spiritual advantages provided for them. The Blessed Sacrament was sometimes taken in procession to the houses of the sick, and on the occasion of a funeral, the body was accompanied from the house where it lay to the church, in the manner practised in Catholic countries.

About this time a controversy again arose concerning the series of Lives of the Saints edited by Father Faber, which resulted in its suspension for a short time. The series had been opposed from the first by persons who considered the publication of such lives injudicious, as being both unsuited to the condition of English Catholics, and likely to disgust and repel Protestants. "It seemed to many," says the preface to the Treatise of Benedict XIV. on Heroic Virtue, "a departure from Christian prudence, to expose to the gaze of heretics the inner life of the servants of God, and to publish, in an unbelieving land, operations of grace which are necessarily beyond the material experience of a sceptical and indifferent generation." In his preface to the volume published in September 1847, containing the Lives of St. Rose of Lima, the B. Columba of Rieti, and St. Juliana Falconieri, the Editor had written :

"English readers, who may not have been in the habit of reading the Lives of the Saints, and especially the authentic processes of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, may be a little startled with the Life of St. Rose. The visible intermingling of the natural and supernatural worlds, which seems to increase as the saints approach, through the grace of God, to their first innocence, may even offend where persons have been in the habit of paring and bating down the 'unearthly' in order to evade objections and lighten the load of the controversialist, rather than of meditating with awe and thankfulness and deep self-abasement on the wonders of God in His saints, or of really sounding the depths of Christian philosophy, and mastering the principles and general laws which are discernible even in the supernatural regions of hagiology. The *habit* of always thinking first how any tenet, or practice,

or fact, is most conveniently presented to an adversary, may soon, and almost imperceptibly, lead to profaneness, by introducing the spirit of rationalism into matters of faith; and to judge from the works of our greatest Catholic divines, it would appear that the deeper theologian a man is, the less does he give way to this studious desire of making difficulties easy at any cost short of denying what is positively *de fide*. They seem to handle truth religiously just in the way that God is pleased to give it us, rather than to see what they can make of it themselves by shaping it for controversy, and so by dint of skilful manipulation squeeze it through a difficulty. The question is, not 'What will men say of this? How will this sound in controversy? Will not this be objected to by heretics?' but, 'Is this true? Is this kind of thing approved by the Church? Then what good can I get out of it for my own soul? Ought not my views to be deeper than they are?' The judiciousness of publishing in England what are actually classical works of piety in Catholic countries is a further question, which the result alone will decide, and that possibly at no very distant date. All that need be said here is, that it has not been done in haste, in blindness, or in heedlessness, but after grave counsel and with high sanction.

"If, then, any one unaccustomed to the literature of Catholic countries, and with their ears unconsciously untuned by the daily dissonance of the errors and unbelief around them, should be startled by this volume, let him pause before he pronounces judgment. A Catholic, do what he will, cannot weed his religion of the supernatural; and to discriminate between the supernatural and the superstitious is a long work and a hard one, a work of study and of reverent meditation. O how hard it is, if men do not kneel to meditate, to hear a thing denied all around them every day, and yet maintain a joyous and unshaken faith therein

"In this one volume we have two lives, both taken from the authentic processes: one is of a holy woman of central Italy in the fifteenth century; the other a South American in the seventeenth; and when the series get on, and the reader

finds men and women of different centuries and vastly different characters, of the hills of Apulia and Calabria, from the plains of Lombardy and the stony forests of Umbria; from Spanish convents and French seminaries; from the dark streets of a Flemish town, the margin of a Dutch canal, or the ilex woods of Portugal; from the cities of Germany and Hungary, or the mines and river-sides of South America; popes and simple nuns, bishops and common beggars, the learned cardinal and the Capuchin lay brother, the aged missionary and the boy in the Jesuit noviciate, the Roman princess and the poor bed-ridden Estatica, before the Reformation and after it—all presenting us with the same picture, the same supernatural actors, the same familiarity with good and evil spirits, the same daily colloquial intercourse with the unseen world, the same apparently grotesque anecdotes of miraculous control over nature—and the lives narrating all this translated from four or five different languages, and composed by grave theologians and doctors—the erudite Augustinian, the judicious Dominican, the good Franciscan full of simplicity and unction, the fluent Oratorian so eminent in devotional biography, the sound, calm, discriminating Jesuit, who, above all others, has learned how to exercise the constant caution of criticism without injuring his spiritual-mindedness—when all this is before him, crowned with the solemn and infallible decrees of canonization and beatification, it may seem to him then a serious question whether he himself is not out of harmony with the mind of the Church, whether his faith is not too feeble, and his distrust of God's wonders too overweening and too bold, whether, in short, for the good of his own soul he may not have the principle of rationalism to unlearn, and the temper of faith, sound, reasonable, masculine, yet childlike faith, to broaden, to heighten, and to deepen in himself by the very contemplation of what may now be in some degree a scandal to him—namely, *quam mirabilis est Deus in sanctis suis*.”

In a postscript to the same Life, the editor said:

“Let us thank Almighty God, in the fervent simplicity of our faith for the seal His Church has set upon these authentic wonders; wonders not lost in dubious antiquity, but adequately proved in the face of modern criticism so short a time ago: and remembering that this bold exhibition of the marvellous is, by no less an authority than the Catholic Church, presented to our veneration and our love, let us take it like awe-struck children, as a page from the lost chronicles of Eden, and strive to unlearn that bold timidity with which we have too often been inclined to court favor where we shall never get it, and to avoid sneers which are to us as an heritage and vouchers of our truths, by smiling with the profane and doubting with the skeptical. For one of the faithful to look as like an unbeliever as he can, is a sight which never won a soul to Christ, or gained for the Church the esteem of an opponent. Rose of Lima is now raised upon the altars of the Church by the decree of her canonization; she is a Catholic saint; no sneer of man can wither the marvellous blooming of her leaves; but he will find a thorn who shall dare to handle roughly this sweet, mysterious Rose, which St. Dominic planted in the garden of his Master.”

The prediction was soon fulfilled. The views of the opposing party found their voice in an article on the Life of St. Rose of Lima, by a well-known writer, which was published in Dolman's Magazine, for September, 1848. The reviewer, while holding that “a good biography of a Saint of God is an invaluable work,” considered that its great end is “edification.” It is not to record incredible austerities, or macerations, or astounding miracles; “these are the externals, and sometimes only the semblance of piety.”..... “Where the recorded actions of Saints strictly agree with the precepts and counsels of the Gospel..... they are the useful and practical pattern of true sanc-

tity. *Where they are otherwise*, when they utterly oppose themselves to the natural end and being of man, they are worthy neither of admiration nor imitation, and had far better be consigned to respectful oblivion. They provoke cavil. They give wrong impressions of what true piety really consists in. They reduce religion to an unmeaning course of puerilities."

After quoting the description of some of the Saint's penances, which, it should be remembered, have been approved in a Papal Bull, he continued: "Reader, as an English Catholic, we may ask, and we trust without offence, are these austerities approved of, or even sanctioned by the Church? *We trust not*. And we grieve, and that most sincerely, that such details, so harrowing to a sensitive mind, so dangerous from their initiating weakly-disposed minds to similar excesses of religious zeal (we had almost said fanaticism) should ever have been published." . . . "Alban Butler had doubtless read all this, and perhaps more. He wisely and prudently omitted it. Why resuscitate such more than charnel horrors?"

Toward the close, this protest occurred: "In the name of all those who know their religion, in the name of all those who revere it in its innate and immaculate purity and truth, we protest most solemnly against this and such like publications. However painful to our feelings, we must not shrink from a public and sacred duty in thus exposing the dangerous tendencies of this species of modern hagiology."

The reviewer did not stand alone in his criticism: the principles which he laid down were asserted, al-

though not perhaps in such unmeasured language, by many Catholics, who looked coldly upon the series. Among other expressions of opinion, Father Newman records that "a wise prelate, who was properly anxious as to the line which might be taken by the Oxford converts, then for the first time coming into work was apprehensive of the effect of Italian compositions, as unsuited to this country." * This feeling was apparently shared by others in high ecclesiastical positions ; the attack upon the series met with no check or rebuke, but on the contrary, its promoters loudly boasted that the authority of the episcopate was on their side.

For some time no action was taken by the editor or the congregation to which he belonged in consequence of this agitation ; but as soon as it was understood that the ecclesiastical authorities of the District had expressed a wish that the series should be discontinued, the following circular was issued :

"TO THE TRANSLATORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

"St. Wilfrid's, Feast of St. Martin, 1848.

"It has become my duty to inform you that I have suspended the publication of this series, which you have so kindly encouraged, whether by subscription or by taking part in the labors of translation. A few words will suffice to explain the circumstances which have led to this suspension. When, in February last, I entered the Congregation of the Oratory, I submitted my work to the Fathers, with a view to obtaining their judgment on its continuance. They, for various reasons, put off their determination till the close of the year, and upon what grounds they have at length made it will appear from

* Letter to Dr. Pusey, p. 23.

the following letter, which I have received from the Father Superior:

“ ‘Maryvale, October 30th, 1848.

“ ‘My dear Father Wilfrid:

“ ‘I have consulted the Fathers who are here on the subject of the Lives of the Saints, and we have come to the unanimous conclusion of advising you to suspend the series at present. It appears there is a strong feeling against it on the part of a portion of the Catholic community in England, on the ground, as we are given to understand, that the lives of foreign saints, however edifying in their respective countries, are unsuited to England, and unacceptable to Protestants. To this feeling we consider it a duty, for the sake of peace, to defer. For myself, you know well, without my saying it, how absolutely I identify myself with you in this matter; but as you may have to publish this letter, I make it an opportunity, which has not as yet been given me, of declaring that I have no sympathy at all with the feeling to which I have alluded, and in particular that no one can assail your name without striking at mine.

“ ‘Ever your affectionate friend and brother
in our Lady and St. Philip,

“ ‘J. H. NEWMAN,

“ ‘Congr. Orat. Presb.

“ ‘Rev. F. Faber, St. Wilfrid’s.’

“ ‘That this determination will be a great disappointment to you, who, as subscribers and purchasers, number nearly one thousand, and especially to the sixty-six friends, who, in our colleges and elsewhere, are engaged in the kind labor of co-operation with me, I cannot doubt; but I am sure you will at once submit with the most perfect confidence, that what has been done so religiously will turn out for the best. It is, in fact, a great gain to have to give up a plan for the good of others upon which our hearts were bent; and if we have for the present to see removed from us what we knew was

profiting so many, and looked upon as an additional help to perfection for ourselves, we must not, therefore, think that it will come to nothing, or be labor lost. Allow me to thank you all most sincerely for your willing and affectionate support and coöperation in this arduous and extensive undertaking. Meanwhile you, with me, will find no little comfort in the words with which mother Church has been haunting us for many days past, and which have only just died away upon her lips. *O quam gloriosum est regnum, in quo cum Christo gaudent omnes Sancti, amicti stolis albis, sequuntur Agnum quocumque ierit.*

“F. W. FABER,

“Congr. Orat. Presb.”

When forwarding this circular Father Faber addressed the following letter to Bishop Wareing:

LETTER LXXXIX.

November 16, 1848.

My dear Lord:

You will get this on the morning of St. Hugh, the day you kindly received me into the Church three years ago. How little did we, whom the Lives of Catholic Saints helped so much towards conversion, then dream that the Catholics of England should be so frightened, ashamed, or unsympathetic, whichever it may be, as to refuse to tolerate Catholic Lives of their own Saints, from Catholic pens and with Catholic imprimaturs, and that we, for whom it might have been feared that we should not become Catholic enough, should be authoritatively silenced for overmuch sympathy with the Catholics of other lands. Alas! if we could but make our fellow Catholics feel how this policy lowers the Church in the eyes of our Protestant countrymen! For us obedience is better than sacrifice; but the effect of this step in Oxford and elsewhere will be far beyond what any of you believe, just when we are expecting another great move there. Converts may

surely claim to know best what will convert others ; but it is a sad confession on the part of Catholic authorities that the English Catholics are unable to digest the literature of Catholic countries, and start away from what is not found too strong even for their *Protestant* countrymen. However, *omnia co-operantur in bonum* ; and begging your Lordship's blessing, I remain,

Your very obliged and affectionate servant,

F. W. FABER.

Congr. Orat. Presb.

In the meantime the friends of the series throughout England had not been idle, and, among other testimonies of their zeal, several able articles appeared in the *Tablet*, which were of material service to the cause. Letters were received by Father Faber from all quarters, lamenting the suspension, and expressing the hope that it was but temporary. Many instances thus came to light of the good which the *Lives* had done ; one person, to take a single instance, declaring that they had saved him from apostasy.

Very shortly this reaction was sufficiently strong to justify the continuation of the series. It was suggested by some that the *Lives* should be published in an amended form, with the omission of such passages as would be likely to give offence. The suggestion was quite impracticable for many reasons, some of which were pointed out by Father Hutchison, naturally an ardent supporter of the series, in the following extract from a letter to Mr. Lewis :

1. On what principle is this pruning system to be conducted ? One miracle is as authentic as another, and thus to omit one throws a doubt on the authenticity of all.

2. Such omissions would seem to imply a want of *perfect faith* in the history of the Saint on the part of the editors, and the very *suspicion* of this would cause many readers to look on the Lives as mere tales and legends.

3. Very often a miracle might be omitted as being too extravagant and "ridiculous" or "loathsome," and yet perhaps in succeeding lives a score of similar ones might be found which would have confirmed the one thus omitted, and would have shown it to have been one of a whole class. Nothing is more common in the Lives of the Saints than to find similar miracles worked by different saints which thus corroborate one another. There is, I believe, scarcely a single miracle or wonderful event to be found in any Saint's life to which a parallel cannot be found in the life of another, and thus,

4. By giving in to this principle of omissions, one of the greatest of the motives of credibility would be lost.

5. Each life must be looked at not as standing by itself, but as an integral part of a great series; this series is not intended only (like a pocket-book) for the year 1848, but for 1948 as well, just as the Saints themselves were not intended only for the edification of their *contemporaries*. And therefore the series to be really valuable and in order to answer its end must be conducted faithfully and honestly. Its end being to impart to this country the same advantages which Catholic countries enjoy in having a multitude of the Lives of the Saints in the vernacular, this end would not be obtained by publishing only abbreviated and dwarfed translations of such lives.

For instance, one can from a comparison of several Italian lives of different Saints observe certain points of similarity and draw certain conclusions and lay down certain principles; but how could this be done with a miserable series of stunted lives such as our objectors would have? In one life perhaps something might have slipped in by chance which should have been omitted and its parallel in other lives had been omitted — this particular event or miracle would then be

noted as *singular*, whereas it might be one of the commonest things possible in the genuine Lives of the Saints, e. g. the marriage of St. Catharine of Siena to the Infant Jesus is paralleled by St. Rose, St. Veronica Giuliani, and a host of others.

6. Then again see what a pretty thing the life of a Saint would be slashed and cut up in this way. Take St. Alphonso. One person does n't like the abuses among the clergy to be spoken of—so leave out all the history of the years of his episcopate except a few dates and commonplace facts. Another thinks the account of his devotion to Mamma not suited to these times, so leave out that, and all about that dreadful Image or Picture that spoke to him and shot out rays of light. Then his disobedience to his father in becoming a priest is likely to offend many fathers of families, so leave out that. His austerities of course must be omitted; bitter herbs with his mutton is a revolting and loathsome notion. The Gothic party would n't have liked the arrangements of his church when they hung the brick walls with red calico. Then, too, he was not quite so obedient to some of his ecclesiastical superiors as he might have been, and the younger clergy may be led astray, so that too must be cut out. In short, the life edited on these principles would be very like the picture which that misguided painter exhibited with a request that folks would correct any little fault they might see in it.

And lastly, what would be said if a set of converts were to take on themselves to correct and adapt for *England* works bearing the Imprimatur of Rome? As to writing original lives, it is impossible; we have not the time, and these lives, unless they contained *all* the facts related in the sources from whence they were derived, would be open to nearly all the above objections. If they did contain all, our present objectors would be as much opposed to them as they are now, and we should be called on to give the authority for each separate part, instead of resting all as we do now on the originals and their imprimaturs. In fact the series must be such as it is, or else we can publish none at all.

The result was all that the most enthusiastic admirer of the series could have desired. To quote Father Hutchison again: "The author (of the article on St. Rose) has apologized and recanted in the new number of *Dolman*, and has written a most humble apology to Bishop Ullathorne, and another to Father Faber. In both of these he expresses the greatest sorrow for what he has written, and for the scandal he has given, and also for the way in which he attacked Father Faber. His apology is everything that could be wished. He says that he has regretted the article ever since it was written, and that he shall regret it to the last day of his life. He assures Father Faber that he had never read the *Life of St. Rose* till it was thrust into his hand by another, who urged him to attack it as he has done. Henceforth, he says, he shall always strive to forward the views, &c., of Father Newman and the *Oratory*. The most satisfactory thing in the apology, however, is that it is the generous apology of a Christian, and not merely of a man who has been horsewhipped." Although the actual words used by the reviewer in his private letter have not been preserved, the following portions of another written by him to Father Faber in the year 1851 sufficiently testify to his sincerity.

Feast of St. Rose of Lima.

My dear Father Faber:

I have made this day a little act of reparation which I hope will be acceptable to Almighty God. Three years ago, I am sure that I deeply offended Him and pained dear St. Rose by my rash and intemperate review of her life. . . .

That unhappy state of feeling did not, however, thanks be to God, last long, and I have often begged pardon (of Him), and of the ever-blessed St. Rose for all in what I had offended.

Pray for me, my dear Father, that I may persevere to the end. Your last excellent volumes have much helped me, particularly the life of St. Jane Frances; I have read it with many tears.

May Almighty God eternally bless you, my dear Father, and believe me,

Yours most affectionately in Jesus Christ.

* * *

The resumption of the series was announced in the following circular, dated St. Wilfrid's, Feast of the Epiphany, 1849.

"LIVES OF THE CANONIZED SAINTS.

"The Congregation of the Oratory is now enabled to take upon itself and to continue the Series of Lives of Saints, which was begun some time since by the Rev. Father Faber, and has lately been suspended.

"The Fathers have never yet been formally responsible for that Series; their connection with it being limited to the accident that, when it was already in course of publication, its Editor joined their body. On taking this step, the Editor felt, as they did, that some new arrangement was required by the altered position in which he stood, and that either they must take his work upon themselves, or he must bring it to a close. They postponed the determination of so important a question to the end of the current year; when, by accidental coincidence, a strong opposition to the Series manifested itself in one quarter of the English Catholic body, resting for support, as was supposed, on venerable names, which necessarily commanded their most serious attention and deference. Anxious not to involve the Congregation in a party contest at the commencement of its course, the Fathers forthwith came

to the decision of not committing themselves to the publication for the present; and in consequence recommended the Editor to suspend it.

"It is both a surprise and a great consolation, and they give thanks and praise to the Father of mercies, and to the intercession of the Saints, whose Lives were the subject in dispute, that they are enabled, after so short an interval, with the kind wishes of their ecclesiastical superiors, of the heads of colleges and religious bodies, and of all generally whose good opinion they covet, and by whose judgment they desire to be guided, nay, at the express instance of those parties who had been foremost in the opposition, to take upon themselves a responsibility from which, without such general countenance and encouragement, they felt themselves justified in shrinking. And they hope they may without presumption accept it in some sort as a reward for the readiness with which they gave up their own wishes to the claims of Christian charity and peace, that the very suspension of the series has been the means of eliciting an expression of sympathy toward themselves and it, so cordial and unanimous, and testimonies to the good it was effecting so decisive, as to allow of their undertaking it consistently with the edification of their brethren, and with comfort to themselves.

"Accordingly they propose in the ensuing August, when the last volume promised by Father Faber is to be published, to transfer the editorship from him to themselves; and meanwhile they earnestly beg of the good friends who have given him so zealous a support, to assist them also with their prayers, that they may continue this important work with that wisdom and discretion which become the glorious Saints to whose honor it is dedicated."

The account of this controversy would be incomplete without the following extract from Father Newman's letter to Dr. Pusey on his Eirenicon, which has been already alluded to. (It should be premised that in the original no words are in italics.)

"When I returned to England, the first expression of theological opinion which came in my way, was *apropos* of the series of translated Saints' lives, which the late Dr. Faber originated. That expression proceeded from a wise prelate, who was properly anxious as to the line which might be taken by the Oxford converts, then for the first time coming into work. According as I recollect his opinion, he was apprehensive of the effect of Italian compositions, as unsuited to this country, and suggested that the lives should be original works, drawn up by ourselves and our friends from Italian sources. If at that time I was betrayed into any acts which were of a more extreme character than I should approve now, the responsibility of course is mine; but the impulse came, not from old Catholics or superiors, but from men whom I loved and trusted, who were younger than myself. But to whatever extent I might be carried away, *and I cannot recollect any tangible instances*, my mind in no long time fell back to what seems to me a safer and more practical course." (pp. 23-4.)

Before the close of the year 1848, Father Faber was engaged with Father Dalgairns in giving a mission at Lane End, now called Longton, in the Potteries. He also conducted the ordination retreat of his novices in Advent, and after Christmas visited London, to preach the panegyric of St. Thomas of Canterbury (Dec. 29) in the church of that Saint at Fulham.*

It was impossible, because of the rule that an Oratory should always be in a town, that St. Wilfrid's should ever be the permanent home of the English sons of St. Philip, and therefore Father Newman, anxious to begin the real work of his congregation, took a house in Alcester Street, Birmingham, and removed

* Published in *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects*, vol. i. p. 355.

a portion of his community thither on the 25th of January.

Father Faber was one of those who remained at St. Wilfrid's: he continued to hold the office of novice master, and as he was still in charge of the mission, he generally preached to the people on Sundays. He was assisted in his parochial work by Father Hutchison. Occasional help was given to the chapel at Alton Towers, but with that exception, the community at St. Wilfrid's did not engage in external work beyond the neighborhood.

This period of inactivity did not last long. There being now many more Fathers than were likely to be required at Birmingham, it was resolved to carry out without further delay the project, often discussed before, of erecting an Oratory in London. The plan received additional impetus from the circumstance that Mr. Lewis, an old friend of many of the Fathers, and formerly Mr. Newman's curate at St. Mary's, brought down with him to St. Wilfrid's, before Holy Week, his friends the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and Mr. Fullerton. Their object was to spend the remainder of the season of Lent in retirement and prayer, but they also availed themselves of the opportunity to urge upon the Fathers the importance of making a foundation in London, to which they promised their warmest support and coöperation. On the morning of Palm Sunday, a letter arrived at St. Wilfrid's from Father Newman, containing the outlines of his scheme for the division of his whole community into the two houses of Birmingham and London. In these propo-

sals the members were divided in various ways, but as it was understood that Father Newman preferred to remain at Birmingham himself, and to send Father Faber at the head of the London detachment, one of the plans containing that arrangement was ultimately adopted.

No time was lost in putting it into execution. On Easter Tuesday, April 10th, Father Faber and Father Hutchison left St. Wilfrid's to pass a week at the Oratory at Birmingham before proceeding to London. In the meantime Mr. Lewis had made inquiries concerning some premises which he considered suitable for the temporary establishment of the Oratory, and had visited them in company with the writer. On the arrival of Father Faber and Father Hutchison in London, they expressed a favorable opinion of the selection, and after some negotiation obtained a lease of Nos. 24 and 25 King William Street, Strand. Three friends of the Congregation made themselves responsible for the rent, a guarantee, however, which they were never called upon to fulfil.

Behind the two houses thus engaged ran a large and commodious building, divided by a floor into two spacious rooms, each about sixty feet by thirty, the upper one being about fifteen feet high, and lighted by louvres in the ceiling. They had passed through various uses, having served as assembly rooms, and latterly as an establishment for the sale of Kinahan's whiskey. They were approached by a broad passage through the house; and it was determined that the upper one should be fitted up as the principal chapel, while the

lower one was furnished with an altar from the old Portuguese chapel, now in the little Oratory at Brompton, in order that greater facilities for hearing mass might be afforded to the people on Sundays. After a short time, however, this part of the arrangement was found impracticable, and the lower or St. Wilfrid's chapel was divided into two parts, one serving as the Little Oratory, and the other as the refectory of the community.

On Saturday the 28th of April, several members of the community arrived late in the afternoon from St. Wilfrid's, to find themselves in possession of a large house, formed by piercing a door between the two. Although they began with scarcely an article of furniture, they managed to prepare an altar, and on the following morning, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the first mass was said by Father Faber. Lord Arundel and Mr. Lewis assisted at mass, and remained to breakfast, at which the deficiency of crockery caused considerable amusement.

The work of preparing the chapel was at once begun. The building was absolutely empty—without preparation for altar or sanctuary, without organ or gallery, and destitute of all the ordinary furniture of a chapel.

The day fixed for the public opening was the 31st of May, which left but little time for all that was to be done. Those who visited the chapel on the afternoon of the 30th found it difficult to believe that it would be ready for the ceremony at the appointed time. The benches were being brought in, some of the Fathers were fitting up the altar, the gallery was un-

finished, and the organ was being tuned, although numbers of its pipes were still lying on the floor. Every obstacle was, however, overcome by the indefatigable energy of Father Faber, assisted chiefly by Father Hutchison, who was ever, while health and strength were given him, the especial supporter of Father Faber in every work.

On the 31st of May, Thursday within the octave of Pentecost, at a somewhat late hour, everything was ready. Dr. Wiseman, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, assisted pontifically, and preached at the high mass. After vespers, which were sung in the presence of the bishop, Father Newman delivered the sermon which he has published in his *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, under the title of "Prospects of the Catholic Missioner."

The community consisted of six Fathers, namely, Fathers Faber, Dalgairns, Stanton, Hutchison, Knox, and Wells, and two novices, Father Gordon and the writer. They were still considered to belong to the Congregation of Birmingham, and Father Newman was still their superior, but they were more immediately governed by Father Faber, with the title of rector. They also received at King William Street, for the completion of his education, the writer's brother, Charles H. Bowden, who had lived with the community at Maryvale and St. Wilfrid's since the preceding July, and who joined their body as a novice in 1856.

From this time the history of Father Faber's life is merged in that of the London Oratory, at the head of

which he remained until his death. His chief interest was in his congregation, and to it his energies were almost exclusively devoted ; its successes were his joy, its difficulties his heaviest cross ; he sought to make no name or reputation for himself, but was content to spend his time and health and powers in the promotion of St. Philip's work.

CHAPTER X.

1849-54.

A SHORT reference to the state of the Church in London at the beginning of the year 1849 will cause the position which was taken up by the new Oratory to be better understood. The present dioceses of Westminster and Southwark formed the London District, presided over by Dr. Wiseman, successor to Dr. Walsh, who governed it only for a short period. Dr. Griffiths, the predecessor of Dr. Walsh, had been unwilling to disturb the existing order of things, and had not allowed any religious order or congregation to open a public church within the limits of his jurisdiction. Dr. Wiseman took a different view ; and one of the greatest works of his episcopate was the introduction and protection of numerous religious bodies.

To him, indeed, the establishment at King William Street was an especial pleasure, for it was with him that the first idea of an English Oratory originated, many years before its actual founders were members

of the Catholic Church. As a brother of the Little Oratory in Rome, he pictured to himself the good which would result from the practice of its Exercises in this country, and he made a promise to St. Philip that he would introduce the Congregation of the Oratory into England, if it should ever be in his power to do so. Father Newman has recorded that to Dr. Wiseman his vocation to the Oratory was principally due ;—" I present for your Lordship's kind acceptance and patronage," he wrote in the dedication of his Discourses to Mixed Congregations, " the first work which I publish as a Father of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. I have a sort of claim to do so, as a token of my gratitude and affection toward your Lordship, since it is to you principally that I owe it, under God, that I am a client and subject, however unworthy, of so great a Saint." The London Congregation of St. Philip always found in Monsignor, afterward Cardinal Wiseman a kind protector, to whom they could turn with confidence for encouragement and advice.

A comparison of the statistics given by the Catholic Directory of 1849 with those of the present year (1869) gives the following results. At the former period there were in the London District 97 churches and chapels, there being now 268 ; instead of 156 priests then, their numbers are now 407 ; or, if the country missions are excluded from the comparison, there were in London and its immediate vicinity 43 churches and 84 priests in 1849, against 97 churches and 246 priests now. The difference between the two periods is not one of numbers only : the fittings, decorations, and vestments of 1849

were very different from those possessed by the majority of the churches now ; to take a single instance, the only statue of our Blessed Lady in London was at St. Mary's, Chelsea. The number of convents has risen from 15 to 59, and that of religious communities of men from 2 to 30. The Passionists had a house at Hampstead in 1849, and the Redemptorists at Clapham, but neither had as yet a public church, although rooms in their respective houses were used as chapels. Four Fathers of the Society of Jesus resided in Hill Street, but no public work is assigned to them in the Directory, as their church at Farm Street was not finished, and they had not then undertaken the charge of the mission at Westminster.

It appears therefore that the Oratory in King William Street was the first public church served by a religious community, which was opened in the diocese ; and Catholics of the present day, who are happily accustomed to look upon such opening ceremonies as matters of frequent occurrence, can hardly realize how much objection was made to it only twenty years ago. The secular clergy were disposed to resist the introduction of a body of priests, whose labors, if successful, would, in their opinion, be likely to draw the faithful away from those chapels which had an older claim, and who yet took no part in parochial work. Further, it was remarked that the Fathers were all converts, and as far as London was concerned, untried men ; the public wearing of their habit was considered an indiscretion ; and they were looked upon with suspicion in some quarters, as being the first to depart

from those precautions and restrictions, which the remembrance of times of persecution still imposed upon the freedom of Catholic worship.

Another source of complaint against the Oratory was found in the devotions which it introduced. It may be said that popular services on week-days, as now understood, were quite unknown. There were occasional benedictions, and usually compline on one or two evenings in Advent and Lent. The Directory for 1849 states that in the Kentish-town Chapel there were evening prayers daily throughout the year, and 'on Thursdays benediction, "followed by a familiar discourse on the moral duties of a Christian," but this, with perhaps one or two others which may have been overlooked, was an exceptional case. Indeed, the materials for a vernacular service were very scanty ; the three hymns given in the Garden of the Soul did not afford much variety, and such prayer-books as the Golden Manual and others, containing translations of foreign devotions, had not yet appeared.

When, therefore, the Exercises of the Oratory began with new hymns, new prayers, and a new style of preaching, it was no wonder that even Catholics should be astonished ; indeed, formal complaints were laid before the bishop. It was represented to him that the Exercises were a dangerous novelty, and ought to be suppressed, on the ground that they were conducted in a Methodistical rather than a Catholic style. It is curious to remember that one of the devotions to which the greatest exception was taken was that of the Seven Offerings of the Precious Blood, now so generally in use.

These suspicions were dissipated after a time by the success of the experiment ; and many of those who had been the loudest to condemn became the foremost to praise, and even to copy the services of the new Congregation in King William Street. The church was always well attended, both at the Masses in the morning, and at the evening Exercises, which have been continued, without any material alteration in their form, up to the present time. The musical talent of Father Alban Wells was of great service in the selection of music for the hymns, which have always been a prominent feature in the services at the Oratory. The zealous priests of the London chapels, when they saw the fruits produced by the new Institute, were not slow to profit by the example ; and, in a short time, there were but a few congregations to which Father Faber's hymns were not familiar.

On the 31st of July, the Feast of St. Ignatius, the church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street was solemnly opened, and on the Sunday within the Octave, August 5th, Father Faber preached there at the high mass.*

The services of the Oratory were interrupted for a few weeks about this time for the completion of the decorations of the chapel. It had been hurriedly prepared for the opening in May, and the work was now finished in a suitable manner, at the expense of a distinguished benefactor of the Congregation. Father Faber took advantage of this interval of leisure to pay a short visit to the principal towns of Bel-

* Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects, vol. ii., p. 319.

gium, accompanied by Father Hutchison and Father Wells.

In the month of September the services of some of the Fathers were required to assist the sufferers from an outbreak of cholera among the Irish hop-pickers at East Farleigh, in Kent. As they were all Catholics, the rector, Mr. H. W. Wilberforce, made an application to Father Faber, who dispatched two of his Fathers the same day, following them himself shortly afterward. Two Sisters of the Good Shepherd were also sent to aid in the good work. The parish school-room was turned into an hospital, with a crucifix and and holy water stoup over each bed, and Mr. Wilberforce and his family were indefatigable in their exertions to provide whatever was necessary. Thanks to the facilities they afforded, Father Faber, who was prevented by his duties in London from making a long stay at Farleigh, was able to make ample provision for the administration of the sacraments to the dying, and for the reconciliation of many of the survivors to the Church. Mr. Wilberforce and his family had the happiness of being received into the Catholic Church in the following year, on the anniversary of the day on which the Fathers of the Oratory had been invited to Farleigh.

The four years during which the community remained at King William Street, were passed in much hardship and difficulty; the high rent of the premises, and the numerous struggles incidental to a new foundation were burdens which pressed heavily upon its members. There was, however, much consolation in

the abundant fruit which resulted from their labors. On the 21st of November, 1849, Father Faber wrote to his old correspondent, the Rev. J. B. Morris: "We are in the full swing of work: lawyers, medical students, &c. pouring pell-mell into the Church. I have received twelve quite lately, but we keep them snug. I am worked off my legs, and as Edward Bagshawe, who put on the habit to-day, will tell you, can hardly get through my controversial and spiritual correspondence. The success of the Oratory has been certainly most marvellous: we have nearly five hundred communions a week now; the bishop is most affectionate to us, and we are more jolly than I can say with each other."

The following passage is extracted from a letter addressed to the writer, who was passing the winter at Malta.

LETTER XC.

The Oratory, London,
St. John's Day, 1849, A. S.

I have been *very* ill, more so than ever, since my return from Bath. I never shall be well in London. I have two vocations, one for my body, and one for my soul; and they happen to be incompatible, so the body must do the best it can, and the soul must roughride it for another sixty years, which is supposed to be the term of incessant headache still left me. When you and I sit toothless together, shaking our palsied heads at recreation, we shall look down upon the junior Fathers, who have only been thirty or forty years in the Congregation, with an ineffable contempt; and when my dotage comes on, I shall fancy myself still novice master, and you a refractory novice, and I shall trip you up on your crutches for mortification.

IN the course of the autumn Father Faber took the principal part in a mission given at St. Wilfrid's, which he never visited afterward. After passing through many changes, the property was made over to the authorities of Sedgley Park School, who have opened there a branch of their establishment.

Great preparations were made by the Fathers for the services of their first season of Lent at King William Street. In spite of his numerous illnesses, and the violent headaches from which he frequently suffered, Father Faber was indefatigable in his work. Without assistance from others he gave a Retreat in the church for the benefit of persons desirous of leading spiritual lives, preaching a meditation for two hours in the morning, and a conference for two more in the afternoon, every day for a fortnight. Immediately afterward he took a large share of the Lenten sermons, and on Good Friday preached the Devotion of the Three Hours' Agony. The following account was given of him in February: "Father Wilfrid is working like a steam engine more than a man. Whether he is well or not I don't know, I hope he is, but his work is something quite prodigious. He has got up twenty-six sermons for Lent, is now giving a Retreat, is getting up sermons against Transcendentalism, has written devotions for Jesus Risen, is to give the Tre Ore, and has poured out verses on Santo Padre by the mile."

Three sermons were preached by Father Faber before the Feast of the Patron Saint of the Congregation, and afterward published under the title of "The Spirit

and 'Genius of St. Philip Neri.'" About the same time Father Newman delivered in the church his lectures on Anglican Difficulties, which were instrumental in determining many persons to enter the Catholic Church. His audience, which was admitted by tickets, was a remarkable one, and comprised, in addition to a large number of Anglican clergymen, many persons distinguished in the literary and intellectual world; for instance, Mr. Thackeray, Miss Charlotte Brontë, and others who were well able to appreciate his marvellous style and power of reading.

On the first Sunday of July, the Confraternity of the Precious Blood was formally erected. This devotion had always been a favorite one with Father Faber. It was doubtless connected in his mind with the theological reminiscences of his earliest years, and on his reception into the Church he had embraced with avidity those practices of it which have been approved and indulgenced, and of which a translation recently made by an English convert was placed in his hands by Dr. Grant on his arrival in Rome in 1846. The branch of the Confraternity which he had erected at St. Wilfrid's in 1847 had had a great success, and it was a consolation to him to extend its usefulness to London, on the first celebration of the Feast of the Precious Blood, instituted by the Holy Father on his return from exile at Gaeta. Its erection in London was confirmed by a Papal Rescript bearing date August the 12th, 1850.

During the summer, Father Faber allowed himself short intervals of rest, which were mainly spent at

Lancing, in Sussex, in a small house taken for the season, to which the other members of the community repaired by turns. This recreation was provided by the kindness of W. G. Ward, Esq., an old friend of Father Faber, who took great pleasure in discussing theological questions with him. The Congregation was indebted to Mr. Ward for much valuable assistance in the early years of its foundation. Father Faber also preached on the 15th of September at a new church which had been lately opened at Sheffield.

About this time it was considered that the Oratory in London had acquired sufficient strength to stand alone, and it was therefore resolved that the Rule of St. Philip, requiring that his Congregations should be independent of each other, should be observed in its integrity. Accordingly, on the 9th of October, Father Newman and the Fathers with him at Birmingham released the community in London "with much regret and sorrowful hearts" from their obedience, and deputed them to erect a separate Congregation.

It was obvious that the choice of a Provost or Superior by the Fathers would fall on no one but Father Faber, who, on the eve of the election, thus expressed himself to the Earl of Arundel and Surrey:

LETTER XCI.

The Oratory, October 11, 1850.

I cannot look without alarm on the prospect of being elected Father Superior to-morrow, and the interests and credit of St. Philip's family in the hugest city in the world being entrusted to such as I am. The very thought makes one wish

that all the world could know what I really am, that they might hate me and put me into a perpetual Coventry, which would be my desert. And yet, when I am elected, for all I know I shall have movements of self-complacency about it, instead of seeing that my elevation will be simply be an evil out of which God will magnify Himself by bringing forth good; and it will be privilege enough for me to be an ugly foil to the beauty of His sweet providence.

On the 12th of October, the Feast of St. Wilfrid, the customary elections were held, and Father Faber was chosen to be Superior, an office which he held until his death, being re-elected every three years, according to the rule of the Oratory.

Although the immediate connection of the Fathers with Father Newman was thus terminated, they did not the less regard him with feelings of the deepest affection and respect; and Father Faber only spoke the mind of his whole community when, five years later, he wrote the dedication of his work on the Blessed Sacrament; — “To my most dear Father, John Henry Newman, to whom, in the mercy of God, I owe the faith of the Church, the grace of the Sacraments, and the habit of St. Philip, with much more that love knows and feeds upon, though it cannot tell in words, but which the last day will show.”

The community had already received several additions to its number, and was much in want of increased accommodation. In this conjuncture it was assisted by Mr. Charles Kenny, who kindly vacated the house, No. 27 King William Street, in which he was then residing, in order to place it at the disposal of the Fathers.

The conclusion of the year 1850 was marked by the agitation consequent upon the establishment of the Hierarchy, during which the habit of the Fathers rendered them conspicuous objects for the display of popular feeling. "It is an anxious time," Father Faber wrote, "but quite as full of great hopes, as of great anxieties." He described the state of affairs at greater length to Mr. Watts Russell, who was at Rome:

LETTER XCII.

The Oratory, King William Street, Strand, London,
Feast of St. Gertrude, 1850.

Charissime, I naturally think of you and yours on this day of your patron Saint. May she obtain for you all, not her marvellous gifts, but what is of higher price far, a quiet spirit of mortification and of prayer. I suppose, amidst tombs of Saints and Domenichine and relics, and what not, you are fast becoming saints yourselves, which I regret to say is very far from being the case with me, though I am always making a start in that direction. But I go to bed like an animal every night, sheerly worn out with fret and work, and I rise in the morning nearly as tired as I was when I went to bed. London is a frightful place for work. I dare say you see the English papers, and therefore you know in what plight we are just now in England. We have the honor of bearing rather more than our share of the public indignation, which may be partly owing to the Bishop of London's honoring us by a charge. All over the walls you see "Down with the Oratorians," "Beware of the Oratorians," "Don't go to the Oratory," "Banishment to the Oratorians," and in Leicester Square a triple placard of singular truthfulness, "No Popery! Down with the Oratorians! No religion at all!" We are cursed in the streets: even *gentlemen* shout from their carriage windows at us. All this is well. But the real anxiety is—how our own people will conduct themselves.

Of late, in praying for the Cardinal, I have felt strongly drawn to pray that he may have a great share of the spirit of mortification. This is what we need; and if the present clamor forces us into this it will indeed be a blessing to us. My dear Michael, we have all been too *cocky* here in England, both old Catholics and converts. We have gone on as if the game was in our own hands; we have run off to shows, pageants, functions, fine churches, gentlemanliness, publicity, and not corresponded to what God was doing for us outwardly, by an increase of asceticism, or prayer, or the practices of an interior life generally. We were getting more hollow and presumptuous daily. Whether then the present distress be God's letting the devil bark for our instruction, or bite for our chastisement, I only hope it will not be thrown away, but will be allowed to accomplish the work whereto it has been sent. Alas! the misery is that so few people take a supernatural view of things. *Diminutæ sunt veritates a filiis hominum*. All this is what I am saying to my crucifix every day, and so, when I come to write, out it comes; and yet it seems *λίαν ἄφρον* to write to you on St. Gertrude's day, and do nothing but croak, but it may hint to you in what direction to turn your prayers for us.

On the 2d of December, Father Faber wrote to the Countess of Arundel and Surrey the following account of a cure which he received from a relic of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, a saint to whom he had, when in Florence, conceived a great devotion, and to whom he bore a strong personal resemblance.

LETTER XCIII.

And now I have so many things to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. Some time ago, a lady at prayer in our church thought it was revealed to her that St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi wished to confer some *grazia* on me in con-

nection with my headache. Her director gave her permission to act upon this; whereupon she wrote to me, begging me when my headache came on to apply a relic of the Saint to my forehead. Some days elapsed; I asked Father Francis, my director, for his leave to do this; as it was a merely temporal thing he took some time to consider. I became ill and had a night of great pain. I thought he had forgotten all about it, and that it would be a blameworthy imperfection in me to remind him of it. The morning after, he came to confession and found me ill in bed; he was going away, but I knew he was going to say mass, and so I made him kneel down by my bedside while I put on my stole, and with considerable pain heard his confession; when he rose I gave him the stole and asked him to hear my confession, which he did. Afterward he said, "Well, now I think it would be well to try this relic." I answered, "Just as you please." I was in great suffering and very sick besides. He gave it me and walked away to the door to say mass. I applied the relic, a piece of her linen, to my forehead: a sort of fire went into my head, through every limb down to my feet, causing me to tremble; before Father Francis could even reach the door, I sprang up, crying, "I am cured, I am quite well!" He said I looked as white as a sheet: I was filled with a kind of sacred fear and an intense desire to consecrate myself utterly to God. I got up and dressed without any difficulty, or pain, or sickness. This was on the Wednesday. On the Saturday I had another headache, but I had not asked Father Francis' leave about the relic, and felt I ought to take no steps to get rid of my cross. In the afternoon he told me I might apply it. Fathers Philip and Edward were in the room. I was on my bed; I took the relic and applied it; there was the same fire in a less degree, but no cure. I then said to the Saint, "I only ask it to go to the novena and benediction." The cure was instantaneous, while Father Philip had such an impression that the Saint was in the room that he was irresistibly drawn to bow to her. Well, I said all my office, then in an hour or so came the novena and benediction; and as soon as I re-

turned to my room I was taken so ill again I was obliged to go to bed. Meanwhile I had totally forgotten what the others reminded me of afterward, that two years ago Michael Watts Russell wrote to me from Florence, and said, "The children send their love, and desire me to say they have just come from the tomb of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, whom they have been asking to cure Father Wilfrid's headache."

After all this, I am sure I shall lose my soul if I do not serve God less lukewarmly, so please pray for me.

At the beginning of the year 1851, several Anglican clergymen were received into the Catholic Church. One of the most distinguished of these, Archdeacon Manning, now Archbishop of Westminster, who received Holy Orders from Cardinal Wiseman in the course of the spring and summer, exercised his offices of subdeacon and deacon for the first time at the Oratory, and when ordained priest, was instructed by Father Faber in the ceremonies of Mass.

In the month of June a committee was formed, at the instance of Father Hutchison, for the purpose of supplying with schools the children of the more destitute class of Catholic poor, and thus counteracting the pernicious effect of Protestant Ragged Schools. It was proposed to open at first a day-school for about two hundred boys, under the superintendence of the Fathers of the Oratory, and afterwards, if the necessary funds were forthcoming, to establish a complete system of schools for girls as well as boys. The work was entrusted to Father Hutchison, who spared neither his time nor his money to insure success. On the 9th of October a school was opened in Rose street, Covent Garden, and transferred in the following year to more

commodious premises in Dunn's Passage, Holborn. The success of the undertaking was beyond all expectation. Upward of eleven hundred children were soon in the habit of receiving instruction in the schools. Facilities were also afforded them for attending Mass on Sundays, and for receiving the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. They were all of the poorest class, and the good effected among them was so notable as to attract the attention of the magistrates of the neighboring police court. One project led to another, and Father Hutchison was so unsparing of himself in the prosecution of the work that his health entirely gave way, and he was obliged to resign the management of the schools to Father Rowe, by whom they were maintained in the same high state of efficiency, and afterward removed to the spacious buildings in Charles street, Drury Lane. It was found eventually that the distance of the schools from the Oratory at Brompton, and the continually increasing work of the Fathers, were objections to their remaining in the hands of the Congregation, and accordingly, in the year 1863, the whole establishment was presented to the diocese.

Although Father Faber had been able to pass a few weeks at the seaside late in the summer, during which time he completed an essay, previously begun, on Catholic Home Missions, the state of his health on his return was so unsatisfactory as to occasion considerable alarm. It was judged advisable that he should give up all work for a few months, and try the effect of total change of scene. He therefore determined to

carry out the plan which he had formed years before of visiting the Holy Land, and with the Rev. George F. Ballard as his companion, he left England early in October. During his absence, the Fathers were kindly assisted by the Bishop of Southwark, who preached frequently in the Oratory. After a short delay at Marseilles, caused by Father Faber's illness, the travellers embarked in a French steamer for Beyrout. The passage was a very rough one, and on reaching Malta, Father Faber found himself unable to proceed further, and was obliged to make a complete change in his plans. On the 30th of October, he wrote to the Countess of Arundel and Surrey:

LETTER XCIV.

I have broken down, and have been obliged to abandon the Terra Santa. Our voyage from Marseilles was very disastrous and fearful, though the storm was magnificent and exciting. We had to cruise about behind Gozo for twenty-four hours, as our boat could not live in the mountainous waves on this side of the island, and the harbor of Malta could not be entered at all, even if we could reach it. My poor head gave way completely under the fatigue, and I feel it a duty to remain here to recruit, which I suppose is tantamount to giving up Jerusalem altogether.

I have got a very nice little lodging on the quarantine harbor, and the dear Augustinians have given me an altar at seven every morning, so that F. George and I are beginning to live like Christians again. I am already much better from the rest, and rather think of preaching at the Gesù on Sunday, as people seem so anxious about it. I have also promised to preach to the sailors at San Filippo, as soon as the fleet comes in next week.

At Malta, he was much amused at being taken for his uncle, the Rev. G. Stanley Faber.

"A certain Canon Psaila," he wrote to Father Hutchison on all Saints' Day, "has written an answer to my uncle's Difficulties of Romanism, in 780 pages: a copy is coming to me to read! I am said to have written the Difficulties in old times, and priests cry over me, and say, '*Che grazia!*' At first I denied it, but found I was not believed; and on Monday, the two antagonists, Canonico Psaila and Dr. Faber, are to meet. *Il Canonico è molto consolato*, especially as he says the *mala fede del Faber* about the early fathers was dreadful! I shall have it all to explain, and then he will be so *sconsolato*."

In the middle of November, Father Faber and his companion left Malta for Messina, whence they proceeded to Catania, Palermo, Naples, and Rome. In each town their first care was to present themselves at the Oratory, where they were sure of an enthusiastic welcome, and where they applied themselves to learn all they could of the working and the spirit of their Institute. At Messina, Father Faber preached in Italian to the Brothers of the Little Oratory, to their great delight and edification; and at Palermo, he met Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, by whom he was most warmly received. He arrived at Naples on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and described the scene in a letter written on the following day to Father Hutchison.

LETTER XCV.

Just as we dropped our anchor in the harbor yesterday, a signal was given from the church where the Pontifical func-

tion was, of the Elevation of the Host; it was like magic, all the ships blossomed scores of colors; the castles, the ships, the bastions, roared with cannonading, till the mountains echoed and echoed again; the bells all along the bay rang madly without any tune, in the rum Italian way, and old Vesuvius smoked so benignantly in the sunshine, that I nearly cried; it was such a big act of faith from a whole city; one felt (I speak with all due respect to San Gennaro) that our Lady had reasons for prohibiting the volcano to send his lava in this direction. A Yankee man-of-war, and an English war-steamer, with their wintry rigging, unflagged, and their silent guns, were the only Protestant blots in the scene. Thanks to Lord Palmerston, all the nations, Russian, Belgian, American, Italian, French, had their permissions to land at once; but the English, Piedmontese, and Swiss, were kept waiting ever so long. We reached our own church just as they were taking the Blessed Sacrament down to give benediction, which was jolly. I followed them into the sacristy, and made myself known, and was very affectionately embraced. I sat for some time in the house with some of the Fathers, and to-day some have called here. I have been to our Father Costa, but he was unfortunately engaged. There were illuminations last night, and abundance of squibs, and firing of pistols, and altarini up the sides of the streets, and festoons of muslin and tinsel everywhere; and what pleased me most was that many of the shut shops were so adorned, which took off the London Sunday look of a Festa.

The Fathers here are so urgent that I do not feel sure we shall be able to leave so soon for Rome. This morning I have spent with the old Preposto, a most engaging old man. I then spent a long time with the librarians in the library: it is of the same size as the one at Palermo, 22,000 volumes; very rich in MSS. and rare classics; but for *go*, and use, I would rather have the Palermo library. I *adored* one book — St. Philip's thumbed copy of Richard of St. Victor. Consoliri had written something in the beginning of it; his handwriting is just like Father Newman's.

I have also been to the Cardinal Archbishop (Sforza), and I had the coolness to go in seculars! Directly I saw him, I felt I knew him quite well, but when or where I can't remember; and when he dismissed me, he said, "You must go to Rome and see Santo Padre; remember, it was Gregory XVI. when you were there." I suppose I must have known him as Monsignore in 1843, but I am not sure.

If I can get one, I will bring one of the rum things they put on the Altar in Advent and Lent, when flowers are forbidden; they take my fancy hugely. At present I have charitable Fathers scouring the bookshops to get certain books I want for the library, most of which were printed here. I shall get another "Viva," if it be possible, for it is a book which will bear duplicating. "Milante on Theses Damnatae" was printed here, I know; and they tell me "Gardil" is often in the market. They can get them cheap, whereas an English face would treble the price at once. To-morrow all the relics are to be opened for me: alas! the *argenteria* was all taken at the Revolution. Words can't describe the bitterness of my weariness *fuori la Congregazione*. I think of it day and night, and find no rest. I keep fancying you have received a novice; I wish it may be true: but I fancy all manner of things; and now I shall reach home without a letter.

They remained only a few days in Rome, where, however, they had the honor of being presented to Pius IX. The Holy Father received them most graciously, and asked Father Faber what privileges he would like to have. "Nothing for myself alone, Be-
atissimo Padre," was his answer, "but whatever your Holiness pleases to give to my Congregation." On his presenting a petition for a daily Plenary Indulgence for the Church of the Oratory, the Pope said: "This must go to the Congregation of Rites." "Ah! Holy Father," answered Father Faber, "you can do it your-

self if you will ;” upon which the Pope laughed and signed the paper.

The Superior of the Chiesa Nuova, Padre Colloredo, gratified Father Faber’s devotion by having the shrine of St. Philip opened and lighted up.

Padre Colloredo, he wrote to Father Dalgairns, (Letter XCVI.) was quite loving : and after recreation told me that as soon as the Church was locked at the Ave Maria, Santo Padre’s shrine should be opened and lighted up in honor of the “Preposto di Londra.” I asked for nothing, and I think this warmed his heart. So I brought Lord Fielding &c. ; and a wondrous consolation it was to see the dear Saint lying so calmly, with his feet resting on the end of the coffin, and his hands crossed in front, and that grand crown upon his head. I was a good deal overcome by it, as well as by the relics, which are like a life of him—the crumbs he left at his last supper, the *Crocefissa senza croce*, the bag of supposed relics he worked miracles with—but you know and have seen them all. Padre Colloredo slightly wept when we parted, and after kissing me most lustily, he held my hand in his, and said, *O carissimo, O carissimo mio*. I won his heart in the morning by cutting jokes on him. I was walking through one of the corridors with my hat off, when he begged me to put it on ; I told him I preferred to have my head uncovered, and said laughingly, *Ho la testa calda, ed il cuore freddo*. (My head is hot, and my heart cold.) Whereupon Father Joseph Gordon burst out laughing, and Padre Colloredo said, I can see plain enough that your heart is anything but *freddo*. Finding that a complimentary speech was coming, I began *burlare*, and joked him about pretending to have *discernimento degli spiriti*, just because he was Preposta of Chiesa Nuova. Our friendship dated from this.

Turin, Dec. 26, 1851.—I am longing to be at home, and almost regret the day lost here. Since we began locomotion on land, all my bad symptoms have gone, and I sleep like a top every night. Home will set me all right.

The remainder of the journey was rapidly performed. Passing through Florence, the travellers halted for Christmas Day at Genoa, and then crossing the Alps by the pass of the Mont Cenis, reached London on the last day of the year 1851.

Father Faber's anxiety to be at home had brought him back before the time fixed by his medical advisers, and he was far from being well enough to resume his work. He therefore hired for a few months a small house at Hither Green, near Lewisham, in Kent. Being within an easy distance of London, he was able to receive frequent visits from members of his community and other friends, and could be referred to for advice in matters of importance. It was also easy for him to superintend from time to time the building of the country-house of the Congregation, St. Mary's Sydenham Hill, the foundations of which were begun on the Feast of the Purification, February the 2d, 1852. His health improved considerably during his stay at Lewisham.

LETTER XCVII.—TO FATHER JOHN E. BOWDEN.

Hither Green prospers greatly (he wrote to Malta on the 22d of January) as far as I am concerned. I am nearly blown away by the cold winds, which send health and joy through every limb and fibre. I struggle across ploughed fields, and wade through the liquid mud of the lanes in my patent clumped shoes, to my heart's content. I eat like a wolf, I sleep like a top, I am in immense spirits, and how my digestion goes on I am unable to tell you, for I am never in any way reminded of the existence of a stomach, except when I stoop to tie my shoes, an operation which is daily becoming more difficult. O my dear John! this is the only pure air in

the world, a dear, clear, cold, whistling wind, that blows one's hair about, flies one's hat over hedges, goes up the arm of one's coat, roars in the chimney and pipes through the key-hole. None of your nasty hot suns, withering siroccos, cloudless skies, for me. Yesterday I walked out without my hat in the rain, and it was delicious beyond expression.

One of the chief events which concerned the Oratory in the year 1852 was the trial of Father Newman in the Court of Queens Bench, at the instance of Dr. Achilli. Father Newman remained at King William Street whilst it was proceeding, and those who saw him during that time of excitement, remaining day and night almost without interruption before the tabernacle, will not readily forget the edification they received from his serenity and evenness of mind.

About the end of June a proclamation was issued by the government of Lord Derby, recalling to mind the statutes which forbid Roman Catholic ecclesiastics to wear the habit of their order. It became necessary therefore for the Fathers of the Oratory to discontinue the practice which they had adopted, and to wear their cassocks only within the limits of their own premises.

Father Faber preached at King William Street every evening of the Octave of the Precious Blood at the beginning of July, and shortly afterward went down to superintend the completion of St. Mary's, Sydenham. It was first inhabited on the 17th of July, and the Blessed Sacrament was reserved there for the first time on the 2d of August. On the 10th of the same month, after the ordination to the priesthood at the Oratory, of four Fathers, of whom the writer was one,

Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Grant, the bishop of the diocese, and a large party of friends, including Prince Massimo, were entertained at St. Mary's, where His Eminence and Prince Massimo planted trees in commemoration of their visit. The Massimo family have maintained their connection with the Oratory at Rome ever since the lifetime of St. Philip, by whom Paolo de' Massimi was miraculously restored to life.

In the month of September, Father Faber went to Ireland for the first time, accompanied by Father Bagshawe, and was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. He preached at the Jesuits' church in Gardiner Street, Dublin, during the celebration of the Triduo in honor of the Beatification of Father Peter Claver, and one or two other sermons in other chapels for charitable objects, after which he paid a short visit to his friend Mr. Monsell, at Tervoe, near Limerick, before returning to England.

It had never been the intention of the Fathers to remain in the confined premises which they occupied in King William Street. They always looked forward to the time when they would be in possession of a more spacious church, and of a house better adapted to the daily life of the community. As early as the year 1850, a committee of laymen, with the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, A. G. Fullerton, Esq., and D. Lewis Esq., as its Honorary Secretaries, was formed for the promotion of this object. Many were the schemes proposed, and as many were the disappointments. Once only did any plan seem likely to be accomplished, as the Fathers had signed an agreement

to purchase a large house in the neighborhood of Regent Street, the negotiation for which, however, was eventually broken off by the proprietor. At last, in the autumn of 1852, a plot of ground with a residence, known as Blemell House, Brompton, was purchased by the Congregation: the buildings upon it, which were not in good condition, were pulled down, and the erection of the present Oratory was begun.

The original plans of the house were conceived by Father Faber on a scale of great magnificence, but the estimated cost of their execution necessitated their being modified to the design actually carried out. The work was begun in March 1853, and such was Father Faber's power of communicating his own energy to those under his superintendence that the whole of the spacious buildings were finished and occupied within twelve months. This was only one instance of the grandeur with which Father Faber always made his plans; and he and his Fathers often laughed over the wonderful schemes which he projected.

In the meantime, the work at King William Street did not slacken. Besides the daily preaching and constant confessions in the church, a mission was given during the first three weeks of Advent by Father Faber and some of the other Fathers in the new schools at Dunn's Passage, the object of which was to give an impetus to the work of education by the revival of religion in the families of the children who frequented them. The majority of those who attended the services were Catholics only in name, and were found to be so ignorant that several brothers of the

Little Oratory were constantly employed in teaching them the elements of Christian doctrine. It was difficult to move souls which had been so long hardened by neglect, but at length Father Faber, at the end of an impassioned sermon, which was but coldly listened to, exclaimed: "How can I touch your hearts? I have prayed to Jesus; I have prayed to Mary; whom shall I pray to next? I will pray to *you*, my dear Irish children, to have mercy on your own souls." These words, and the sight of Father Faber kneeling before them, had a wonderful effect; the whole congregation fell on their knees, and for some minutes nothing was heard but their sobs and prayers. After the Mission, the work was continued by hiring rooms in the most crowded courts of the neighborhood, to which the people were summoned every evening by a bell, in order to receive instructions, to sing hymns, and to say the Rosary together. Some account of the Mission was given by Father Faber in the following letter:

LETTER XCVIII.—TO THE COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY.

The Oratory, Nov. 29, 1852.

The mission has begun with immense consolations. Thanks to the precious blood. There were about a thousand crammed in there; many most unhappy women, who, before it was over, were on their knees before the crucifix, sobbing and beating their breasts. You know it is in the very heart of London's worst dens of iniquity. We have got about a hundred and fifty masses promised, and several convents are praying. Mind and pray hard; tell our dear Lord He must give grace

now, without measure, without measure, without measure! No common supply will do. Oh, if you saw that mass of poor creatures, you would yearn for their souls. The heavens must positively rain precious blood. That is what we want. It must be all done by prayer. So pray all day long.

I am wonderfully well, for I am in my element, and Teggart's tonics furnish the strength. I fear I am only too happy. God is so good in every way. To-day I made a meditation on giving up to God promptly, sweetly, and without a word, the soul He has given me, and I found there was nothing to hinder it. Not Brompton or Sydenham. Not home and the graves of my father and mother, for I have now not been home for twenty years. Not my relations, though unconverted. Nor any of the Fathers. Only one penitent, who wants me, is a little tie. Then, as to being fit, why, I never shall be fit. I do not know, of course, if I shall be saved. But then, at best, I must always trust that doubt to God, and why not as well now as any other time? Dear me! it seems as if we all of us made too many difficulties about serving God. Oh, for the time when we shall be able to give God, not three quarters of an hour, but an eternity of praise. Now pray for these poor souls. I have made them over to St. Joseph and St. Philip. The Superioress in Queen's Square declares she has compromised all Paradise in the affair. If we could only make our Celts saints, we could do something to our Saxons.

Not content with the addition to his work at the Oratory, of the management of the schools at Dunn's Passage, Father Hutchison was the originator and active promoter of the endeavors made at that time to provide a Refuge for young Catholic prisoners. Father Faber was much interested in the matter, and his name was on the committee which was formed for the furtherance of the object. At the end of November Father Hutchison and Dr. Manning concluded an agree-

ment to take Blythe House, Hammersmith, for a Catholic Reformatory School, which it was hoped would be ready for its inmates in the following spring.

Before the conclusion of the year Father Faber sent to press an *Essay on the Interest and Characteristics of the Lives of the Saints*, dedicated to Cardinal Wiseman, "whose kind encouragement, valuable suggestions, and peculiar devotion to the modern Saints, fostered the beginnings, and defended the progress of the English series of their Lives." It deserves more attention than it has received: for, besides the defence of the Oratorian series against the charge of literary defects, for which it was mainly written, it contains a minute and valuable account of the influence upon the whole spiritual life of the study of hagiography. A reminiscence of earlier days appears in the following passage on the power of literary excellence in sustaining traditions.

"If the Arian heresy was propagated and rooted by means of beautiful vernacular hymns, so who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on in the ear like a music that never can be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is

the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. It has been to him all along as the silent, but O how intelligible voice, of his guardian angel; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible. And all this is an unhallowed power! The extinction of the Establishment would be a less step toward the conquest of the national mind, than, if it were possible, (but we are speaking humanly, and in our ignorance,) to adopt that Bible, and correct it by the Vulgate. As it is, there is no blessing of the Church along with it, and who would dream that beauty was better than a blessing?"

The beginning of the year 1853 found Father Faber again engaged in the work of composition. After High Mass on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, January the 16th, he began the first of his series of spiritual works. "All for Jesus; or, the Easy Ways of Divine Love," was continued at St. Mary's in the course of the spring, the author frequently writing as much as sixteen hours a day. It was published in the middle of July, and received with so much enthusiasm by the Catholic body that a second edition was called for in less than a month. Father Faber had the gratification of receiving expressions of the highest approval of his book from several distinguished ecclesiastics. The following extracts have been made with his Lordship's permission from the Letter of the Bishop of Birmingham. (August 18, 1853.)

"I have read all your book, which you so kindly sent me, entitled 'All for Jesus,' except the last chapter. I am not

merely pleased, I am delighted with it, and moved by it. It is the very book we wanted. It was wanted to draw 'pious' people out of themselves, to tear their souls away with affectionate violence from that glutinous adhesion to their subjective, narrowed-in, and merely personal estimation of divine things, and of divine ways. It rouses like a trumpet, and penetrates like a fire, and draws forth the soul out of that obscure cavern of self-complacency, almost irresistibly, to place her on the side of God and of His divine interests.

"I am sure it will do great good, and I heartily thank you for it, and for all those labors it must have cost you, and for which God will reward you. One thing be assured it will do. It will remove all remaining impressions as to whether the doctrine about *holy familiarity* with God and divine things, which seems in your first Catholic writings almost to exclude that of fear and reverence, be duly tempered in your own mind or not."

The Very Rev. Dr. Newsham wrote from St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. (July 28, 1853.)

"I have read your recent work, 'All for Jesus,' with infinite delight, and I believe to my great spiritual profit. I always felt the immense importance of that mode of drawing souls to God, and it has been my constant theme both in my instructions and in the confessional. But I find you have handled the glorious subject so much better than I have ever been able to do that I am delighted, and I thank God for the great lights He has been pleased to give you for His own divine honor and the good of His people. I am most anxious to spread the beautiful devotion you so sweetly inculcate, not only through this college, but among the clergy; and I will recommend the perusal and study of your invaluable book whenever I have the opportunity."

Father Faber also received the following from the Rev. Father Cardella, S.J., of the Collegio Romano:

"Will you allow one who is quite unknown to you, but a friend and brother in Jesus Christ, to wish you much joy for the beautiful book you have written of late. Your book 'All for Jesus,' has been sent to me from England by a kind friend; and as I wrote to him, so I tell you, that few books have I ever read with so much pleasure as this of yours. What I like most is that richness of thoughts and pious feelings, that *unworldly* spirit, that kind of instruction so practical and so encouraging for all, in short, to say it in your own words, that beautiful variety of easy ways of divine love.

"Believe me that few books are so much to my taste as this of yours. It seems to me that you have hit the very point in so many things. I cannot help saying that among so many other things, I have been exceedingly pleased with what you say about theological sermons, the devotion to the Divine Person of the Incarnate Word, and the knowledge of God. I remember, when reading the meditations, soliloquies, and manuals which go by the name of St. Augustine, having often wished to see them translated into English, either in the whole or in part; precisely because there is so much theology there, so touching, so forcibly and sweetly raising the heart from this lonely vale of tears to our God. Often have I said that preachers ought to speak more of God and Jesus our Lord. More than once I have seen the greatest effect produced on poor, simple people by a theological sermon on the *missus est* explaining *historically* the great mystery of the Incarnation, the Divine message to Mary, the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, the Divine Maternity. I am sure nothing is so touching as the Christian Mysteries, and for me nothing touches me so much in the sweet devotion to Mary as her being Mother of God; the more she is overshadowed by mystery the more touching and lovely she appears: therefore you will not be surprised if I say it again, that few books are more to my taste than 'All for Jesus.'"

In spite of these favorable judgments, the book was

criticized by some as making the way to heaven too easy; the objectors failing to notice the frequent mention in its pages of several kinds of penance almost unknown in England at that time. On this criticism, which reached him a few months later, Father Faber expressed himself as follows:

LETTER XCIX.—TO THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY.

St. Mary's, January 2, 1854.

Here are sounds all round, as of a growing storm, about my book. It is going to be a year of crosses, and this may be one. However, there shall be no controversy. I have resolved to hold my tongue. The book may be all wrong, most likely is, coming from a beast like me, but I wrote it to help souls, and to get our Lord some more love. There is no good in defending it. If it is against mortification, how was it likely that such an effeminate, soft-lived valetudinarian as I am, should be able to teach people mortification? The more thanks to those whose tongues and criticisms will force a little bit of mortification upon me, of a sort far sharper to my thin-skinned conceit than the lash of a discipline. My only prayer is that these good regulars, and others, will not wantonly take my bad bread out of the children's mouths without giving them better and more nourishing food. Wheat-flour is the right thing; but potato and pea-flour are better than famine.

They say I send people to heaven lolling on a sofa; they used to say of my Santo Padre reproachfully, that he sent people to heaven in a coach and four, and what is my modest little brougham to that?

If a man can do the austerities, *tanto meglio*, he will have his heart full of God then. But if he can't whip, burn, scarify, and starve himself, why should he give up what he can do in the way of love, and go back to precepts and the eight indulgences? Surely, surely it will be a sad thing for

God's dear glory, if men make so many who have found help, and who are making efforts, doubt and distrust the book, and fall back again on the coldness and dryness of the past.

However, God will have His glory anyhow; and if there be an ounce more to Him in my condemnation and the proscription of my book, I am only too glad to be the means of His getting it; and so *Viva la gloria di Dio! Viva San Filippo!*

In the first edition of *All for Jesus* the following passage occurred, and the censure contained in it was much felt in some quarters:

"Now, when nuns set to work and praise themselves under cover of praising their *holy* community, or their *holy* rule, or their *holy* founder, when they are full of pity for people living in the world, eloquent on dangers and snares from which they are delivered, and loud in self-congratulation on the grace of their vocations, I cannot avoid, perhaps in a spirit of contradiction, arguing thus: These good nuns must take a low view of what Jesus requires of His spouses, or they would be more frightened about their own short-comings; I suspect our Lord does not fare over well in that community, and that the interior life of it is sadly shallow. Self-praise is apt to be the besetting sin of nuns; and they should sometimes remind themselves that a publican in the world needs less pity than a Pharisee in the cloister. An occasional week's meditation on the awful and adorable purity of God would accomplish this end with especial benediction. If a good soul were to see all at once what it has pledged itself to in the way both of perfection and of suffering by religious profession, perhaps without a miracle it would not endure the vision and live. Ah! the lively, spiritual prattle about convent joys and convent privileges must come either from a very young novice, or a sadly inexperienced nun. It is never heard in those delightful houses, where all breathes of the supernatural, of abasement, of tranquility, of God, where the very air rebukes

proud thoughts, and from which we carry away a precious dis-esteem of self without the conceited bitterness of self-reproach."

In reply to a Religious Superior who reported to him the objection taken to these remarks, Father Faber thus justified himself:

LETTER C.

St. Mary's Sydenham Hill, Kent,
Saturday, January 28, 1854.

My dear Rev. Mother :

Your letter has only just reached me. Our house at Brompton is not yet finished, and some of the workmen took in the letter and forwarded it. However, my naughty head, which is just now behaving very badly with rheumatism, would not have let me accept your kind invitation for to-morrow.

Poor me! all you good nuns throughout the land seem to be anathematizing me; and, like an obstinate heretic, I am wicked enough to take it as a proof that I am in the right. I grant that I am not fit to write a spiritual book, but having perpetrated the egregious conceit of doing so, does not all this follow logically: That it is the business of a spiritual writer to point out the faults which beset each state of life and vocation. That if nuns laugh while I laugh at ladies in the world living half like nuns and half like patronesses of Almack's, or while I laugh at members of parliament worshipping politics, &c., &c., they, the nuns, must either

1. Maintain that nuns *can* have no fault,
2. Or bear with my pointing them out.

That the faults in question are constantly mentioned by spiritual writers, even so old as St. Bernard, who taunts cloistered men and women with those very things in his sermons on the Canticles, and therefore that I can hardly be wrong in following him.

I certainly know more of foreign convents than of English ones; but I had no convent at all in my eye when I wrote those remarks, *which a bishop begged me to put in*. Nay, I have never had anything but edification in every convent where I have been in England, and owe great debts to all of them, from Llanherne to Darlington.

You see *you* are not *touchy* about it, but don't you think those who are feel the cap fits? Now, is not that an ill-natured speech?

After all, is a spiritual book written to praise people, or to correct and amend them?

However, there shall be a council of all your Rev. Superiresses in England, and as I so hugely value convents, and look on nuns as the choicest lily-bed in all the Spouse's garden, I will do any penance you shall unitedly impose, to make my peace. "Blessed are the peace-makers." See, Rev. Mother, what a chance you have of gaining a blessing you can never find in your own convent, viz., of appeasing a quarrel. Reconcile the *angry* nuns to me, and that will be peace-making indeed.

Ever, my dear Rev. Mother, with great respect,
Your faithful and obliged servant in Christ,
F. W. FABER,
Congr. Orat. Presb.

Whilst thus engaged, Father Faber's attention was often called to other work. He preached at the Oratory in his turn, and took the principal part in all the deliberations of the Fathers with their architect, the late J. J. Scoles Esq., concerning the plans of their new house at Brompton. In the summer he paid a short visit to the Lake District, and on the 25th of September preached the consecration sermon of Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool.

As the works at Brompton were approaching completion, the Fathers made an arrangement with the

proprietor of the premises occupied by them in King William Street, by which the lease was taken off their hands. As the time for closing the chapel drew near, it was daily filled with persons desirous of seeing again the place where they had received so many spiritual blessings, before it reverted to secular uses. The last services in the old Oratory were held on Sunday the 11th of September, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. The high mass was sung by the Bishop of Northampton, and the sermon preached by the Bishop of Southwark. The usual meeting of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood was held in the evening, with a sermon by Father Faber.

With all their joyful anticipations of their new home, it was not without sadness that the Fathers listened, for the last time in that building, to the familiar sounds of hymn and litany. If before them lay a wider field and a more secure abode, there remained the memory of many blessings, with which their first sphere of work as a congregation must always be associated.

* Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects, vol. ii. p. 329.

CHAPTER XI.

1854-61.

The majority of the Congregation found room, on their departure from King William Street, at St. Mary's, Sydenham, and the usual triennial elections were held there on the Feast of St. Wilfrid. Father Faber, now elected Superior for the second time, directed from thence the progress of the new buildings, and remained there until the 1st of March 1854, when he removed with a few Fathers and Brothers to the Oratory at Brompton, where he was joined by his whole community in the course of the ensuing fortnight.

After the enforced inactivity of the last six months, the Fathers resumed their community duties and external works with much satisfaction. The special fitness of their new quarters to Oratorian life was greatly appreciated, and the immense change from the limited capacity of their premises in King William Street caused the opening of the house at Brompton to be almost the re-founding of the congregation.

Toward the large expenses which had been incurred, the following benefactions had been received: £10,000 toward the purchase of the site from a lady who desired that her gift might be anonymous; £4,000 for the wing of the house containing the Oratory and

Library, from the Earl of Arundel and Surrey; and £700 toward the erection of the church, collected through the instrumentality of the committee before mentioned. By far the greater portion of the cost was supplied, although with difficulty, from the private resources of the Fathers themselves.

A temporary church, long and low, without side-chapels or attempt at decoration, was built and fitted up at an expense of nearly £4,000. As previously at King William Street, so at this time also, there were not wanting croakers to predict failure. Among other things, the size of the church was ridiculed, and the Fathers were asked if they hoped ever to fill it. That problem was soon solved, and if there were any regrets about the matter, they were that it had not been made considerably larger. It was opened to the public by the Vicar General, Dr. Maguire, on the 22d of March, the transferred Feast of St. Joseph. The sermons at high mass and vespers were preached by Father Faber.* His anxiety brought on one of his terrible headaches, and in the morning it appeared impossible for him to attempt the sermons. Many prayers were offered, and at last a vow was made to erect a statue to St. Joseph if he would enable Father Faber to preach. At the last moment Father Faber left his bed to ascend the pulpit, and no one who heard the sermon would have suspected the difficulties under which it was delivered. Confessions, now heard in the church daily and hourly, were begun on the eve of Palm Sunday, and the evening exercises were commenced on

* Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects, vol. ii. p. 332.

Easter Monday with a course of lectures by Father Faber.

Every evening, except Saturday, which is left free for the sake of hearing confessions, sermons are preached, with hymns and devotions, and Benediction is given on Thursdays and on many feasts. Father Faber laid great stress upon the Oratorian custom of daily sermons. "We must be careful," he once said to his congregation in chapter, "not to do anything with the *quotidiana parola*, which I believe has been the main cause of our success, the foundation of the fulness of our confessionals, and of our not sinking into a *district* congregation." The meeting of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood is held on Sunday night, when, after the intentions of the members have been announced, a sermon is preached, followed by benediction. The seasons of Lent and the Month of Mary are marked by additional services, and benediction is given on Thursday and Saturday afternoons throughout the year.

Although at this time there were few Catholics residing in the neighborhood, the services in the church were well attended from the first. The evening exercises were very popular, and no long time elapsed before the hymns and other devotions were taken up with the same animation as at King William Street. This success was owing in a great measure to the pains which Father Faber took with every detail. The selection of the devotions and hymns, the subjects and style of the sermons, the arrangements of the benedictions, the exact performance of every ceremony

prescribed by the rubrics, were all the objects of his minute personal superintendence. The exercises, seen in their perfection on Sunday evening, seldom fail to impress strangers; on one occasion the late Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, who occasionally lodged near the Oratory, declared with characteristic energy that she would willingly have come on her knees from Stone to hear them.

With the establishment of the Oratory at Brompton began the last period of Father Faber's life. He never had another home; one year followed another without bringing any change to his occupations, and his frequent and severe illnesses were the only interruptions to his work. On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, just after settling at Brompton, he wrote to Lady Arundel: "It is five years to-day since I said the first Mass in poor King William Street, and Lord A. had the austere breakfast he has ever had before or since. What a five years it has been! And that God should have done so much for such creatures as we are! May it not be that one day He will say, 'Verily, you have had your reward?'"

Before proceeding to the events of subsequent years it will be well to insert a few details of his manner of life at this period. He was a very early riser, and had usually said his Mass in the private chapel of the house before the rest of the community were stirring. He would then take a cup of tea, and after making his meditation, write steadily until breakfast. The morning was principally spent in conversation and discussion with different Fathers, who reported to him the

works entrusted to their care, and received from him the necessary directions for their management. Most of their undertakings, beyond as well as within the walls of the Oratory, were due to his suggestion for their beginning, and to his encouragement and advice for much of their success. The difficulties encountered and the questions arising in their prosecution, were promptly and confidently referred to him for solution. At all hours his room was the frequent resort of the Fathers; there were few who would not have felt a blank in the day if they had not paid a visit to what seemed to renew amidst themselves the "School of Christian mirth" of St. Philip's room at the Chiesa Nuova. Indeed, in all matters it was to "the Father," as in the affectionate parlance of the Oratory the Superior is always styled, that each was accustomed to turn,

"Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief, —"

On feast-days especially he took pleasure in seeing all the Fathers as near as possible, and was particularly careful on such occasions that everything in his room should be more than commonly neat, so that his very aspect seemed to denote a festival. One Easter morning, when a Father noticed the orderly appearance of his room, he remarked that the napkin in the Sepulchre was found *folded* at the Resurrection, showing that our Lord hated untidiness.

In everything connected with the Congregation he took the liveliest interest, and as its sphere of useful-

ness widened, the responsibilities it entailed upon him became numerous and heavy. The domestic affairs of the house demanded considerable attention, as the financial condition of the community required that the closest economy should be practised. It was not endowed, and the private resources of its individual members had been largely drained by the expenses of the new foundation. For this, moreover, a debt was due, the interest on which amounted to a considerable sum. The receipts from the church, which, in accordance with Oratorian custom, is never expected to contribute in any way to the support of the house, almost always fell short of the money expended in the maintenance of its public worship, and the Fathers were obliged to make good the deficiency out of their own pockets. The common difficulty of making both ends meet was thus a constant anxiety to Father Faber, and many of his attacks of illness were traceable to this cause.

In addition to his work and anxiety as Superior, he also after 1856 fulfilled the duties of novice master, his favorite office, for which he often declared himself more fitted than for that of Superior, and he devoted to its discharge much time and attention. Moreover, as his name became better known by his books, he received applications for advice and assistance from all parts of the country. These were scrupulously answered, often at considerable length, so that his correspondence occupied a good deal of his time. One of his Fathers, finding in his room a large heap of letters ready for the post, expressed envy of his

talent for answering letters. "Talent!" exclaimed Father Faber, "it's the fear of God."

He rarely left the house, except for an occasional walk in the garden, and still more seldom did he pay a visit. He sometimes went to the different establishments under the charge of the Fathers, especially the schools at Dunn's Passage, Holborn, and Charles Street, Drury Lane, where his appearance was always hailed with enthusiastic delight. His principal recreation was to pass a few days at St. Mary's, Sydenham. The grounds there had been laid out under his personal direction, and in thus exercising his taste, he developed quite a remarkable talent for landscape gardening, the result of his keen sense of natural beauty. Excellent as the locality of St. Mary's is for position and commanding view, it was entirely uncultivated, but after it had been in Father Faber's hands for a few years, many persons experienced in such matters expressed their admiration not only of the variety of trees collected, but also of the taste and skill with which the place had been arranged. There, nevertheless, he used to carry on his literary labors with unceasing application. He enjoyed having the novices about him, and in providing occupation and amusement for them in the grounds.

The predilection of the Oratory for children, which it has received as a tradition from St. Philip, and which was especially strong in Father Faber, also found scope in the invitation to St. Mary's of small parties of boys, belonging for the most part to a Confraternity formed by Father Wells in dependence on the little Oratory.

Among the most frequent of these visitors was Giulio Watts Russell, who was killed whilst fighting as a Pontifical Zouave at Mentana, and whose connection with Father Faber is related in the touching biography of him written by Father Cardella, S. J. Of the rest, one has become a secular priest, three have joined different religious orders, and one has entered the Congregation of the Oratory. An old friend, writing at the time of Father Faber's death, spoke of the "indescribable charm of his private intercourse, of that wonderful brilliancy of conversation in which he excelled all those whose social powers have made them the idols of London society as far as they have excelled ordinary men, of the magic play of his countenance and of his voice, of the unprecedented combination of tenderness in affection, unearthliness of aim, and worldly wisdom which characterized his private intercourse, of his power of attracting little children and learned men, one as much as the other." *

Father Faber was an indefatigable reader, and even during illness he was generally to be found with a book in his hand, none but the more serious attacks interfering with his practice in this particular. Besides theological works, especially those treating of the subjects which he proposed to handle in books or sermons, he read most of the publications of the day on physical geography and natural science. Narratives of travel had also a great charm for him, his power of imagination enabling him to realize vividly the pic-

* Notice signed "H. W. W.," in the Weekly Register of October 11, 1863.

tures they described. He procured with great pains many rare theological works, but his favorite books were those on mystical theology and the spiritual life, of which he had formed a large collection. Whatever had any bearing on this subject he sought for eagerly, being always on the watch for the publication of new lives or revelations of the Saints. During the later years of his life, he had constantly by him the edition of *Blosius* published by Dr. Newsham, which he warmly recommended to ecclesiastics. He read rapidly, noting in pencil at the end of the volume references to whatever promised to be of use. As the scheme of his various works was always made several years before they were written for the press, he thus accumulated a considerable store of information and illustration relating to them, which his retentive memory enabled him effectively to introduce.

He was in the habit of preaching in the church on the Sunday mornings in Lent, and also in May and June, besides his sermons at other times of the year. In Lent, and sometimes in May, he gave lectures on one or two afternoons in each week. He was most careful in preparing everything he preached: with all his learning, force of language, and power of imagery, he always made notes beforehand, even for such little occasions as addresses to the children of the schools. He impressed the same frequently upon the Fathers, repeating that what was not carefully prepared was never worth listening to. He rarely preached elsewhere, partly because he was unwilling to make engagements which the state of his health might not

allow him to fulfil, and partly because his work at home was so overwhelming as to prevent him from assuming any additional burden. The nervousness arising from ill-health, as well as constant physical pain, made this burden far more severe; and many times when his auditors listened to his fluent and powerful words, he was undergoing an amount of suffering under which persons with less strength of will would have been unable to rise from their beds.

In spite of the same difficulty, he always exerted himself to assist at those functions at which, according to the custom of the Oratory, the whole community is present in choir. On points connected with the ceremonial of the Church he was inflexibly strict with himself and with others: he observed the slightest faulty detail of individual demeanor, and was especially severe upon any who allowed their private devotion to interfere with their attention to the ceremonies. This was a matter on which he felt so strongly that his manner in the correction of such faults was almost an exception to his usual gentleness. A Father, himself scrupulously exact and well informed in rubrical matters, once told him that in a function he "trembled in knowing that his eye was upon him." He bestowed the same care upon the sacristy, and all material arrangements regarding the worship, as upon the personal service of the sanctuary.

In all things Father Faber was generous and open-handed, always giving more than the occasion seemed to require. Yet in nothing was this spirit more conspicuous than in the magnificent scale on which all

his plans for the church were formed. He would have everything of the best; and that not merely where it would be visible to others, but in every particular connected with the worship of God. Once he expressed great disgust because at the Exposition at another church there were flowers on the altar *under glass shades*. When the new high altar of marble was put up in the Oratory he was much dissatisfied because the back of it was not finished like the front, and he found fault with the altar rails for the same reason, complaining that the inner face, "the side next our Lord," was plain instead of being ornamented by mouldings. One of his last acts was to order from Siena at his own expense the large candlesticks which adorn the sanctuary on the greatest feasts of the year.

In his vocation of the Oratory he found ample field even for his exceptional talents: to found it on a permanent basis, to introduce and establish the traditions necessary for its well-being, to harmonize the exigencies of its community life with the external works of its members; in short, to build up the whole spiritual edifice of the Congregation was a work which demanded all his time and strength. For the same reason he was not often able to sit in the confessional, although he continued until a late period to see and direct many of his former penitents; and thus, whatever further good he could do to others was done from the bosom of his Congregation by his published works.

The regularity of Father Faber's life was often broken by illness. The violence of the headaches to which he had long been subject was in no way dimin-

ished as he advanced in years, and to these were frequently added sciatica, ecsema, and other painful maladies. In the summer of 1855, when he left London after an unusually fatiguing season to pay a short visit to Ireland, he was seized with an attack of illness immediately on reaching Dublin. The exertion of making the journey had been beyond his strength, and symptoms of a dangerous as well as painful disorder appeared. He was at once removed to Bray, where, under the judicious treatment of Sir Philip Crampton, the progress of the disease was arrested. The strong remedies applied had the effect of weakening him further, and some weeks elapsed before he was able to return home. Before leaving Ireland he wrote to Lord Arundel, August 31, 1855:

"As to health, the left side is the great crux; the digestion, &c., improve. I fear I am not to look for a cure. It must stick to me now; and though I shrink from the prospect, yet at present the necessity of daily opium is the worst feature, as I fear I shall write no more books. However, the great thing is for God to have what He is pleased to will; if work, work; if suffering, suffering. *Sit nomen Domini benedictum.*"

The following was written shortly after his return to London:

LETTER CI.—TO THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY.

The Oratory, September 11, 1855.

I have been examined twice by Sir B. Brodie. He took me by the hand, and said, "It is no use concealing matters from you; I fear you are only at the beginning of a very bad

business, and in its present stage I can do very little for you. You must go through great suffering and long."

Well, it is something to know the worst! I *can't* get well, except through excruciating torture. It may come soon, it may be delayed for months. Science can't help it on; all it can do is to diminish the interior production of some peculiar acid with a hard name.

Don't think me out of spirits. At present I am a little excited, and I may mope a little afterward. But, as far as my *will* goes, I am quite ready for the suffering, and don't doubt it is an immense love which makes God think it worth His while to take so much pains with me. What I fear is my patience, temper, and the proper degree of unselfishness.

Few would have suspected from Father Faber's appearance how much or how often he suffered. His courage seldom failed him, and he would continue his work under a pressure of bodily pain which would have prostrated many stronger persons. The amount of suffering which he had to endure and his perseverance will be best shown by extracts taken almost at random from his letters between 1857 and 1861.

TO SISTER M. PHILIPPA.

March 30, 1857.

I am but a wreck of a man — my brain quite wrought out with lecturing and writing, and constant pain and lameness, so that I can get no exercise. There will be no respite now till May is done.

LETTER CII. — TO FATHER ANTONY HUTCHISON (in Egypt.)

Feast of the Purification, Feb. 2, 1858.

First of all, a happy New-year to you and a safe return. Then, what shall I say next, or where begin my egotistical

gossip? I have nothing interesting to say, and no news to retail. Your letter from Thebes has just come, and is very jolly. I wish I could wander, but I should be simply miserable. I can't give up writing. Since the 15th of October up to the Epiphany, no use of leg, horrid pain, consultations of Wilson and Tegart in my room, never in the refectory since St. Wilfrid's day. Nevertheless thankful. Now mending—can walk.

Now, look here, it was *five* years last Sunday fortnight since I began, after the high mass, SS. Nominis Jesu All for Jesus. Since then, 1. All for Jesus. 2. Growth in Holiness. 3. Blessed Sacrament. 4. Creator and Creature. 5. Edition of Poems, with three thousand new lines. 6. Sir Lancelot, immensely changed. 7. Foot of the Cross. 8. New Hymns, besides the thirty new ones now. 9. Bethlehem. 10. Conferences. 11. Ethel's Book. 12. Innumerable preachings. 13. Three books partially prepared, viz., Precious Blood, Holy Ghost, and the second volume of Conferences. 14. Confessing and directing. 15. Business as Superior. 16. Correspondence. 17. A certain amount of intercourse with God. 18. The bearing of pain when I could do nothing else. It is plain that life can't be lived at this rate. But my mind is now like a locomotive that has started with neither driver nor stoker. I can think of nothing but being seized, put on board one of her Majesty's ships of war as compulsory chaplain, and carried round the world for two years. If I was on land, I should jib and come home.

Creator and Creature has sold out, (two thousand copies,) and I am now re-editing it with considerable changes, and a better type. A newspaper says of me, that the characteristic of my mind is that "it looks forward, not so much with horror, as with eagerness, to the fruition of eternal glory!" Also, that while in Sir Lancelot my "genius is manifest, my devotion is apparently sincere!"

I envy you your quiet evenings on the Nile. I am never quiet now. What you say about the lake is very interesting. We shall never understand the Bible till we see that natural

things and divine are one. The whole notion of miracles wants reforming, and nature wants re-inaugurating. You must write a book when you come home.

LETTER CIII.—TO FATHER JOHN E. BOWDEN.

St. Mary's, May 16, 1859.

One line from my bedroom. Quite crippled and grievously tormented with some sciatica, or something of the kind. Mr. Tegart has just ordered me into a hot bath. My patience is nearly worn out. My only comfort is, *Filios quos recipit, flagellat.*

TO THE SAME (at Toulouse).

The Oratory, Saturday, May 5th, 1860.

The last six months have been, on the whole, very hard to me, from pain, and from serious matters of government and responsibility: and I am sighing for the holidays to rest; and that is more than two months. Antony was sad at my leaving St. Mary's but I stayed with him three weeks; and, besides that the London season clamored for me, I was importunately wanted here.

I was unhappy about the statistics furnished about us, as I have always felt that numbering penitents and converts was in St. Philip's eyes like David numbering his people. It is a most un-Oratorian spirit, so I pray God we may forget both the facts and figures we sent. I have forgotten them already.

Best love to the Signora Madre, as well as E. I pray for them daily, and get mass most days now, because, although I have three punctual hours of great neuralgia in the head and nausea in the morning, Mr. S. says that the morning nausea of gout poison never produces vomiting, though it feels like it.

You are going all over my wanderings in 1843, when I Eastered at Bordeaux. You won't get the smell of box out

of your nose for a year. I smell the bitter, steaming glens of the Pyrenees even still, the bitter of the box foliage, and the honey-smell of the yellow, fluffy box-flowers in April :

The breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long, waving line of the blue Pyrenees—

Macaulay had n't been there — the savage valleys smell more aromatically than the gardens : but I regret that Huguenots are allowed to smell the aroma of the box at all.

TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

St. Mary's, July 30, 1860.

There is hardly a day your trouble does not weigh upon me, and stir my sympathies. I am weighed down with sorrows and cares of my own, but they seem only to make me feel the sorrows of others more keenly and more affectionately.

LETTER CIV.—TO FATHER PHILIP GORDON.

St. Mary's.

You must all of you pray hard for me. I am breaking under my load. They want me to go and stay with —. Now, I did n't want to mention it, but I am very unwell from sleepless nights, neuralgia in the head, and fits of sickness. I have come to the end of my tether. I have nursed dear Antony for ten weeks next Sunday, with no break but that Retreat. I am worn down with trouble about house-keeping. I feel the repose of home *necessary*, if I am either to work for the Community or to keep observance. I have been counting the days to Brompton. What can I do? I fear the consequence will be an autumn and winter of illness, and I have not the bravery to face it. Of course I *must* go, and take the consequences. I have done nothing but pray these ten weeks, and now the cross comes, and I am quite

cowed. What I want is to get prayers. I am *determined* to go through with it all, but I don't see the end.

Best love to all. My only comfort is, that all you fellows have enjoyed yourselves so much. To me it seems that if I could lie for an hour on the heather, and look down on a blue loch, and think dreamy thoughts of God, it would be heaven; but I suppose stumbling up Calvary is better for a reprobate like me. It was in my brother's sick-room at Magdalen that I wrote the lines:

O Time! O Life! ye were not made
For languid dreaming in the shade,
Nor sinful hearts to moor all day
By lily isle or grassy bay,
Nor drink at noontide's balmy hours
Sweet opiates from the meadow flowers.

It seems a shame if a Catholic priest can't practice even his Protestant poetry.

LETTER CV.—TO FATHER JOHN E. BOWDEN,
(In Switzerland.)

The Oratory, September 18, 1861.

I can't write you a letter, but I will dictate a few lines. You have, I think, heard of my serious illness last week. I am out of bed now and slowly mending, but Tegart says my recovery will be very slow. It appears to be some disease of the mucous membrane. The five weeks' illness at Filey was not a cause, but an effect of this disease. Tegart seems to attribute it to the interruption of anxiety and responsibility. It was a week of great suffering. God be praised! Of course I am not mixing with the community yet; but I hope to-morrow night to begin giving a ten days' retreat to the juniors. I wish there was some mountain pass by which I could get out of this world and rest—*θεῶν ἐν γούρασι κῆραι*.

But to return to the order of events. Amongst

other occupations at Vespers, during the octave of Corpus Christi, 1854, Father Faber preached a course of sermons, which was afterwards made the foundation of his book on the Blessed Sacrament. He was also engaged in writing "Growth in Holiness," the materials for which had been for some years in preparation.

On the 9th of July he had the honor of being created Doctor of Divinity by the Holy Father, and shortly afterwards made the customary profession of faith privately in the hands of Cardinal Wiseman.

Before the end of the year he preached a Triduo in preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception,* this being the day on which that mystery was declared to be an article of faith. In his book on the Blessed Sacrament, (p. 186,) Father Faber calls this "the most glorious definition of the Catholic faith, one which the torment of cruel heresy has not wrung from the reluctant reverence of the Church, but which is the irresistible and spontaneous outburst of doctrine and devotion, too hot to be longer pent within her mighty heart." "Blessed be the mercy of the Most High," he says in a note to page 73 of the same work, "who cast our lot upon these days, and kept us alive to see this triumph of our Mother's honor!" When the definition was celebrated in the Diocese of Westminster, on the Second Sunday after Easter, 1855, Father Faber preached a sermon entitled "The Living Church,"† in which he pointed out how the definition

* Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects, vol. ii. p. 408.

† Notes, &c., vol. ii. p. 21.

brought home to those in the Church the blessings of the maternal love.

The Second Provincial Synod of Westminster was held at Oscott in the summer of 1855, and Father Faber was invited to assist at it as a theologian. He declined, out of humility, to be placed on several of the committees to which it was proposed to nominate him, but exerted himself very actively on that for the compilation of the Catechism. He was also asked to preach before the assembled Fathers, and delivered a sermon on the words, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you,"* (St. John xiv. 27.) He then paid a short visit to Ireland, but was attacked immediately on his arrival by the illness already mentioned, one of the effects of which was to prevent him from preaching for the remainder of the year. In the following Lent he again took his place in the pulpit, and was able to continue his sermons regularly during the spring and summer. On the Feast of St. Philip, the panegyric was preached by Cardinal Wiseman, and afterward published, with a joint dedication to Father Newman and Father Faber. "One has brought," wrote His Eminence, "the resources of the most varied learning, and the vigor of a keenly accurate mind, power of argument, and grace of language, to grapple with the intellectual difficulties, and break down the strongly-built prejudices of strangers to the Church. The other has gathered within her gardens sweet flowers of devotion for her children, and taught them, in thoughts that glow and words that burn, to

* Notes, &c., vol. ii. p. 28.

prize the banquet which love has spread for their refreshment."

In the summer of 1856 the cholera broke out in several parts of London, and Father Faber at once offered the services of his Community to the Cardinal Archbishop for the assistance of such districts as might require it. Happily, the danger did not last long, and although Father Knox was sent to Warwick Street, and Father Bagshawe to St. Patrick's, Soho, the comparative cessation of the epidemic soon allowed them to return.

About the same time the congregation, by desire of Cardinal Wiseman, undertook the charge of a mission or parish, and a large portion of the surrounding district was assigned to it. This addition to its work, in many respects inconsistent with its rule and manner of life, entailed fresh anxieties upon Father Faber, upon whom, as usual, its arrangement devolved.

He had, however, the consolation of receiving from Father Stanton and Father Hutchison, on their return from a short mission to Rome, a Pontifical Brief, confirming the erection of the Congregation of the Oratory in London by Apostolic authority, and enforcing the rule that there should only be one house of the Institute in each town by a clause forbidding the erection of another within ten miles of Brompton.

In the month of February, 1857, Father Faber took an active part in a Mission which was given by the Fathers in their own church. Its conclusion was marked by the solemn introduction into the Mission of the Oratory of the Confraternity of St. Patrick in

honor of the holy mass and the blessed sacrament, which had been founded by Father Faber some years previously at the schools in Holborn. It had soon become popular, and spread into other Missions, the late Bishop of Beverley, Dr. Briggs, having been especially zealous in introducing it. Its members wear the blue scapular of the Immaculate Conception, and besides assisting devoutly at mass and benediction, do all in their power to bring negligent Catholics to those functions. A small body of visitors is formed, who have courts or districts regularly assigned to them, which they visit on Sunday mornings, to exhort and invite the people to go to mass. The Confraternity has been enriched by the Holy Father with many Indulgences. As lately as the 16th of January, 1869, a Missionary Priest, in a letter to the Weekly Register, speaks highly in its praise, saying, "I found the benefits arising from St. Patrick's Confraternity more numerous and enduring than from the first mission or spiritual retreat given here by a religious order. And this is so, although the mission is the first ever conducted here, and was considered most successful."

Father Faber afterward preached his accustomed sermons and lectures both in Lent and May, the subject in the former season being the Passion, and in the latter the Infant Jesus, or Bethlehem.

Through the kindness of Anne, Duchess of Argyll, Father Faber spent some part of the summers of 1857 and 1858 at Ardencape Castle, near Helensburgh, Scotland. Accompanied by one of his novices, he

used to visit from thence the wild country of Argyllshire, and the neighboring shores of Loch Lomond, enjoying to the full their varying beauties, as well as the seclusion from the cares which pressed upon him at home. On his return to the Oratory in September, threatening symptoms of apoplexy appeared, but he refused to proceed to the Bohemian baths prescribed for him, and remained at home, to pass a winter of continual suffering. He was, however, able to lay the first stone of St. Wilfrid's Convent, Bond Street, Chelsea, on the Feast of St. Raphael, October 24, 1858.

It must not be supposed that these short records adequately represent the amount of Father Faber's work. But it would be impossible, without descending too minutely to particulars, to give a closer account of his life at this period. His general habits have been described, and their frequent interruption by illness; his books will form the subject of a separate chapter; and there remain but few events to mark the difference between each succeeding year.

When Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan visited London in May, 1858, with the idea of undertaking the Hospital of St. Elizabeth in Great Ormond Street, she received much assistance and encouragement from Father Faber. They had never met before, but there sprung up at once between them a close and intimate friendship. There was a great similarity between their souls; they had the same largeness of heart and singleness of purpose, and both were engaged in works for the glory of God, which in their respective spheres were certainly without an equal; Father Faber de-

lighted in Mother Margaret's bold simplicity and religious fervor, whilst she was in turn filled with admiration of his practical wisdom and holiness. She used to relate how one day, when she returned, somewhat out of spirits, from a long meeting, where there had been a good deal of discussion without any tangible result, Father Faber cheered her by saying: "Don't you know, my dear Mother, that there are always ninety-nine 'says' for one 'do?'" When she came to take leave of him on her return to Stone, she stood looking at him, and repeating, "Oh, what a man you are! what a man you are!"

Father Faber's notes on the precious blood were preached in the Lent of 1858, together with a most instructive course of lectures on the management of our Grace,* to which he had devoted especial pains. His sermons were, however, brought to an earlier close than usual by the shutting of the church for three months, in order that a considerable addition might be made to its height. This alteration, together with the great improvements made at a later period in the sanctuary, was due to the munificence and devotion to St. Philip of the Duchess of Argyll.

Father Faber availed himself of this opportunity to erect a side chapel for the honor of St. Joseph, for which he had been collecting subscriptions for some years. It was opened with the rest of the church at the end of September, but the altar and other fittings were not finished until the winter of 1861, when

* Notes &c., vol. ii. p. 137.

Father Faber was lying on what seemed likely to be his bed of death at Arundel.

He took his usual share of work in the spring, the subject of his Lenten sermons being the fear of God. He preached five sermons during the Novena of St. Philip. A short visit to Filey somewhat recruited his health, and he also passed two of the summer months at St. Mary's.

The elections held in 1859 confirmed him in the offices which he had previously held. Simultaneously with this came the loss of one of the Fathers who had belonged to the Congregation of the Brothers of the Will of God at St. Wilfrid's. Father Alban Wells died of consumption at Redleaf, near Penshurst, in Kent, on the 16th of October. Although his health had been always delicate, and he had frequently been obliged to pass the winter out of England, he had never given up working. With an especial gift for the conversion and direction of young men, he had, as Prefect of the Little Oratory, gathered many round him, and with true Oratorian zeal, been most ingenious in providing them with recreation as well as instruction. The music of the church had also been often under his care, and the exercise of his talent in that department had been productive of the most beneficial results. His cheerful and lively disposition had endeared him to all, and his loss, the first which the community had sustained, was severely felt.

The year 1860 began with the Devotion of the Forty Hours for the necessities of the Sovereign Pontiff, and at the mass of exposition, Father Faber preached a

sermon, which was published under the title of "Devotion to the Pope." It was at once translated into French, and afterward into Italian. The latter version had the honor of being corrected by the Holy Father himself, who struck out with his own hand the word "almost" in the following passage:

"It is a day when God looks for open professions of our faith, for unbashful proclamations of our allegiance. It is a day also when the sense of our outward helplessness casts us more than ever upon the duty of inward prayer. This is the other duty. The open profession is of little worth without the inward prayer; but I think the inward prayer is *almost* of less worth without the outward profession."

The sermon was an expression of that remarkable devotion to the Holy See which is manifest in all his writings, and which led him in the year 1861 to found an Association of St. Peter, the sole object and duty of which was to offer prayers for the Sovereign Pontiff. "He taught men to regard the Pope as their Father, and not as their King only; he could not bear to hear of rights, or privileges, or customs in any local Church, unless they had been allowed by the Holy See: for his obedience was a loyal love, that knew no questioning in the presence of a Father whose rights he would never measure." *

On the Fridays of Lent, Father Faber preached a course of Lectures on the Old Testament History, the notes of which were published after his death. The summer months of this year were chiefly spent at St. Mary's, Sydenham, with Father Antony Hutchison,

* Tablet, Oct. 4, 1868.

whose illness, already of long standing, now gave cause for very serious anxiety. Father Faber's own health was also failing, but this did not prevent him from accepting an invitation to Arundel Castle, where he proceeded in the beginning of October. The Duke of Norfolk was then lying in his mortal illness, and for eight weeks Father Faber remained beside him, strengthening him with his counsel and prayer, encouraging and directing him to the complete sacrifice of his will to Almighty God, and preparing him for the holy death which ended his life on the Feast of St. Catherine, November the 25th, 1860. What Father Faber's presence gave of comfort and peace to that mourning family cannot now be told; but the season of bereavement was fraught with no common grace, and the hand of God rested upon the house for blessing as well as for sorrow.

The beginning of 1861 found Father Faber again at the Oratory. From the end of January to the beginning of July he preached almost every Sunday, as well as on the Fridays of Lent as usual. On the Feast of Pentecost he delivered a sermon on Devotion to the Church, which was published at the desire of those who heard it. In the course of the summer he spent a few weeks at Filey, accompanied by Father Hutchison and two other Fathers. Whilst there he completed his book of Hymns by writing the "Nativity of our Lady;" the first, "Mother of Mercy," having been composed at Scarborough, in 1848.

His correspondence with his penitents and friends

abounds in interesting passages, of which a few are appended to this chapter.

LETTER CVI.—To Miss W.

Freehills House, Bursledon, near Southampton,
September 1, 1851.

As I am not on the spot, I hardly think I am competent to form any judgment on the matter. Mr. — would advise you best. On the whole, I wish for the present you had fewer plans. You must think of your own soul, not other souls, just now. You are in danger of pouring yourself out upon external things; and just when you are new in your religion, it would be best to be quiet, hidden, and at work with self. For example, you want to do something for God, something generous, and to be a saint, and your wish is to find a vocation to a contemplative life; yet here you have been working among children, till your physical strength was overtaxed. I mistrust all this *esteriorità*, as the Italians call it. If you are to do anything for God, it must be by disappearing for a while, not by continuing good works begun in Anglicanism. I know this sounds harsh, but I have thought of it these five years, and I am satisfied that you must be content to let all go in order hereafter to gain all. This I always say to those who wish to be priests or nuns. They stand in a different case from others, who are called to live in the world. You must learn awhile, and not teach; your superstructure will be only delusion if you lay no foundations. Think this over, and see if it has not reason along with it. I do not say—Do not co-operate with Miss — for the good of those poor children; but what I say is, If the plan be good, help it if you can pecuniarily, but keep quiet yourself. God has doubtless a purpose on you: take care not to spoil it by pious fidgets. WAIT, WAIT, WAIT. God bless you abundantly, as He will do.

Your most faithful servant in Christ,
F. W. FABER,
Congr. Orat. Presb.

LETTER CVII.—TO A PRIEST.

Hither Green, Lewisham,
January 23, 1852.

You have all your life long had a tendency to be against every one, and to set every one against you in authority, whether heads of houses or bishops, and this Ishmaelitish tendency brings out the least noble and lovely parts of your character. Now your position sets you against bishops, and presidents, and what not, just as your acquaintance with D. set you against Dr. Cullen and Papal rescripts against the godless colleges; e.g. I can't tell you how you made me *wince*, when you told me you and others had called on J. "*because*" you thought your bishop wrong. I can't realize this in a Catholic ecclesiastic. Not for charity, not for a single eye to God's glory, not merely to win the poor man's soul, but practically to contradict, censure, and protest against your bishop. You would not have done this, if the atmosphere of your position had not affected you. The Holy Spirit is very jealous, and His finer graces and higher spirit of prayer and best gifts of a fastidious conscience are drawn in, like touched snails, for a slight cause. I think, but you know I have not read the context, some passages shown me in your book would not have been written, but for the blunting effect of the old Ishmael in you. I can't fancy any context reconciling me to them. All this is the reason why I want you away, to obedience, submission, optimism, and *interiority*, where I could admire you as much as I love you, instead of being made to love you in spite of things which I can't admire. *Valeat quantum.*

LETTER CVIII.—TO MRS. M.

The Oratory, Brompton, Sept. 28, 1854.

I am a little anxious about you, and wish very much you should seriously reflect in your own mind over what I said in our last interview. I am afraid of a subtle self-love insinu-

ating itself into all you do, and utterly spoiling it. Your temptation is to postpone your duties as a mother to the exercises of the spiritual life. Surin notices this in his spiritual dialogues as a notable delusion in the pursuit of perfection. Now, it has been your fault all along, and it is what you will most have to dread in your last account to our Lord. I have been a long time, perhaps too long a time, in coming to this conclusion; but now that I feel convinced of it in my own mind, I must speak very strongly to you about it. I want you to see that your fault is all from self-love.

First, God imposes your duties as a mother upon you, whereas you choose and impose your spiritual exercises on yourself.

Secondly, your disposition prefers the spiritual exercises to being teased with the children; and in a spirit of immortification you take what you like best, and neglect what you like least. So that it is your own will and your own choice that you are worshipping all through, and not the sweet adorable will of God.

Now, I do not want you to go into excess, nor to neglect the spiritual life; but I want you fully to understand, 1. That the spiritual life consists far more in the interior spirit in which you do things, than in the things themselves which you do. 2. That it consists rather in the circumstances in which Providence has placed you, than in devotions or prayers. 3. That the fact that your external duties are less pleasant to you is a sign that you must more than ever give yourself to them, as a practice of mortification; and, 4. That duties which concern the salvation of others are of greater moment when they are duties, than spiritual exercises and private devotions.

I know how weak and ill you are, and I do not want to exact from you what you may have neither health nor spirits to bear. But I want you, 1. to have the children more with you; 2. to look after their faults more; 3. to talk to them more of God, Jesus Christ, our Blessed Mother and the Angels; 4. to take more pains to attach them to you and

to win their love ; and, 5. to consider a quarter of an hour so spent of fifty times more spiritual consequence than hours of mental prayer.

Think all this over. I think you have been much in fault about it ; and I dread your falling into a delusion which will spoil *the whole of your spirituality*.

See what an unkind letter I have written when you are so ill and suffering ! But I am so very anxious about you that you will attribute it to my deep interest in you. Be sure you will have prayers here. But to please God and to do His will is the great thing, and to do it at the expense of our own is the greatest thing of all.

God bless you with His best blessings.

LETTER CIX.—To Miss L.

St. Mary's, Sydenham Hill, Kent, S. E.,

June 27, 1857.

Your whole case lies in a nutshell, though, alas ! to poor nature it is a big world rather than a nutshell ; you want taking to pieces and putting together again. Your experience must have taught you how a regular *tire* after hard work comes out like a bruise. When you get rest, then you begin to feel more tired, for days and days, perhaps for weeks. It is the fatigue coming out of you. So it is with us converts. We had all things wrong, even right things by the wrong end ; and our heresy comes out of us, and takes sometimes years in the process. Oh, it is a sanctifying process, if we will only put up with it. Look with deep reverence on the Visitation Life, even down to its minutest feature. It came, like a creation, out of the mind of one who now lies deep in God's bosom. It was not without inspiration. God also gave him a Saint to fill the vessels full of life, and start the celestial traditions. Happy you, if those two Saints will let your home be there ! My prayer for you is that the two Saints may give your superiors patience with you. They must unscrew a bit of you

every day — sand-paperize the bits sharply till they shine, and when you are all lying loose up and down the convent, a bit of you in choir, a bit in the refectory, and a bit in the recreation room, then they must put you together again, and screw you tight, and you will do. God bless you.

LETTER CX.—TO THE INMATES OF ST. MARTHA'S HOME.

The Oratory, St. Wilfrid's Day, 1858.

My dear Children :

As to-day, St. Wilfrid's day, is my Feast, I have asked him to let me send you his blessing. It adds to my happiness to-day to think of your happiness. There is no happiness like peace with God, no joy like the joy of feeling that Jesus loves us. And this is your joy. God looks upon you with great and tender love. Great as His glorious majesty is, He allows Himself to be honored by your grateful affection and your little services. But you are not only joyful yourselves. You are a joy to others. You are a joy to the angels in heaven. This makes me think of a devotion which I wish to recommend to you, to be one of the characteristic devotions at St. Martha's. It is devotion to St. Michael. The grace you will most need is that of strength, of fortitude, of perseverance. The devil is very angry with you. Like St. Michael, you have taken the side of Jesus against the devil. Like St. Michael, you hail the pure Mary as your Queen. Like St. Michael, you feel that there is no one like God. Now, St. Michael was God's general. He fought against the wicked angels, and drove them out of heaven. So, if you ask him, he will help you in your fights with the wicked angels. He will give you force, and strength, and fortitude. And it will please Almighty God to see you have a great devotion to the Prince of His angels, whom He loves so tenderly, and to whom He has given such magnificent graces. Father Hutchinson, I dare say, will tell you all about St. Michael, and will show you in what way you can best be devout to him.

Perhaps, after speaking of the glorious St. Michael, I ought not to speak of myself. But I cannot resist saying to you that you are also a joy and a consolation to me by your good conduct, and your regularity and your piety.

My children! God will gain great glory from you, and I doubt not that, while Jesus hung upon the Cross, He saw your humility and faith, and it consoled His suffering heart.

Your affectionate servant in the Fear of God,

FRED. W. FABER,
Of the Oratory.

LETTER CXL.—TO THE CHILDREN OF ST. ANNE'S HOME.

The Oratory, St. Wilfrid's Day, 1858.

My dear little great-grandchildren :

To-day is the Feast of my Saint, St. Wilfrid, and I have asked him to let me send you his blessing. I have a great many things to do, and a great many cares on my mind, and I am sometimes inclined to be out of spirits. One of my ways of getting cheerful again is to think of you, my dear children, and of the way in which you are trying to love Jesus, and to be good, and to have hearts in you like St. Philip's heart. I have got gray hair, and you are quite, quite young and little. How much more time you will have to work for God than I have! How much good may you do in your life, if only you get St. Philip's sweet spirit into you! I love to think of it. I love to think of the after-years when you will affectionately remember St. Anne's Home, and all that the dear Mother of the Convent, and also Sister A. did for you. You will see what a blessing it all was. You will laugh and cry both together for joy, when you think of those funny refectory tables, and that snug dormitory, and that grand cupboard full of bonnets and umbrellas, which I always visit and admire so much. I hear nothing but good of you, my dear children; only you must not be proud. It is Jesus who makes you good. I love you very much, and

always pray for you. You are a joy and a treasure to me, my dear children.

Yours affectionately in Jesus and Mary,

F. W. FABER,

Of the Oratory.

LETTER CXII.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

My own practice always is to give my penitents leave to go into a convent, if I judge it well. But I never correspond with the convent. I leave all that with the penitents. I have reasons for it, but do not lay it down as any rule. It has answered with me so far. No confessor is worth anything as a judge beyond 1. that his penitent seems called to religion, 2. Whether it is active or contemplative: and the best superioresses have told me they always find it so.

I have so much work to do of the common sacerdotal kind, that if I did not cut off all literature and news I should not get time for prayer, and so be damned. Indeed, on the whole, I read no book now but the New Testament, the Old Testament, the Imitation, and St. Teresa, and little enough of these. I am by way of writing no letters; but the *necessary* ones often exceed ten per diem. Moreover, I see hardly any one, so I hear no gossip.

Follow what seems to you the Will of God. Nothing in my dear old Father Rigoleuc, the Jesuit, pleases me so much as where he says he almost wishes people would think less about the glory of God and more about His Will. There is a depth of spirituality in that remark, the more remarkable as coming from the *Ad majorem Dei gloriam* school. For myself, the act of love I should crave from you would be that you should sometimes offer to Jesus all His own love for *me* which He felt during His Passion, and which I never offer half enough to Him.

LETTER CXIII.—TO A LADY (C.)

St. Mary's, Sydenham Hill, S. E.

September 17.

You may be sure I pray for him and you. Of course I pray for his health; but, unless I fancy things, it always seems as if this cross had *yet* a spiritual work to do for both of you, and that it was to be a crisis in both your lives. God wants more from both of you, and He sends this because He *will* have that *more*. I cannot shake off this impression, nor yet the feeling that it comes from God. I ask our Lord to give you an increased devotion to His Passion and to His Mother's sorrows, in order that you may not be absorbed in this grief in the way in which our corrupt nature is apt to be, and so lose the graces it brings with it. God never will let a grief be lawfully the whole breadth of our lives. Our other duties remain duties, even while they are almost intolerable as distractions. This is God's time with you, and therefore should be a time of more prayer and of more generosity. When He visits us, He intends that the season of His visitation should be the very season of our fulfilling our past resolutions, of aiming higher, and of getting nearer to Him; but, unfortunately, it is just the time when our nature suggests to us cowardly things, smooth reasons for delaying, and a hundred little dispensations of an unspiritual prudence. Sorrow does not sanctify as of itself, or by a passive process, but solely in proportion to our efforts. For myself, I feel that there are few things which make me more earthly, more entangled with anxious attachments, or more full of thoughts in which God is not supreme, than attending upon the sick; but I know also that by an effort it all turns the other way, and makes us full of God. See, this is twice I have written you an almost uncheerfully serious letter — forgive me — it is because I cannot dispossess myself of the impression that this is not to be a *short* trial, or that its shortness will depend on your correspondence to its graces. Do not keep things at arm's

length. Crosses want looking well into, lest we should miss God's meanings, and not decipher His messages. Meanwhile we must all pray affectionately hard for the invalid's recovery, while we pray also for all the graces of patience, of compunction, and of the practice of the Presence of God, necessary to carry him well through that most difficult of all sanctifications, the sanctification of bodily malaise and the engrossing incommodities of illness.

LETTER CXIV.—TO THE SAME.

The Oratory, London, Dec. 22.

It is no use trying to find out *why* the last few days should have so far exceeded in fearfulness their predecessors. Grief surges up in the heart, no one knows why. It is like the ocean, it cannot rest. It would suffocate you if it stagnated. And so there come these terrible vicissitudes. Only, of one thing be sure, the days have not been more frightful because God has been less with you. It has been from no ebb of grace. In many ways I hope yesterday would do you good. St. Thomas' day is one of those untimelinesses which make an impression upon us. Bethlehem disappears; we feel as if the long, thick graces of Lent had been gone through, and there is a fragrance of Easter, sights and sounds of the Risen Life, just when we are building the Crib, in our hearts as well as in our churches. "My Lord and my God," is the motto of the day; and is it not just all you have to say yourself just now? My Lord and my God, twice over King, twice over supreme King in the sorrow He has willed, King in the marvellous consolations with which He has surrounded it. My Lord and my God! how much that says. Then, too, it is a kind of feast of the Five Wounds—the wounds in which you are to meet *him* in eternity. I felt all day as if the feast *must* be doing you good. *Ego sum resurrectio et vita*; that, too, was part of the feast. It was too great a joy for St. Thomas to believe, till the Five Wounds showed it him. What a devotion he must have had ever after to the Five Wounds, and how our Lady must have

loved him, and I should fancy must have asked to kiss his apostolic hands which had been so lovingly allowed to probe the blessed Wounds! And how, in old times, you had St. Thomas's unbelief, and could hardly believe in the amazing goodness of God; and now, in your very darkness and woe, how it has been given you to handle and see how good God is, even when He is so terrible! The seven weeks in that dear room! it was not *faith* in grace, it was *sight*. Think of the many widows of Christendom, who will weep at Christmas, how few have been gifted with such a glory as those seven weeks! I suspect not one. How many whose hearts are aching with those intolerable uncertainties about eternity, would say to you, as Gabriel said to Mary: "*Benedicta tu in mulieribus*. Blessed art thou amongst women." Oh, God is incredibly good; but it is only sorrow which unveils the abysses of His goodness. Where is the God you believed in before last October? He is something which has passed away, a light lost in a brighter light, a love overwhelmed by a greater love. He has spiritually let you do to Him what Jesus let St. Thomas do, and even by his grave I must think *he* sometimes whispers to you, "Be not faithless, but believing." "Believing," — charity is greater than faith; yet are there not times when love's highest love is in believing? Is not that time come with you? "Be not faithless, but believing." But your poor heart! it cannot always realize these thoughts. No! No! Nor must it reproach itself when it cannot. He who is breaking it, it is He who made it. He who is crucifying it, it is He who was crucified for it. Poor heart! He will not spare it the pang; but how He will lavish love over it because of the pang! Poor little creatures as we are, omnipotence *must* hurt us, even when its touch is gentlest. Even when sorrow is wild, do not *fear*; sorrow's wildness is always an unblamed thing with God, when the will lies in His Will all the while. Grief has its storms: but Jesus knows it all, even though He is asleep. You need not wake Him. Dearest, sweetest Master! He will wake of Himself when the time comes, and that is always before your uttermost of bear-

ing comes. I yearn to be able to comfort you; and yet I have a kind of pleasure in not being able to do so, because it is so much better that only God should comfort you. And now I try to put you with all the might and main of my truest sympathy into the Heart of Jesus?

LETTER CXV.—TO THE SAME.

The Oratory, London, Christmas Eve.

You must manage to find some joy in God, even downright joy, on to-morrow's feast. There was sorrow in Bethlehem, even in the Babe's heart: but it was almost transfigured by heavenly joy. Remember, it will be a very glad day with *him* to-morrow, whether he be in heaven or yet on the way thither; and you must not keep the feast in a different spirit from him. Thank Jesus, Mary, and Joseph for all they did for him on earth, and for all they have done for him since he left the earth. Mary was not without Joseph at Bethlehem. Thus you have a sorrow she had not. But then, does it not point to you a more tender and confident devotion to St. Joseph than you have ever had before? I think so. You will greatly need him, not now at Christmas only, but all along, and for years to come. So let the beginning of an increased devotion to St. Joseph be one of to-morrow's works. I do not forget how in England Christmas is a family feast, and so must to you bring even a redoubled sorrow in some respects. All I want is that it should not be a day *all* of sorrow. Let the feast *tell* upon you. Rejoice in God, rejoice in the children, even rejoice, nay, most of all rejoice in their father.

It would also be a good Christmas work to ask particularly in your prayers for grace to *manage* your sorrow rightly. It is hard to be *natural* with sorrow, or to deal *simply* with it. It should not become a *habit*; that is the most dangerous form of it, because it is the most unspiritual. It ought to pass out of its own separate existence, not to be a thing apart, a thing of itself, but to enter into all other things,

into the performance of all other duties, as a motive, as a shadow, as an invisible haunting. Sorrow may be lifelong, but it can only blamelessly be so when it enters *into* life as an ingredient, not when it makes itself the shape and mould of life. No sorrow may *shape* life, except the mystical sorrow of the saints and contemplatives for the Passion of our Blessed Lord. It is true, sorrow is a grace; but we all know it is quite one of the hardest, perhaps, next to illness, *the* hardest of all God's graces to use rightly. So take as one of your spiritual objects in these successive Christmas feasts the obtaining of grace to use your sorrow rightly, purely for the glory of God and the greater union of your own soul with Him.

LETTER CXVI.—TO THE SAME.

The Oratory, Feb. 14.

You should not have thought about the notes. You were indeed suffering terribly, and I felt obliged to do to you what I should have wished done to myself. I did not try to console you. It was beyond that. But we must hope for more quiet, and we must pray for it. But efforts to be quiet will not bring it. Try, when you can, to think of the immense love God has for you, and is feeling for you at all instants. Rest must come at last with such a thought as that. See how He loves you, how He trusts you, how He does not touch you and pass on, but keeps pressing upon you! The immensity of the cross is a measure of His love, and of what seems to me almost more than love, His trust in you. Then, you are the widow of a saint. You almost *saw* God making him a saint under your eyes. There was not a natural nobleness but you saw grace ennobling it over again for God; not an unselfishness which you did not see growing into a sanctity; not a sweetness which was not turned into a patience that was not the least like the patience even of a patient nature; it was a grace. The mind grew beautiful as the soul did; the words grew beautiful; the ways, the manners, the gestures, all were

beautiful; nay, even the very face was freshly and differently beautified. I know all this is part of the very bigness of the sorrow, yet it is also a demonstration of God's immense love of you and of him. We may both of us live many years yet; but I cannot think it will be given us to see over again what God gave us to see then. It was a great grace God gave us. I wish both of us could *grow to the size of it*. It is what *he* wishes now for both of us. For yourself, fight the days over one by one, in a contented weariness and with an unfor-casting abandonment of yourself to God. As to rules, observances, and the like, we must not think of them. God himself must be your time-paper. He will send each day to claim His own. It was a sweet thought of our Lord to name the Holy Ghost the Comforter. He knew there were times and sorrows when we could not comfort each other.

LETTER CXVII.—TO THE SAME.

The Oratory, London, April 26.

I can well understand all you are still suffering. And you know we can neither of us do anything to anticipate God's time of consolation. I do not say check your sorrow. No: but do not be without fear of it, lest you should come to live upon your sorrow, and not upon God. I can never help thinking of my letter to —, where I said sorrow is never in God's ordinance the whole law of life. I do not remind you of this as if you were *not* afraid lest your sorrow should lead you from God: and yet, from what you have said several times, it is possible you may think more of your sorrow not leading you nearer to God, than of the more likely danger of its leading you insensibly away from God. I doubt if, in your case, your duties will be distractions from your sorrow, even when best performed. With you it is different. The greatness of your sorrow does not come so much from the greatness of your suffering as from the greatness of your love. Hence, as I said months ago, I would have you try to *love* God more, to make more frequent acts of love, even if

you do not seem to feel them really, and altogether to cultivate *love* of God. This will bring peace, by absorbing into itself and uniting into itself the love which feeds the sorrow. Sometimes sorrow is prolonged, I mean prolonged in its vehemence beyond what God wills, by the mourner aiming *only* at conformity to God's will, and not at love of God himself. Also, there is another consideration. The sympathy of seeing you in sorrow and its effect upon them, is good for the children, especially the elder ones, for a time. But it will be a great evil if prolonged too much, and a greater evil to the elder ones than to the younger. As I said in your room months ago, God insists on inheriting the love whose object he has taken from you. He is not content it should all go to sorrow. Hence your way to peace must lie, I feel confident, through a greater, a warmer, a more tender, a more *personal* love of God. This idea grows upon me more and more. Still, you see, it has been but a short while. We must not be impatient for peace. It is not one little half year yet. An access of sensible grief, although more endurable, perhaps, from its being sensible, was sure to come. The rooms, the trees, the very sounds of the place, are all full of him. The very things that are done because he has gone terribly, fetch him back to the heart. The memory always burns most when the eye does not see. Then also B. has gone, and seems to have taken *him* with him, and further away. Oh, truly there is no consolation but in loving God more! Would that it might please Him at least to give you peace.

LETTER CXVIII.—TO THE SAME.

June 5.

I cannot help reminding you of St. Philip's words, "*Ad hunc il quale ama veramente il Signore, non vi è cosa più grave nè piu molesta, quanto la vita.*" Divine love was in him the *cause* of the insupportable tedium of life: in us it may be the *effect*. Nothing but *love* will fill up the void which the taking away of love has caused. God must grow into the

empty place. Meanwhile, what a drag it is upon you! It is like a cross which is too long, so long you cannot balance it on your shoulder, so it drags and jolts over every stone, and so goes on wounding and weakening you more and more, just when people look for *time's* healing and strengthening you. There is no cure but Divine love—not simply Divine worship—but Divine love. God must become more and more *dear*, more and more *desirable*. Then He will become more and more of an occupation, and He will haunt you more, and so gradually will become more and more all-sufficient to you. We are certainly *very* vile; for it seems a base thing that we should pine and languish and be weary, and find all things insipid, when we can have God, and have Him as immensely as ever we can take Him in. If we pine, it ought to be after the face of God. The one want of life should be, that, loving God so much, we do not love Him more. Yet we *are* so little, so occupied with many things, as Martha was, so full of the exaggerations of self-love, that it is not easy to love God more. We have not the courage to empty our own hearts; so He empties them for us, and it seems cruel. A great cross means a great grace. We must not let your cross miss of its grace, and of its full grace. The cross is great enough, God only knows how great: well then, the grace must be so also.

You see, therefore, that what we want is Divine love.

LETTER CXIX.—TO THE SAME.

June 19.

I know to-day will be a day of trial and suffering again, as all anniversaries must be; though, God knows, that as human life is allotted, it is a day which ought to have more than one *Te Deum*. Nevertheless, I feel somewhat of what you must be feeling, and I prayed especially for you at mass through the intercession of St. Juliana. I have been thinking what I could say to you which would help you. I say *help*, because it is useless to think of *consolation*, in any other

sense than that of spiritual help. And I cannot quite tell why it should be so, but those words of St. Paul will keep coming to my mind, "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." There are no true nuptials but those between our soul and God. It is a huge blessing of God when other nuptials are not only sweet shadows of the eternal marriage, but actually help the two souls toward it. And truly, by a most peculiar and amazing mercy of God, it was so with you two. But he is already at the marriage-feast of the Lamb, called there *when* he was and *as* he was by a complication of special and singular mercies, which we shall never know or understand on this side the grave. You have to get nearer the Lamb. It is not your time yet to sit at this marriage-feast. Rest is not yet. The weary feet have yet to wander on their pilgrimage. But all the wandering must be to bring you nearer to the Lamb. Who are more the spouses of Christ than the true widows of His Church? The eternal marriage-feast—he already there: this seems to me the thought of the day. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

To him, then, to-day is part of his now everlasting Festa: while you are in loneliness, bereavement, and that excessive tedium of life which makes duty almost a martyrdom, This seems a cruel inequality. He cannot come to you in your *tedium*, from his place of ecstatic and rapturous *interest*. You must go to him, and seek him where he is by seeking what he has found. It was a good inspiration to have to-day's masses in honor of the five wounds: for you remember the words he said, "Tell her I will meet her in the wounds of Jesus in eternity." Eternity! it is just that which has made all the change. It is just that which is casting the great shadow. It is *his* glory which is *your* cross. You cannot love him now, you cannot get at him with your love, unless your love of him be part of your love of God. Doubtless it was not enough so while he lived. But now it must be wholly so; and again, for the same reasons: for the things which are

seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. He is eternal now—part of the eternity of God's love. This is why he is not seen. He called it his home, he fixed it for your mutual meeting-place: "I will meet her in eternity."

LETTER CXX.—TO THE SAME.

December 20.

Anything is better than to sit still and dream. Yet you know how I have always wished you did less, and had more leisure. It would be a real gain to your soul. I cannot say *how* you are to do this; but I think some amount of details might be neglected. The only thing I can think of is your concentrating yourself on the succession of mysteries in all these great feasts. I am sure God's meaning in it all is your own growth in love of Him. He had not your *whole* heart of old, and now He wants it. He wants you to find your delight, your repose, your compensation in Him and in His things; but more in Himself than in His things, whether His Church, or His poor, or anything else, however good and holy. In all sorrow there is a time when nothing but an increase of heavenly-mindedness will make it endurable. Earth, earth's interests, earth's occupations become inefficacious and wearisome, while earth's consolations become almost as insupportable as the grief itself. I feel in a measure what you are feeling. For some years past, even when not ill, my own life has been so joyless a burden, that every evening it feels as if the past day were an enemy conquered, or a punishment inflicted and over, but that there was no strength left to bear another to-morrow. God lets me love Him just enough to hold on with. I am sure you must fill your mind and occupy your thoughts far more with God and His perfections, with Jesus and His sweetnesses, with Mary and her attractions. This alone will bring with it any relief. You have grieved, perhaps to some excess, for *him*, yet your *will*, on which your own eternity depends, has never for one instant left the side of God's will; so it is with occasional fits of anguish about the

coming departure of your child. They may depress and irritate your physical weakness, but you have given that beautiful virgin soul to God. No one has felt more fully than you have done that no one is worthy of her but He. I know that when I bid her good-by myself, I shall feel that another light has gone out to me, and what then must your feelings be? I do not want you, more than is necessary, to make efforts. Efforts have their recoil. But you must make something like an effort to think of God, to fill your mind with Him, to make acts of love to Him, *and still more of delight in Him*. You have no strength to carry your cross; yet God puts no cross on any one without engaging Himself to supply the strength to carry it with it. What then is the meaning of this in *your* case? It is this. He gives you no more strength, because He wants, not so much to give you more strength to carry more, but that you should let Him carry it with you. He wants you to find such a *delight* in Him, that it shall be to you much more than mere strength would be. *His* eternal happiness is in his delight in God. Your own eternal bliss is to be in nothing else. You see before your eyes one of your own children, your own flesh and blood, one of the most loving, tender hearts that ever blessed a family, so inebriated with delight in God, that she seems hardened and steeled to all the natural attractions of her happy home, which none feel more sensibly than she does. You see her looking on home as a prison and the cloister as liberty, pining to be away from eyes, and voices, and faces, on which you know she absolutely doats, and all because of her *delight* in God. This is what God wants of you. He wants your grief for your own lost love to lead you into more true communion with him you mourn, by leading you into a life of the same delight in Him which *he* has in heaven. There will be no solace, there can be none, except in this. "Delight thou in the Lord, and He will grant thee all thy petitions," are the beautiful, deep words of the psalm. I believe there is, by God's grace, nothing on earth I would not do or bear, to lighten the grievous weight you have to bear; but there is nothing short of that *delight* in God, of

which I have been speaking. *Study* God more; fill your mind more with Him, and *make* acts of love, however unreal and formal they may seem. I wish I could point out easier ways. I feel as if I had not written kindly enough, or touched so desperate a wound as tenderly as I ought, and I feel it more because I always have a *feeling* of cruelty to you whenever I have cheered M. on, and tried to fortify her resolution. I see now, more than ever, that God only can be the comforter of the afflicted.

LETTER CXXI.—TO LADY MINNA F. HOWARD.

The Oratory, London,
Feast of St. Nicholas, 1850.

My dearest Minna:

So you are seven years old, and you have made up your mind to be a nun. Well now, what must you do? Must you put on a strange dress, and cut all your hair off, and go into a convent, and live a hard life? No! not just yet. By and by, with our dearest Lady's blessing, it may be so. But then, as you always, always say, *but then* I cannot wait so many, many years. Well, Sister Minna of the Infant Jesus! you need not wait. I will tell you how to be a nun, at once, directly, in the Hotel Bellevue, and with the consent of papa and mamma. Now, I am sure this will both please and surprise you, and it will make V. open her eyes, and noisy M. be quiet. How am I to be made a nun of directly? Sister Minna! Sister Minna! What is it to be a nun? Listen. To be a nun is to love no one else but Jesus, and to love Him always, and very much, and to love everybody else, papa, mamma, sisters, boy, Father Wilfrid, and all the world, because Jesus loves them so much. This is being a nun. When Sister Minna likes her own will and loves her own way, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna does not do what she is told, or does it complainingly, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna says an angry word, then she is not a

nun. But when Sister Minna loves Jesus, oh so much, so very, very much; and when she is always asking her dear Mother in heaven to make her love Jesus more and more, then she is a nun, a real, real nun! So you see you can be a nun whenever you like. O dear! how many questions this letter will make you ask!

And now, good-by, dearest Minna! I pray the dear little Jesus in Mary's arms to take care of you, the dear little Jesus who is the great, great God, for all He is so little. O Minna! if the huge God could love you and me so much that He could become a little Baby, helpless as Ethel was, for you and me, why do not we both love Him ten hundred thousand million times more than we do? Get an answer ready for that question, Minna!

Yours most affectionately,
F. W. FABER.

LETTER CXXII.—TO A PENITENT.

Only imagine God *allowing* one of His creatures to take so magnificent a vow! How can He ever be loved enough? When we think of the unutterableness of His resplendent Majesty, would not our humility become simply cowardice, if it were not sustained by love? Remember, too, the supernatural destiny of virgins. It is, as St. John says, "to follow the Lamb *whithersoever* He goeth." "*Whithersoever!*" What a word! All His ways, His turns, His retreats, His hidings of Himself, His compassionate unbendings of His glory, His unspeakable familiarities of love — *whithersoever* — Yes! not to Carmel only, but to Calvary also. And "to sing the new song of the Lamb" — *new*, always new, because it is always a new love of Him, always new because always more and more and more; and then, too, His sweetness is always new; it is a new Jesus every hour, so new, yet always so like His own old self! All this is what you have to think of. Only your offering must be free, your own.

Our dearest Lord's visits are most frequent in the morning.

The morning is His favorite time of the day: for He is Himself the Sunrise of the world.

LETTER CXXIII.—TO THE SAME.

I have been in bed and suffering nearly all day, so you will excuse my not writing so fully as I should have done, and there is no time for delay. We must begin the Triduo on Tuesday, please.

Tuesday—in honor of God the Father.—Think of being a daughter to Him as Mary was, promising to be all for Jesus; to worship His, the Father's, adorable will, to bless Him for sending Jesus, lastly and mostly, to wonder lovingly at His letting you, such as you know yourself to be, much more such as *He* knows you to be, love Himself and His daughter Mary, and bind yourself to Him.

Wednesday—in honor of God the Son.—Promising to be a mother to Him as Mary was, and a virgin mother; to soothe Him, to make reparation to Him, to take up his cause, to spread the knowledge and love of Him, to receive Him in the Blessed Sacrament as Mary did, to minister always to Him, to have no other love, no other interest, no other occupation, &c.: mostly and lastly, to wonder lovingly at His letting you, such as you know yourself to be, much more such as *He* knows you to be, love Himself and His Mother Mary, and bind yourself to Him.

Thursday—in honor of God the Holy Ghost.—Promising to be a spouse to Him, as Mary was, always to be listening to His inspirations, to follow the least whisper, to covet His graces, to burn with His fire, to share His jealous zeal for Jesus and Mary, to pine and sigh with Him for the conversion of souls: mostly and lastly, to wonder lovingly at His letting you, such as you know yourself to be, much more such as *He* knows you to be, love Himself and His true spouse Mary, and bind yourself to Him.

LETTER CXXIV.—TO THE SAME.

London, Conversion of St. Paul, 1853.

Ought not I to have been choked with tears at the altar to-day? Such a day, such a Feast, such a grand pathetic mass, and to be allowed to say mass at all. Thanks to God, to Mary, to Paul! The usual tremor which I always have to-day is on me — that strange frightening Office of God's creature Paul! No asking for mercy, no doubt, no fear: but the little man, for he was *very* little, cried out, as no other creature ever did, "*Scio cui credidi, et certus sum, quia potens est depositum meum servare in illum diem, justus iudex!*" There is no other saint I know of who has dared to stand in that attitude before God: and it glorifies God so intensely! Then, when St. Ananias thought the Eternal Wisdom was speaking ironically with him, and said, "Lord! I have heard of *this man*, &c.," how grandly Jesus says, "*Vade, quoniam vas electionis est mihi iste!*" Then out comes another of those trumpet-like cries of the immense-hearted apostle, "*Gratia Dei in me vacua non fuit.*" What other saint ever ventured on such words? Then again, incredible, incredible words! comes another Pauline cry, "*Bonum cretamen certavi, cursum consummavi, fidem servavi, corona repofosita est.*" There is but one thing in the whole world like this; it is Job rising from his dunghill and arguing with God, and making God defend Himself; and God loved it: and Job's pious friends, who blew up Job, and defended God — God simply tells them to get Job to offer sacrifice for them, that their foolish words may be forgiven. Why, it is a revelation of God and of God's love of human nature, a revelation in itself which would feed an Angel's eternal contemplation.

Dear, dear St. Paul! always big for God, always impetuous for God, always full of God, always burning for Jesus, always preaching, always talking, always writing God, God, God, the "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!" What will it be to see St. Paul, to kiss the feet so dusty on the Roman roads, to see the eyes so sore and bleared and winking, now gazing full on the Divine Essence; to hear the voice with its

sweet thunderstorms of eloquence, and to say, "Is that indeed the tender, girlish, woman-hearted old man who wrote the fascinating epistle to Philemon?" But I must not run on.

Ever affectionately,

F. W. FABER.

LETTER CXXV.—TO FATHER WILLIAM B. MORRIS.

S. M. S. July 21, 1860.

Many thanks for your affectionate letter. St. Philip has only put me over his children, in order to show that his Institute stands not by man's help, but by God. My sons must show their love of me by unintermitting prayer for me that my heart may be altogether changed, that I may be quite turned to God, more full of prayer, more brave in mortification, and more *abissato* in the sense of my own vileness. This is what you must do. You must not trust *me*, but God's will in me. If people knew the graces I have had, they would see I was simply the greatest sinner that ever has been upon earth. Yet sometimes I think myself good; and I feel pleasure at others thinking me good. This makes me fear that I shall go to hell. So do not talk of trusting to me, but only to God's grace in me.

Mrs. Kenelm Digby has died quite suddenly, and almost the most beautiful death I ever heard. She went out, Mr. Digby tells me, to walk on the beach at Dover with her daughter Mary Anne. They sat down on a bank, and Mrs. D. took out her book and read some prayers. Then she and her daughter rose and walked on "gayly" and "laughingly." They went to the chapel, where Mrs. D. said her rosary, and then prayed a little while before the Blessed Sacrament. Coming out of the chapel, a poor woman asked an alms. She gave her a shilling. A moment afterward she fell, and the poor woman just relieved caught her in her arms. How beautiful! So will the Great Lover of the poor catch her in his everlasting arms! See how He can make even a sudden death into a beautiful grace! It almost breaks my heart, it is so beautiful; and so like, so very like, our dearest God.

LETTER CXXVL.—TO THE SUPERIOR OF A CONVENT.

St. Mary's, Sydenham Hill, Kent.

My dear Sister in Christ :

Many thanks for your letter. I am not surprised about Miss C. You will have done her great good. If she had been my penitent of late, I never would have sent her, and I doubt if she has any vocation in her.

One thing is on my mind to say, though I dare say you have all thought of it. Have you not observed that when God is going to give great graces, He often gives up the person's mind to be the prey of unutterably humiliating thoughts? Sometimes it is satanic hatred of superiors. Sometimes it is littlenesses like those of the poor sister. Now, if she tells them all openly to superiors, knowing how awfully humiliating it is, is not that of itself almost heroic, almost a proof that they do not belong to her better self? Her vivid imagination enables her to create a hundred fancies a minute. You must deal with them as with temptations. They flow through her like torrents, they dance before her eyes, they sing in her ears, they dash her heart against her side, they almost take her tongue from her, and speak by it. You know, too, how she exaggerates her faults. *Do not, my dear sister, let her suffer for her openness to her superiors.*

I have no right to talk in this way to you, but I fear, I always have feared, this might be the case. I beg of you to go by her actions, not by her feelings; to judge her, not by her repugnances, but by her solid submissions. It is a greater grace in her to tell you her humiliating meanness, than it would be not to be so tempted. I know her faults, but I know her worth also. Nothing but anxiety for her soul would induce me to write thus to you, but I venture to submit it to yourself and Mother T, and I beg you will charitably forgive me my impertinence, as I know you will do.

Ever your affectionate servant in Christ,

F. W. FABER,
of the Oratory.

P. S.—It is not often that an untroublesome novice makes a subject worth a straw. O, what travail till Christ be formed over again in them!

LETTER CXXVII.—TO THE REV. MOTHER PRIORESS,
NEW HALL, CHELMSFORD.

The Oratory, Brompton, London,
Dec. 16, 1856.

My dear Rev. Mother :

I need not say how sincerely I offer to you and your holy community my condolences on the death of the dear sister. I know well how those who have long been sufferers, come to be, as it were, indispensable objects of love in a community, and when they are taken, it is as if some favorite piece of furniture were stolen from the house, or some deeply beloved picture taken away, or some old familiar tree, under whose shadow we recreated, cut down. There is something missed in the little loving occupations of the day, a kind of blank which at first is dreary. I often think a chronic invalid is one of the best treasures of a religious house, a revenue of grace and supernatural sweetness to it. But we must not grudge her the peace which her Spouse at last has given her. I have said two masses for her, as I regard her as one of our benefactors; and it seems also to be a natural opportunity to thank *you* also again, my dear Mother, for the help which you allowed the dear sister to give me in the lives of the Saints.

Begging a remembrance in your prayers,
Believe me, with great respect,
Your faithful servant in Christ,
F. W. FABER,
of the Oratory.

LETTER CXXVIII.—TO SISTER M. P.

Whit-Tuesday.

I congratulate you a thousand times on the great and happy event of to-day. You must be a daughter of the Holy Ghost, a daughter of fire. You will not know till the hour of death all the blessedness of being a child of St. Dominic. You must take for the virtue of your noviciate, simplicity. Want of it is your failing. You must not look too closely into yourself, or scrutinize motives, or analyze feelings, or exaggerate disquietudes. You must be foolish as a child with a holy foolishness. Say all you feel to superiors, but do not say it twice, do not urge it, do not paint it. Walk slowly and speak without emphasis; if you can manage these two exterior things, I will answer for your interior peace. If you don't, you will lose your own vocation and destroy M.'s; and if you do that, won't purgatory be too good for you? Say all kind things for me to Sister R. P. May the Spirit of fire burn both your hearts to pieces, and the Spirit of peace make His nest in the ruins.

LETTER CXXIX.—TO THE SAME.

The Oratory, London, S. W.,
January 4, 1859.

What is the use of wishing you a happy New year? What else can the years of a religious be except happiness from the first of January to the last of December? What a beautiful life to have so much time for prayer as you have! It is so incredibly sweet to pray; the face of God grows daily more clear; the very sense of our own utter nothingness becomes quickly a positive sweetness. It is so grand to be allowed to say daring words to our dearest, dearest God; and then it is so unutterably heavenly to lie at His feet in silence, without even so much as looking up. Then sometimes, perhaps it is not very often—how wonderful it is to feel ourselves melting

away in God. Lord! show us the Father, and it is enough. Oh, I have always loved the apostle St. Philip for that exclamation of his deep, tender, yearning, contemplative heart. But why are we not always praying? Why do anything else but pray? Alas! there is that horrid eating, and that idle sleeping, and then swimming an hour or two every day in that dirty, dingy ocean of venial sins, which in religious houses we call recreation—rightly so called, for I am sure we all need creating over again after each recreation. I always say the *Veni Creator* as I go from the refectory to the recreation room for those gifts of the Holy Ghost which an old Oratorian Father said were essential to a holy recreation. But it is not of much use to me, for I always say more than I ought to say, and much which had better be left unsaid, and I come away weary and peevish, because I feel less with God. Why then can't we be always praying? What brutes we are, scarcely half so meditative as placid cows. Very well, then, I retract what I said at starting, that the lives of religious were nothing but happiness from the first of January to the last of December. It is only a happy unhappiness, growing more and more as we get more holy. We pine for God. We pine to be out of the way of sin. We pine to be unable to offend our Heavenly Father. So let us wish each other no more happy New years; but sigh, and sigh, and sigh for the Eternal Peace, the sweet welcome forever on the face of God. Well! but is it quite clear that we cannot be always praying? No! it is by no means clear; and I vote that you and I make a good try this year, and see if we cannot accomplish what our dearest Lord, who never makes hard laws, tells us to accomplish—PERPETUAL PRAYER.

LETTER CXXX.—TO THE REV. MOTHER PRIORESS,
CARMELITE CONVENT, RUE D'ENFER, PARIS.

My Very Rev. Mother:

The occupations of Lent in this great heathen city have hitherto hindered me from writing to your Reverence. I do

not know how sufficiently to thank you for your goodness in writing to me, and in writing to me such welcome news. It is a privilege of which I am quite unworthy, that God should have allowed me to send some of my spiritual children to Carmel. But it must have been not in consequence, but in spite of my direction. The vehement impulse of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of those dear children saved them from the torpor and misery of my unworthy direction. I hope your Reverence will make both of them pray hard for me; for I go on always preaching to others, and immersed in external things, and so my own soul does not get converted. I may say, like the spouse in the Canticles, they made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept. Ah! we all of us, priests and people, want a Carmel in London. One good house, fervently glowing with the spirit of St. Teresa, would infuse new strength into our weakness; it would give supernatural rest to our fatigue, and it would uphold our infirmity by the blessed impetuosity of its prayers. God and St. Teresa grant that this great blessing may some day be ours.

Commending myself to the prayers of your Reverence and the community, permit me to remain,

With profound respect,

Your unworthy servant in Christ,

F. W. FABER.

LETTER CXXXI.—TO SISTER MARY OF THE B. TRINITY.

St. Mary's, Sydenham Hill,
St. Vincent of Paul, 1860.

My dear Child:

Your letter was a great joy and consolation to me. I am here nursing poor Father Hutchison, who is very slowly but gradually worsening. I fear his recovery is out of the question now. So pray for all the needful graces for him, especially patience and the spirit of prayer. I shall keep the feast with you in spirit to-morrow; for I have long had a

special devotion to St. Elias. I get more and more of a Carmelite in my affections; I wish I did so in spirit and in practice. The two things which my dear old Blossius tells us to be, seem so exactly the description of a true Carmelite—*placid* and *mature*. Are they not two beautiful words? Placid and mature—I seem as if I could never have done meditating on them. And what a description they are of dear blessed St. Elias! The fire of God! that is what I call him: a burning zealot, a heavenly enthusiast, with a warrior's heart and a seraph's mind! Think of his grand rudeness, of his majestic impetuosity, how he shouted on earth for the honor of God as Michael shouted in heaven of old: Who is like unto God? He seems to have in his soul all the concentrated essence of martyrdom. You remember how rude those boy and girl-martyrs were to the heathen magistrates in the primitive persecutions. All martyrs have some sanctified rudeness. They are witnesses, and witnesses against human respect. But look at the fire of great Elias now. Do you think it burns any lower, any less fiercely, any less purely, any less vindictively? Oh, no! Yet how placid it is. So quiet, so patient, so vehemently tranquil, so imperturbably beautiful. Is it not like anger in God? Not a trouble, but a peace; not a ruffling, but a calming; not a disturbance, but an intensity. Oh what an adorable thing anger is in God! The implacability of infinite forgiveness—and St. Elias is a glorious type of this. And then how mature also is his magnificent soul! There it is ripening away for centuries, its flames all sheathed in the gentleness of the most tender contemplations, as if his Old Testament spirit were quelled by the spirit of Bethlehem and the lovingnesses of the Incarnation. His holy wrath is loud no more, but only echoes in his soul like the soft booming of the perpetual summer sea at the base of Carmel, or the little *Te Deums* which the bees hum in the thyme beds on the slopes of Carmel. O dear and beautiful Elias! how the thought of him makes my heart burn! Was he ever gentle when he was on earth? I have thought of that and searched the Bible to see. He seems very kind to the poor Sidonian

widow, and very unprovoked when in her maternal love she spoke so rudely. Yet when God came to him not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the whispering of a gentle air, I have fancied that God meant to teach him how to make his zeal placid. But it was very nice of St. Elias letting Eliseus go back after his vocation to kiss his father and his mother. I wonder if St. Teresa would have done so. But you know the women saints are always sterner than the men saints. Poor Elias! Then what a lesson he is about unanswered prayer! How he threw his whole heart into his prayer under the juniper-tree, and requested for his soul that he might die, and said, "It is enough for me, Lord! Take away my soul; for I am no better than my fathers." And yet, here he is, still in his tranquil shades of Eden, still waiting, still out of work; and fancy the zeal of St. Elias out of work! He is maturing, maturing placidly, like a sort of eternal saint. You see he had been ambitious. It was just like him, like his forwardness, in which he so resembles St. Peter. He *had* made up his mind to be better than his fathers; and now he says, I am no better than my fathers. Great Saint! and yet he is better than tens of thousands of his fathers. So you must be ambitious also, and make up your mind to do grand things for God; and then great grace will enable you to see how little you are, and how bad. St. Elias' one prayer was to die. God's one will about him was that he should live, miraculously live, drag his life on beyond the time; and in this he resembles St. John the Evangelist. Perhaps all this long while he is learning to be more and more like Mary, his own vision-seen Mary, beheld so far off and loved by such a marvellous anticipation. Mary was the melodious whisper of the gentle air in which God has come to all of us. Like us, St. Elias perhaps has learned the incomprehensible tenderness of God from the sight and the study of Mary. And now he has two heavens waiting for him, the heaven on earth of shedding his blood for Jesus, and the heaven in heaven of being, I suspect, between St. Michael and St. Joseph for ever.

God bless you. Pray to St. Elias for me. Kindest messages to Sœur de S. Phillipe.

Most affectionately in Jesus,

F. W. FABER.

LETTER CXXXII. — TO THE SAME.

Please tell my unknown daughter, Sister Marie de Gonzague, that I have taken St. Teresa for my year saint this year, and that what I want are these three things: a very copious spirit of prayer, a tremendous humility, and a great sweetness of temper — so these are the three things she is to get for me, and in return I will ask St. Teresa to give her an exceeding spirit of gayety, which I think will be her shortest road to the top of Carmel. Now about yourself. I wish I could inspire you with a particular devotion. You know my own great and absorbing devotion is to the attributes of God. I have brought this devotion forward in all my books, and am doing so still more prominently in the Precious Blood. Nowhere is this devotion more beautifully exemplified than in the Carmelite lives, especially in that sweet treasure of interior science, the *Chroniques*. Nowhere also is this devotion shown in more exquisite harmony with the various devotions to the sacred humanity of Jesus than in the *Chroniques*. This is as it should be, because it was exactly the spirit of St. Teresa. Now what I think about you is, that you ought to have a special devotion to the omnipotence of God. I cannot tell you in how many ways I think it fits in with your natural character, and suits the particular kind of grace which God has given you. I believe you will feel it all yourself, as if by intuition, as soon as I mention it. If, then, it seems good to your superiors, see if you cannot dedicate yourself in your inmost heart with trembling love and childlike delight to the majesty of this dear attribute. It will suit well with your new name. You are called "of the Blessed Trinity!" Happy you! what a life of joyous crosses is before you, a life perhaps of bleeding feet, because the ways of Carmel

are flinty, but a life of a glad heart, because the air of Carmel is so bracing and so pure. In all this a special devotion to the omnipotence of God will be a great help to you. It will increase your gift of faith, and of all our gifts, pure faith is the one whose increase we ought to seek most especially, while it is at the same time the one most capable of increase. It will give you huge courage, and it needs huge courage to bear being sanctified. God's hand must always be heavy, while He is at work upon our little shrinking souls, even though He presses as lightly as He can. The contemplation of the same dear attribute will always fill you full of an inexhaustible gladness, singing songs in your heart forever. It will fill you with fervor. It will fill you, also, with exceeding peace. I could go on forever about this sweet Omnipotence. But I must not write you a book instead of a letter. Here are a few texts about Omnipotence, *and its curious hidden connection with God's gentleness and sweetness*.* They are out of the Book of Wisdom, the eleventh and twelfth chapters: "But Thou hast mercy upon all, because Thou canst do all things. Thou sparest all, because they are Thine, O Lord, who lovest souls. For Thy power is the beginning of justice, and because Thou art Lord of all Thou makest Thyself gracious to all. Being master of power, Thou judgest with tranquillity, and with great reverence disposest of us; for Thy power is at hand when Thou wilt." Are not all these wonderful words? You might pray over them for years and not get all the honey out of them. Oh! I see volumes of beautiful theology streaming out of them. How sweet heaven will be with all these worshipful attributes drowning us in all their vast seas of light and love for evermore! Another thing I must say about this dear attribute of Omnipotence. It is full of treasures for those who practise holy poverty. There, now I *will* stop, or else you will think it as bad as one of my long high mass sermons at the Oratory.

* Cf. the prayer for the 10th Sunday after Pentecost; — "*Deus qui omnipotentiam tuam parcendo maxime et miserando manifestas.*"

I used to say, God bless you a thousand times ; now I say, God bless you a million times.

Hold on up that steep Carmel and give God glory. Be detached, and St. Teresa will love you.

Ever your most affectionate Father in Jesus Christ,
F. W. FABER.

LETTER CXXXIII. — TO THE SAME.

The Oratory, London,
Easter Sunday, 1861.

My dear Child :

I hope these few lines will catch you before you go into retreat. Lent and Holy Week hindered my writing before, and now I am so fatigued and worn that I can do little in the way of letter-writing. What a happy being you must be ! To sit on the ledges of Mount Carmel, the world in *your ears* making no more noise, nay less than the humming of the bees in the thymy sward, and to have always outspread before you the vast sea of the interminable perfections of the Most Holy Trinity — for that I suppose will be the usual food of your prayers. Misty and blue the sea, *that sea*, must look to you now ; and yet even in its indistinctness it is a beauty, a rapture, a gently forcible tranquility.

You will find in "Bethlehem," which I send you by Father Bowden, many things which will help you to thoughts about the Most Holy Trinity. What a most dear mystery it is ! How it seems to throw its arms around us and keep us from all harm ! How it lifts us up, and carries us, and pillows us on itself, and nourishes us, and rests us marvellously in some enchantment of its own ! Humility is easy : it is a daring word to say, but I will say it, humility is *easy* to one who specially devotes himself to the contemplation of that queen of mysteries : for it not only makes us *feel* our littleness, but it makes us *love* our littleness, and *like* to feel it. But you must always remember the advice of your great mother and doctress — that the way to gain a grand

and yet a *safe* devotion to the Most Holy Trinity is to have a most ardent devotion to the sacred humanity of Jesus. Moreover, if I do not mistake, I infer from your *Chroniques*, that most delicious of books, that there has always been in your Order a peculiar *attrait* to the mystery of the Resurrection; and you see your retreat and your espousals will both be in Paschal-tide. Well, you must make a brave resurrection of it, almost an ascension. I feel as if you were going to heaven. And what last word shall I say? The words of Ecclesiasticus xlv. "Glorify the Lord as much as ever you can; for He will yet far exceed, and His magnificence is wonderful. Blessing the Lord, exalt Him as much as you can, for he is above all praise. When you exalt Him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary, for you can never go far enough."

God give you millions of Easter blessings, and then the
ETERNAL EASTER.

Ever most affectionately in Jesus and Mary,
F. W. FABER,
of the Oratory.

CHAPTER XII.

IT has been well said that Father Faber has no claim to be considered a spokesman for English Catholics. A spokesman is one who expresses the sentiments of a large body, being deputed to do so because he understands and agrees with their opinions. Such a position Father Faber never occupied: he was a leader, not a spokesman; the mission he accomplished was to educate, not to represent the Catholics of England. Although the proofs of this are succinctly stated in a letter written to him by Cardinal Wiseman, which will be given in the following chapter, it may be well to give them here at greater length.

When he entered the Church, his first care was to put himself in harmony with her spirit, not as he found it in a country where the remembrance of recent persecution, and of the necessity of concealment, still hampered the freedom of its operation; but as it flourishes in lands where all traditions are its own. Especially did he endeavor to study it at its fountain-head in the city of Rome, under the shadow of St. Peter's Chair. Fully recognizing the claims of his own country to his labors, he made it his business to introduce into it in every possible way the devotions and practices which are consecrated by the usage of Rome. The Faith was making rapid progress in English hearts.

and he sought to promote its development into true Catholic piety.

Himself considerably in advance of his fellow-countrymen in this particular, he translated and printed the various expressions of foreign Catholic devotion, teaching and persuading all who came under his influence, first to adopt, and then to disseminate them. In one of his sermons he remarked, as though in answer to those who objected that Italian practices were unsuited to English minds :

“Truth is not ours to bate and pare down. Truth is God’s; it has God’s majesty inherent within it, and it will convert the souls of men, even when it seems rudest and most repelling; and it will do so for this one reason—because it is God’s truth, and because we through the grace of God have boldness and faith to put our trust in it. And again, beware of another evil, that of trying to throw aside or to pare down what seems most faithful and warm in the devotions of foreign lands; do not tell that cruel falsehood, do not tell it to those whom you love, and are longing and yearning to have within the Church, do not tell them that the faith is other here than what it is elsewhere; do not throw aside devotion and sweetness, and worship and affection, as though they were not fit for us, as though God’s Church were not one; for this is nothing less in reality than to deny the unity of God’s Church.”*

In three especial ways Father Faber may be recognized as a leader of English Catholics. First, by the publication of the *Lives of the Saints*. With all its literary defects, this series did a great work, by familiarizing the minds of men with the highest examples of Christian holiness. Its object was “to help on the

* *Notes, &c.*, vol. i. p. 368.

practice of asceticism, and to assist those who should be lured by God's grace from precepts to counsels, from the world to the religious life, from ordinary attainments to the perfection which resides in generosity and interior mortification."* Sainly maxims and rules of conduct were thus introduced, to the profit and edification of many, under the authority of names to which, by reason of the decree of their canonization, no exception could be justly taken. Through the gradations of the spiritual life, exemplified in their perfection in the annals of the servants of God, men were brought to the knowledge and love of Him.

Father Faber wrote:

"It is our ignorance of our religion which more than anything else prevents our discerning the extreme lovingness of God. To the savage, on whose inobservant mind no phenomena are forced but those of power, such as the storm, the flash, the sun, the sea, the wind—the Creator is simply a Spirit of might. Could he see the affections and instincts of animals, as science would put them before him, then he would come to change his notion of the Creator. So, when men are absorbed in wordly pursuits, and do not occupy themselves in the things of God, it is only the phenomena of power in religion, such as death, mortal sin, judgment, hell, predestination, which engage their attention. They must descend into the minute laws of grace, the secrets of prayer, the arrangements of merit and glory, the affectionateness of indulgences, the sweet mysteries of Jesus and Mary, in order to get anything like a true idea of the length and breadth of God's amazing love. The thunderclap can strike the inattentive;

* Essay on the Interest and Characteristics of the Lives of the Saints, p. 5.

but it is only the listener that catches the sea-like whispers of the summer air in the pine-tree tops." *

Again, a new impulse was given to Catholic devotion by the hymns and popular services of the London Oratory, the one directed and the other written by Father Faber. Here the prayers and aspirations of the Saints are brought into familiar use, to form the basis of the spiritual life of many pious souls. The plain, unadorned style wherein St. Philip directs his children to set forth the mysteries of the Faith serves the same end. Another most powerful instrument is the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, now so well known in this country. Having prayer for its sole object, it unites the supplications of thousands, and not one of its weekly meetings passes without many acknowledgments of blessing received through them.

One of the great attractions of these services was naturally Father Faber's preaching. His eloquence has been thus described by a distinguished ecclesiastic: †

"As a preacher, he possessed certain gifts beyond any one we remember to have heard. He had a facility and flexibility of mind and voice, a vividness of apprehension and of imagination, a beauty of conception and expression,—a beauty, that is to the eye and to the ear, with a brightness of confidence, as of a man who lived in the light and peace of God, and a longing desire to make others possess the happiness he enjoyed, which we have hardly seen united in the same degree."

Another eminent authority, Dom Prosper Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes, has written as follows :

* All for Jesus, chap. viii.

† Dublin Review, January, 1864.

"Father Faber was always ready, always abundant and copious, always full of unction, disclosing in every word the liveliness of his faith and the ardor of his love of God. Rising above all motives of policy and above all weakness, neither his words nor his pen were ever checked by any human consideration. He would never consent to gloss over either the absolute formulas of dogma, the severity of the moral law, or the maxims of the spiritual life. He was aware that among his numerous hearers, Protestants as well as fervent Christians thronged around him, yet the desire of obtaining the unanimous applause of so mixed an audience never extorted from him one of those compliances or one of those reserves to which it is so easy to give way. His holy pride in possessing the truth through the Church, which alone on earth can give it to us, forbade his accommodating it to men who can only be its humble disciples; and if he at times gave offence to certain minds, imitating in this respect the Son of God and his apostles, he attracted others who felt themselves entirely carried away by the fervor of his words and the force of his convictions."*

Father Faber's own words were: "Let us only preach and teach the divinity of Jesus, no matter how uninviting may be the notion of theological sermons, and we shall soon see how hearts will melt without eloquence of ours, and how Bethlehem and Calvary will give out their rich depths of tenderness to the poorest and simplest of Christ's humble poor."† For the conversion of Protestants, the same means were relied on; and it was soon found that the simple, unargumentative explanation of Catholic truth was the most efficacious means of bringing wanderers into the fold. This is taught in one of Father Faber's hymns:

* *Le Monde*, January 25, 1864

† All for Jesus, chap. viii,

"By haughty word, cold force of mind,
We seek not hearts to rule;
Hearts win the hearts they seek! Behold
The secret of our school!"*

After the course of lectures on Protestantism, with which the daily evening exercises at the Oratory were commenced at Brompton, Father Faber never preached a controversial sermon. As in the first days of his Wilfridian Community at Birmingham, he desired that all should be carried on as it would be in a Catholic country. He would never allow difficulties to be thrown in the way of the frequentation of the Oratory by Protestants; and in the year 1852, when the Church was thronged by strangers whom the International Exhibition attracted in the neighborhood, he allowed them to walk about it without restraint, saying that he would not have it on his conscience to prevent their receiving grace by doing so. On the other hand, their prejudices were never considered in his sermons, nor in the plan of services carried out under his direction. Such was his confidence in the power of the faith that he never feared to speak it boldly, or to put forward its fullest developments; and thus to those who, although Catholics, were not acquainted with the soundness of his theological conclusions, his language was sometimes startling. On one occasion, at King William Street, he began a course of lectures on the Immaculate Heart of Mary; but after the delivery of the first he received letters from some of his hearers, who objected to the doctrines taught. When therefore the time appointed

* St. Philip Neri No. 79, edition of 1862.

for the second came, he went into the pulpit, and merely announced that he had received these complaints relating to his sermon, and that consequently the course would not be continued, "Because," said he, "I trust I know what is due to my Lady's honor better than to cast her pearls before swine."

Contemporaneously with the publication of the *Lives of the Saints*, and the foundation of the London Oratory, Father Faber contributed much to the circulation in England of foreign spiritual books, as those of Boudon, Surin, Rigoleuc, the two Lallemands, Courbon, Lombez, and Nouet. The *Spiritual Doctrine of Louis Lallemand*, and the *Octave of Corpus Christi*, by Nouet, were translated at his suggestion, and edited by him. He also published the *School of St. Philip Neri*, as a supplement to the lives of that Saint and of his companions.

The third and greatest service which Father Faber rendered to English Catholics was the publication of his works. Whilst they contain much of the learning and piety to be gathered from the perusal of the *Lives of the Saints*, the talent, eloquence, and literary merit which they display attract the attention of many who would think the Oratorian series beneath their notice. They also extend to a wider circle the benefit derived by those whose good fortune it was to hear many of them delivered, nearly in the same form, from the chair of the Oratory. Original and characteristic, their every line recalls to any one who ever formed part of Father Faber's audience the power and fascination of

manner and voice which brought his teaching home to every listener's heart.

Between January, 1853, and December, 1860, that is, in the short space of eight years, Father Faber wrote and published as many closely-printed volumes. During the whole time, the anxiety and responsibility of the foundation and government of the Oratory rested upon his shoulders, and for the latter five years the charge of the noviciate was added to his cares. He was often prostrated by illness, a severe attack infallibly following the completion of one of his books: he took his turns of preaching with the rest of the Community, and his leisure time was further shortened by the numerous calls upon him for assistance and advice.

The preparation for his books was always elaborately made:

"It has been my custom," he wrote in the preface to *Spiritual Conferences*, "to have the notes of them, very full and detailed, prepared several weeks, often several months, before delivering them. They were then revised before preaching, and very often annotated immediately after preaching, when necessary or desirable changes struck me in the act and fervor of delivery. There is nothing which brings out any want of logical sequence, or any disproportionate arrangement of thoughts more vividly than the act of preaching, and I have repeatedly profited by this fact. The notes were then laid aside, some for two years, some for one year, some for a few months, before I finally revised them for writing, and at last wrote them out. I have long adopted this custom with what concerned the spiritual life, so as to secure myself from putting forth mere views struck out in heat, and also that I might convert the opinions expressed, whatever their intrinsic value might be, into judgments ascertained with care, ma-

tured by experience, and revised with jealous repetition under various circumstances and in different moods of mind."

An instance of Father Faber's sedulous compilation of materials is given in the following letter:

LETTER CXXXIV.—TO THE REV. J. B. MORRIS.

Ardencaple Castle, Helensburgh, N. B.,
July 17, 1858.

My volume of Conferences was ready for the press months ago, and Bethlehem nearly a year ago. But Christmas year is the earliest date at which I shall publish Bethlehem, as it is a wildish Faberian book.

Remember in catalogue reading, that my Calvary, preached in the Lent of '57, after eight years' reading, is now awaiting the period of gestation before I write it—so mention to me any books you see on the Passion. I have about a hundred, some very valuable, which Watts Russell got at an old place in Venice. My last work at Calvary was an analysis of all the stigmata and *passional* phenomena of the saints, out of Görres and others.

I hope you'll be able to read Scotus. I can't. I am obliged to do him in Montefortino. Subtilis himself is like a needle in a bottle of hay.

Father Faber wrote rapidly, and his manuscripts scarcely ever needed a correction before they were sent to the printers. The fair sheets of straw-colored paper, closely covered with neat lines of peculiar character, resemble a carefully made copy rather than original matter, frequently embracing vexed theological questions which required the most delicate handling.

The first of those works on which Father Faber's reputation as an author mainly rests, "All for Jesus,"

was written for the press in a period of about six weeks. Its second title, "The Easy Ways of Divine Love," explains its popular nature. The preface thus describes its scope:

"As a son of St. Philip I have especially to do with the world, and with people living in the world, and trying to be good there, and to sanctify themselves in ordinary vocations. It is to such I speak ; and I am putting before them not high things, but things which are at once attractive as devotions, and also tend to raise their fervor, to quicken their love, and to increase their sensible sweetness in practical religion and its duties. I want to make piety bright and happy to those who need such helps as I do myself. I have not ventured to aim higher. If it causes one heart to love our dearest Lord a trifle more warmly, God will have blessed both the work and its writer far above their deservings."

This volume, published in July, 1853, was received by the public with a cordiality which far exceeded the expectations of its author. A large edition was sold in less than a month ; a second and third rapidly followed, and a fourth appeared before Easter, 1854. The work met with a similar reception in other countries ; three French translations of it were published, the sale of which has reached more than forty thousand copies, whilst in America its circulation has been far beyond what had been predicted for it. Its popularity has been well maintained, and none of Father Faber's succeeding works have attained the same circulation, either in England or abroad. He had, however, no reason to complain of their reception ; whatever he wrote was eagerly welcomed and immediately translated into different languages. As the translations

appeared in French, German, Polish, Italian, or Flemish, they were most favorably criticised by the leading organs of Catholic opinion in each country. In France especially they were received with enthusiasm, and soon made their way throughout the length and breadth of the land, national feeling being humored by the substitution of "Austerlitz" for "Waterloo," in the first chapter of "All for Jesus." The various schools of Catholic thought in that country agreed in approving of them: Mgr. Sibour, late Archbishop of Paris, lost no opportunity of recommending all of them, but especially "Growth in Holiness," as "drawn from the purest sources of Catholic tradition," while M. Louis Veuillot wrote, in his "Historiettes et Fantaisies":—

"J'entremêle mon *Tableau Politique* de quelques tranches des *Conférences Spirituelles* du P. Faber. Livre ascétique, livre Anglais, livre traduit; et pourtant j'y prends goût. Véritablement le docteur Faber est un maître homme, et je sais grand gré au P. Abbé de me l'avoir mis aux mains. Il roule son pécheur, le masse, le pelote, le broie, le désosse avec un art qui fait pénétrer le jour dans beaucoup de recoins que l'on tenait soigneusement fermés.

"Je continue à me distraire avec le P. Faber, qui me fait des peurs bleues, accompagnées de fortes envies de conversion. Ce P. Faber est un maître écorcheur, et il a des pinces étranges pour saisir les fibres les plus ténues et les plus cachées sous la peau qu'il enlève dextrement."

The following are the words of the venerable Abbot of Solesmes, who is alluded to in the last extract:

"It will be agreed that Father Faber united in himself many of those qualifications which make up the true spiritual

writer—holiness of life, knowledge of divine things, and experience of the operations of grace both in himself and in others. A sound theology enabled him to speak worthily of its mysteries, a faith scrupulously orthodox guided his mind in safety through the rocks with which his path was strewn, a profound and well-reasoned study of ascetical and mystical books of every school directed his course rightly in a world which is far above the world of nature, an intimate acquaintance with the Lives of the Saints revealed to him the secrets of grace, and a complete humility accompanied him during his whole career as a spiritual writer. There is not a page of Father Faber, whether it be severe or sparkling, in which we do not discover the saint, the man who never wrote a single line to put forward or recommend himself.”*

Father Faber possessed many qualifications for the spiritual direction of souls. His kindliness of heart and geniality of manner readily won confidence, and he brought to the solution of questions proposed to him a clear judgment, an unaffected piety, and a remarkable gift of discernment of spirit. He was, moreover, intimately acquainted with the literature of the spiritual life, and with its extraordinary as well as ordinary phenomena. It was his intention to write three treatises on this subject, and he gave some account of his plan in the second chapter of the only one which was ever finished, *Growth in Holiness*; or, *The Progress of the Spiritual Life*, published at the end of 1854.

“I have made a sort of map of the spiritual life in my own mind. I have divided it into three regions of very unequal

* *Le Monde*, Jan. 25, 1864.

extent and of very diversified interest. First there comes the region of beginnings, a wonderful time, so wonderful that nobody realizes how wonderful it is, till they are out of it, and can look back on it. Then stretches a vast extent of wilderness, full of temptation, struggle, and fatigue, a place of work and suffering, with angels, good and bad, winging their way in every direction, the roads hard to find and slippery underfoot, and Jesus with the cross meeting us at every turn. This is ten or twelve times the length of the first region. Then comes a region of beautiful, wooded, watered, yet rocky mountains, lovely yet savage too, liable to terrific tempests and to those sudden overcastings of bright nature, which characterize mountain districts. This last is the land of high prayer, of brave self-crucifixions, of mystical trials, and of heights of superhuman detachment and abjection whose rarefied atmosphere only chosen souls can breathe."

The first of the three volumes necessary for the completion of this sketch was to have been entitled *First Fervors*, and the third, *The Gate of Heaven*.

Growth in Holiness is occupied with the direction of souls engaged in traversing the central wilderness described in the above extract, "the wilderness of long patient perseverance in the humbling practices of solid virtue." After a preliminary statement of their condition, the author deals successively with the dangers they have to fear, the precautions it is necessary that they should take, and the practices by which their well-being is to be ensured. He was accustomed to say that the key-note of the whole was the chapter on *Abiding Sorrow for Sin*, and this, with the four immediately preceding, on *Prayer*, *Temptations*, *Scruples*, and the office of *Spiritual director*, forms the most interesting and valuable portion of the book. Consid-

ering the great variety of opinion which exists upon these subjects, the conclusions of Father Faber's treatise have been but little questioned, and its reception bears witness to the success of his attempt "to harmonize the ancient and modern spirituality of the Church, with somewhat perhaps of a propension to the first, and to put it before English Catholics in an English shape, translated into native thought and feeling, as well as language." *

The Feast of Corpus Christi, 1855, was the time selected by Father Faber for the publication of *The Blessed Sacrament, or, The Works and Ways of God*. It was written "to popularize certain portions of the science of theology, in the same way as handbooks and manuals have popularized astronomy, geology, and other physical sciences," and it met with so much favor that a second edition was soon called for, although the first had consisted of two thousand copies. In its four books the *Blessed Sacrament* is considered as the *Greatest Work of God*, the *Devotion of Catholics*, a *Picture of God*, and a *Picture of Jesus*. It contains, together with a vast mass of learning and research, some of the most beautiful passages ever written by the author. The first three pages of the third section of the second book, the *Babe and the Host*, are a good specimen of his power of uniting clear theological teaching with rare eloquence of expression.

The opening sentences of the *Creator and the Creature*, which was published toward the end of 1856,

* Prefatory Letter.

show that it was written in the autumn of 1855, at St. Mary's, Sydenham. No sooner was one book fairly launched than Father Faber set to work upon another, which itself had been for some time in one stage or another of its preparation. The Creator and the Creature "stands to the author's other works in the relation of source and origin. It has been this view of God, pondered for years, that has given rise to the theological bias visible in the other books, as well as to the opinions expressed on the spiritual life:" and "this treatise explains in detail the point of view from which the author habitually looks at all religious questions, of practice as well as of speculation." It is divided into three parts; the first "a description of the phenomena around us, a detailed account of what it is to have a Creator, and of what follows from our being His creatures: the result of this inquiry being to find that creation is simply an act of divine love, and cannot be accounted for on any other supposition than that of an immense and eternal love:" the second, occupied with the difficulties and depths of this creative love; and the third, answering objections started in the course of the inquiry, chiefly those concerning the number of the elect, and concluding with an account of the nature, power and prevalence of worldliness, the only escape from which is "personal love of the Creator, a religion which is simply a service of love, a love which brings us within the suck of that gulf of the Divine Beauty which is our holiness here as it is our happiness hereafter."

The next book, which Father Faber published before

the Lent of 1858, was the Foot of the Cross; or, *The Sorrows of Mary*. It was part of a series of works on the Passion of our Blessed Lord, which was left incomplete at the author's death. Besides a minute account and analysis of each of our Lady's Dolours, showing an unusual acquaintance with mystical theology, it contains a chapter on her martyrdom in them, their fountains and characteristics, and the spirit and devotion with which they should be regarded, concluding with a comparison, in itself almost a treatise of theology, between her Compassion and the Passion of her Son. In a notice of the Foot of the Cross, which appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica*,* the organ of the most distinguished writers of the Society of Jesus, Father Faber is styled "the eloquent writer of ascetical works, which unite the most mystical devotion to the most profound theological learning. In fact," the article proceeds to say, "we consider this one of the best books ever published on the Dolours of Mary. There will be found in it the most notable features of the life of Mary, and very beautiful reflections on the Passion of our Divine Redeemer; besides great clearness of doctrine, much valuable teaching concerning the Christian life, and investigations of great subtlety on the subject-matter of the book itself."

The volume of *Spiritual Conferences*, published early in 1859, represents fairly enough the sermons which Father Faber was in the habit of preaching. Sometimes, as in the case of "Heaven and Hell," two sermons have been thrown into one Conference. The

* January, 1867.

volume abounds in the author's characteristic excellences, and, taken as a whole, is perhaps one of the most brilliant which ever proceeded from his pen. The teaching is often conveyed in short, epigrammatic sentences, full of practical wisdom, which strongly resemble the Sapiential books of Scripture. In the first Conferences, on Kindness, a sentence occurs wherein he unwittingly describes himself: "A genial man is both an apostle and an evangelist; an apostle, because he brings men to Christ; an evangelist, because he portrays Christ to men."

The Precious Blood; or, The Price of our Salvation, was written for, and dedicated to, the Confraternity of that name at the Oratory, counting (Lent, 1860) upward of thirty-eight thousand members, a number which has been much increased since that time. Numerous examples are to be found in this book of Father Faber's power of making religion attractive, and of enticing men to the practice of it, without making any abatement of its principles. Thus he writes (p. 216): "Roses grow on briars, say the wise men of the world, with that sententious morality which thinks to make virtue truthful by making it dismal. Yes! but as the very different spirit of piety would say, it is a truer truth that briars bloom with roses. If roses have thorns, thorns also have roses. This is the rule of life. Yet everybody tells us one side of this truth, and nobody the other." In the last chapter the author thus recapitulates his work:

"We began with reflecting on the mystery of the Precious Blood, because all devotion starts best with doctrine. The

incredibilities of divine love become more credible when we have learned them first as dogmas. It was also the more necessary to begin with doctrine in the case of a devotion, which claims to be an adoration also. We then turned from God to man, and strove to form a right estimate of the Precious Blood by studying from various points of view our extreme need of it, and our immeasurable wretchedness without it. We then traversed its empire, learned its character by studying the method of its government, and judged of its magnificence by the splendor of its dominion. Our next step was to unfold its chronicles. We found there a whole revelation of God, and much of the secret history of His eternity. We discovered there our own place in creation by discovering our place in the procession of the Precious Blood. From its history we passed to its biography, to that notable characteristic of it which especially reveals its spirit,—its prodigality. We saw then how God's prodigalities are not excesses, but most orderly magnificences; and also how our poverty is so extreme that we can only live on from day to day by being economical of God's most exuberant liberalities. As we had begun with doctrine and adoration, we have had to end with practice and devotion. The history, the characteristics, and the spirit of the devotion to the Precious Blood have been the concluding subjects of our reflections."

In explaining the alliance of this devotion with others, and especially with that to the Sacred Heart, Father Faber shows the foundation on which his long-standing preference of it rested (p. 307):

"It was precisely the Precious Blood, and nothing but the Precious Blood, which was the chosen instrument of our redemption. It is this singular reality, this unmated office, this unshared privilege, in which the grandeur of the Precious Blood resides, a grandeur which is also communicated to the devotion. . . . The mysterious fact that the Blood, and only the Blood of Jesus, was the chosen price of man's re-

demption, and that it was only the Blood, and the Blood shed to death, which did actually redeem us, confers a distinctive majesty upon the Precious Blood, in which our Lord's Body and His Soul only participate concomitantly."

It was also as the characteristic devotion of this age, and its special worship of the Sacred Humanity, to which the instinct of the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Father, is now turning, that Father Faber loved to regard the devotion to the Precious Blood. In the last chapter of his book, he thus expresses himself:

"There was already a commemorative feast of the Precious Blood in Lent. But when Pius IX. returned to the Holy City from his exile at Gaeta, he issued a decree to the whole world, instituting a new feast of the Precious Blood on the first Sunday in July. There is surely a great significance in this decree. The Holy See has taken the lead in this special devotion, and has thereby immensely increased its popularity, the usual result of authority. Moreover the selection of the devotion is of still greater significance. The latest new devotion of the Church was the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The choice has fallen next upon the Precious Blood, which is as it were a development of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. So that there is a sort of historical or chronological fitness in it. It seems part of Catholic piety to believe, that, while these things are by no means supposed to lie within the gift of infallibility, there is a peculiar guidance of the Holy Spirit in them."

Father Faber published his last great work, entitled *Bethlehem*, at the beginning of Advent 1860. In the preface he expresses his obligations to Father Antony Hutchison for "all that is correct and accurate and pictorial about the scenes which it describes," and pro-

ceeds to explain that "where the imagery bears upon itself so many traces of the lochs of the Clyde, and the mountains of Argyll," this is owing to his residence at Ardencaple while engaged upon its composition. As its name implies, it is a treatise on the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy. The author used to say that he wrote the rest of his books to please others, but Bethlehem to please himself.

The eight works thus enumerated do not represent the whole of Father Faber's literary productions during the period between 1853 and 1861. He published in 1857 a collected edition of his Poems, the different volumes in which they had formerly appeared being out of print; and a year later he reprinted his poem of Sir Lancelot. Considerable additions were made to most of them: among these, Prince Amadis, a fragment before, was completed; and the author's visit to Malta in 1851 enabled him to insert a description of that island in the "Knights of St. John." Perhaps the most interesting are those concerning the earlier period of his life, which are full of affectionate and religious feeling. Of the rest, some are reminiscences of travel, vivid and brilliant pictures, others were written at Oxford, and have almost the character of hymns, whilst a large number relate to his sojourn in the Lake District. When they were first published, the phraseology of the North Country was not so well known as at present; and his printer three times returned to him a sonnet in which the word "tarn" occurs, with the line

"By the black *barn* where Fairfield meets Helvellyn!"

In most of his compositions it is apparent that his master and model was Mr. Wordsworth. When at Ambleside he was a great favorite with the venerable poet, but some years previous to that time, he had been proud to style himself a Wordsworthian. The admiration was reciprocal, and on one occasion, when staying at Elton, Mr. Wordsworth remarked, that, "if it was not for Fredrick Faber's devoting himself so much to his sacred calling, he would be the poet of his age."

Ethel's Book, each story of which was written in a single morning, was also published in 1858. Its aim is told in the short letter of dedication; "Suppose we take the angels instead of fairies, and the dead instead of ghosts, and then see how we get on?"

The notes of other books, on Calvary, the Holy Ghost, the Fear of God, two chapters of which were written in full, and the Immaculate Heart, were put into a forward state of preparation, but remained incomplete at the time of the author's death. Some of them have been published as they were found, in two volumes, under the title, "Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects," a wealth of thought and meditation, although, like the gleanings after the harvest, collected by unskilful hands, when the reaper had gone to his rest.

Father Faber's Book of Hymns remains to be noticed. A few were printed in 1848, for the use of the congregation at St. Wilfrid's, and many others were added in a volume called "Jesus and Mary," which appeared in 1849. More were given in the "Oratory Hymns," but in an abridged form, and others remained

which had not yet been made public. In order that it might correspond with the Psalter, the author chose the number one hundred and fifty as the limit of his collection, which was published in 1862. In Catholic churches, wherever the English language is spoken, the use of Father Faber's Hymns is almost universal. Some of them, as "The Pilgrims of the Night," and "The Land beyond the Sea," are widely circulated as sacred songs. Many are to be found in Protestant collections. Among others, "Hymns Ancient and Modern" contains several, and the "Hymnal Noted" no less than twenty-four; the chief favorites being, "O come and mourn with me awhile," "The Precious Blood," "I was wandering and weary," "Sweet Savior! bless us ere we go," and "O Paradise! O Paradise!"

Many of the characteristics of Father Faber's writings appear on the surface; but there are others which only a thoughtful investigation will discover. In order to make theology popular, it is necessary that the expositions of it should be clear and true; and in his works it will be found that under the familiar and ardent language of a preacher there lies an extreme accuracy of theological statement; so that passages which are seemingly written with carelessness of exuberant eloquence will bear the closest examination as simple statements of doctrine. Again, his intimate knowledge of the human heart and its workings is seen in all his books, but more especially in the Foot of the Cross, which treats of suffering, as well as in Growth in Holiness, and the Spiritual Conferences,

which display a remarkable familiarity with the ingenuity of men in deceiving their consciences.

The chapter may fitly conclude with the words of the article in the "Dublin Review" for January 1864, to which reference has been already made:

"We know of no one man who has done more to make the men of his day love God and aspire to a higher path of the interior life; and we know no man who so nearly represents to us the mind and the preaching of St. Bernard and St. Bernardine of Siena, in the tenderness and beauty with which he has surrounded the names of Jesus and Mary."

CHAPTER XIII.

1861-8.

ALTHOUGH Father Faber had been for a long time in a critical state of health, owing to the complication of diseases from which he suffered, it was not until the close of the year 1861 that his work was seriously interrupted. His career as an author was never resumed after that time, and the four sermons which he preached in the Lent of 1863, can hardly be considered an exception to the rule of silence which was imposed upon him. On the Feast of All Saints, 1861, he began the Octave of the Holy Souls at the Oratory with a sermon on "Our Dead,"* and on the 4th of November, preached the panegyric of St. Charles at St.

* Notes, &c., vol. ii. p. 387.

Mary of the Angels, Bayswater. On the 11th of the same month, the day after the consecration of Dr. Cornthwaite, Bishop of Beverley, by Cardinal Wiseman, at the Oratory, Father Faber left London for Arundel Castle, whither he was summoned to visit the Very Rev. Canon Tierney, then lying on his death-bed. Shortly after his arrival, Father Faber was seized by a violent attack of bronchitis. Inflammation of the lungs speedily resulted, and symptoms of disease of the heart which manifested themselves made the case alarming. For a few days the greatest anxiety was felt concerning him, although his medical adviser, Mr. Evershed, of Arundel, in whom he had the greatest confidence, did not consider the danger so imminent as to require the administration of the last sacraments. True to his habits of work, Father Faber insisted on seeing every day the proof-sheets which were sent to him of the new edition of his Hymns, and even made additions to them. On hearing that Lady Minna Howard, who assisted him in the revision of them, had expressed surprise that he could write such beautiful verses as the 19th, 20th, and 21st of "The Starry Skies," when suffering so much, he asked whether she did not know that swans always sang sweetest when they were going to die?

Happily the disease took a favorable turn, and Father Faber, rallying with his usual power, was able to return to London in time to keep the Feast of the Immaculate Conception with his community. In a letter to the writer, dated November the 29th, 1861, the Rev. F. Balston, who had been despatched from

London as infirmarian on the first tidings of Father Faber's illness, thus describes the dispositions of his patient:

"The Father must look forward to a life of suffering. He is not in the least dismayed about this. He says he has felt for two years that his heart was wrong—and that he does not feel the least desire that things should be otherwise. He says that if God does not choose to take him now—and he says that he knows well enough that he is not fit for it—he is most willing that God should punish him for twenty years, if He will only give him the grace of final perseverance. He says God has been wonderfully good to him this illness—he was quite peevishly fretful to get home whilst it was coming on—but from the hour when he was actually prostrate he is not aware that he has had even the slightest temptation to murmur or be impatient—and to his surprise, he *cannot* feel the least desire that any of his sufferings should be less. The one he has felt hardest to bear has been the complete prostration with the inability to lie down, but even this has given him a joyous devotion to the posture of Jesus on the cross. At the same time he begs us to remember that he is in the midst of a ducal palace, with stacks of down-pillows all about him, his own people to nurse him, all the servants literally making a joy of sitting up with him, and taking all kinds of trouble, even the very children of the house having independent services for him in the room where their father died, and the Duchess determined he shall be healed in the best possible way; so, as he observes, there is not much likeness between him and Jesus on the cross.

He himself sent the following to Mr. Watts Russell, December 6, 1861 :

LETTER CXXXV.

It has pleased Almighty God to raise me up from the bed of death in a very wonderful manner, and I take an early

opportunity of dictating a few lines to my infirmarian, to say with what interest I read your letter.

I hope you won't let those darling boys pass through London again without coming to the Oratory. You know it is not to me only, but to many of us that they are dear. You have so many things to pray for that I hardly like to ask you for special prayers: but if you have the time I should greatly value from you three Te Deums, and that you should ask your favorite St. Gertrude to present them to the Divine Majesty: the first to thank God for all the sufferings of my late illness, the second to thank him for all the graces and spiritual sweetnesses experienced during it, and the third to thank Him for His holy will in my recovery.

Father Faber's recovery from this illness was far from complete, and the Fathers judged it advisable, with the concurrence of Mr. E. Tegart, jun., who was then his medical attendant, to request him to abstain from preaching during the whole of the ensuing year. To this he consented, but he remained at Brompton, directing and superintending all the work of the Congregation as usual.

At the beginning of 1862, he wrote to Mr. Marshall, the author of "Christian Missions," a letter testifying his extreme gratification with that work, in which he remarks:

"What strikes and pleases me most in the book, is the way in which it brings out how utterly soaked and saturated you are with Christian instincts and *ηθες*. Of course pious books are another affair; but I know of no writer so thoroughly *Christian* as you are, except Louis Neuillot. It is this which so makes me *delight* in his books. The very love story in *Cà et Là*, or the Breton fun, are so intensely Christian. It oozes out, like blood from a living man: it is not *trotted out* nor

consciously expressed. So with the *Parfum de Rome*, its very nonsense, and wit and fun are all so indelibly Christian. It is this which strikes me so much in your book, and I can't help telling you so. God bless you a thousand times for the grand boon these volumes are to the Church! You will not have fair play, either in sale or in reviews; but you will have a silent and growing success, and a success with souls."

On the 23d of January he wrote, in answer to a question on mystical theology:

LETTER CXXXVI.—TO M. WATTS RUSSELL, ESQ.

I should hardly be a fair judge, for two reasons. First, my spiritual life has so changed during the past years that I can take little, if any, interest in theological refinements, which once were the delight of my meditations. It seems as if God arrested me at the threshold, and so filled the *general* truth with surpassing sweetness, and at the same time with vague misty intelligence, that I cannot proceed to details, and I feel almost a dislike to having truths brought nearer or made clearer. For instance, with the *Passion* I say to myself, "*Passus sub Pontio Pilato*," and I can go no nearer and see no clearer, without appearing to lose the presence of God, and to dull the sensation of His touch. However, enough of that. Second, I am in my devotional instincts rather out of harmony with some of those you quote. Intensely as I admire M. Olier, I find his spirit most uncongenial to mine. There is something in that interior mincemeat of spirituality which I cannot digest. It seems never to forget itself, its postures, or the graceful arrangements of its toga, even in the presence of God. There is no St. Francis-like childishness. No impulse, none of that intensely reverential familiarity, which belongs to Italian and Spanish saints. Delightful as his life is, the sanctity never forgets to be French by becoming utterly Catholic. How seldom can you find that un-Italian element utterly absent in a French life of an uncanonized person. I

know of no instance except him who is the object of my most enthusiastic and filial love, that wonderful copy of my own St. Philip, the Curé d'Ars.

With regard to Grignon de Montfort, my devotion to him began in 1846 and 47. I got his life from old Lord Shrewsbury, and I have it still. I have made two attempts with his "Vraie Dévotion." One some years since, and the other a short time ago. Indeed, I made an attempt to model my whole life on his devotion to Mama. But I could not do so without great violence, and much interior suffering. It is a great delight to me that the Nihil obstat of the Congregation of Rites testifies that all is right. But with my present low attainments I am unable to embrace it. I am delighted with the book, with its sweet sensible unction, and its glorious fire, and I owe much to it in the way of increased devotion to Mama. But parts jar me beyond what I can tell you; and after twice studying the report of the proceedings in the "Analecta Juris Pontificii," I cannot but feel that, while the answer of the *Avvocato dei Santi* proves that the objections establish nothing in him against faith or morals, it does no more. It fails to bring the teaching home to me as acceptable doctrine.

Before many months had elapsed, Father Faber saw reasons for changing this opinion; and, feeling himself unequal to the task of original composition, dictated to Father Herbert Harrison the translation of the treatise on true devotion to the Blessed Virgin, by the Venerable Grignon de Montfort, which was published by Messrs. Burns and Lambert. Shortly afterward another version of the same treatise was published in Dublin, with the imprimatur of Archbishop, now Cardinal Cullen.

The summer months of 1862 were passed by Father Faber at St. Mary's, Sydenham; but his health often

failed him, as appears in the following extracts from letters addressed to the writer, who was then in Switzerland.

LETTER CXXXVII.—To FATHER JOHN E. BOWDEN.

July 29, 1862.

Yesterday I had one of the King William Street bilious attacks. It was a sad day. Last night I really slept fairly, not quite a perfect night, still not to grumble at, and I said mass this morning. I shall go on staying from day to day, seeing how it answers. I suspect Sydenham is doing me good in substantials; but it is an awfully hot house, and I am glad you are out of it just now.

August 12.

As to myself, last week was among the worst of my illness, but I hope there is some amendment this week. The pain is now almost incessant, and the tedium of life almost more than I can bear. I am also greatly afflicted with those troubles which generally choose this time of the year for their exhibition. However, silence is the best thing about them. At worst, you can but drop under a burden which you can no longer bear. I do not, by advice, go in for the festa; and all members of the community are to be prohibited coming here, except one a week, to hear my confession, that I may keep my plenary indulgences. Thus I hope to struggle through some more miserable weeks of solitude, without the ability either to read or to take exercise.

August 25.

I am laid up again. I seem to get on for three days, and then back. The thought is growing upon me that I have *an undiscovered disease, nephritic perhaps, and that in another twelve months I shall be gone*. It sometimes depresses me—but it need not—only make me more pious. Pray for me.

Worn with pain as he was, he could still rejoice in

sympathy with others; saying that it was almost like health to him to have refreshing accounts of everybody else's enjoyment and happiness, and writing to those who chanced to be absent, amusing accounts of the sayings and doings of the rest of the Community. On his return to the Oratory, the triennial elections were held, and in spite of his many infirmities, Father Faber was re-elected to the offices of Provost and Novicemaster. The winter passed without a recurrence of his more serious attacks, although he suffered constant pain.

LETTER CXXXVIII.—TO THE REV. F. A. FABER.

October 10, 1862.

I suppose pain is always a precious gift of God, and the greatest of all assimilations to our dear and blessed Lord. Yet I find in my own case the melancholy truth of Thomas à Kempis, "*Pauci ex infirmitate meliorantur.*" Pain does not altogether dispense either from penance or from prayer; and yet it is hard either to do penance or to pray in illness. Ejaculations about the Passion, and mental acts of conformity to God's will, do me most good, only one *wants* them to be continuous, and one would *like* them to be *hot*; however, this last quality is not necessary to their acceptableness. One feels it is most compassionate of God to let us have our purgatory on this side the grave. Still, in sufferings here one may fall from God by sin, by impatience, and the like; whereas in purgatory, as the tree falls so must it lie; if it has by His huge mercy fallen heavenward, there can be no sin nor shadow of sin in our calm, conformed endurance of any severity of purgation which His minute justice and exacting holiness may inflict upon us. Increased sweetness to others, increased thoughtfulness and legislation for the tiny comforts of others, and a snubbing of the body's inventive appe-

tite for lots of little things and little extras not absolutely wanted; these are what I set before myself in illness, and then, seeing how little way I have the pluck to go, at least makes me a *trifle* more humble and self-hating, and so there is some good done.

On the 3d of December, he wrote: "It is fifteen years to-day that the Cardinal and I said mass in his chapel at Golden Square, to see whether we were to join the Oratory. What a long fifteen years it seems, and you see both Antony and I have lived our lives too quick, and are now getting *shelved*."

Father Faber had long been in the habit of selecting a patron Saint for each year, and performing daily in their honor some little act of devotion. For the year 1863 he decided upon taking St. John Baptist, because that Saint was the patron of the holy Curé of Ars, whom he had not the authority of the Church for invoking as his protector.

As the Lent of 1863 approached, Father Faber, anxious to resume his share of sermons, determined to begin preaching again on the Sunday mornings of that season. This was agreed to by his medical adviser, on condition that his intention should not be advertised, and that another Father should be prepared with a sermon, in case Father Faber should find himself unable to preach when the time came. On four out of the first five Sundays, Father Faber was in the pulpit, but on the third Sunday of Lent he was prevented by illness from appearing there. The sermon on the last occasion but one on which he preached, concluded with the following remarkable passage: "The devil's worst

and most fatal preparation for the coming of Antichrist is the weakening of men's belief in eternal punishment. *Were they the last words I might ever say to you*, nothing should I wish to say to you with more emphasis than this, that next to the thought of the precious blood, there is no thought in all your faith more precious or more needful for you than the thought of eternal punishment." His last sermon, preached on Passion Sunday, was on "Our Blessed Lord bowing His head upon the Cross."*

Shortly after Easter, which in that year fell on the 5th of April, it became evident that the infirmities from which Father Faber suffered were assuming a more serious character. Additional advice was called in, and it was discovered that the malady called Bright's disease had fastened upon him, and had already made considerable advances. At first it was hoped that its progress might be checked, but the expectation speedily proved delusive. Father Faber himself anticipated the worst; he said in a letter to the writer, dated April 23, 1863, before the medical consultation was held, "It has come to me to feel not sure of my recovery now: I am more ill than is thought: but all is in God's hands. I do not see how I *can* recover now: if the feeling lasts, the Community must not ask me to be away." During the month of April, he paid two or three short visits to Southend, without however deriving much benefit from the change. On the 26th, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, and the anniversary of the foundation at King William

* Notes &c., vol. i. pp. 25 and 295.

Street, he said mass for the last time, and afterward gave his blessing to one of his spiritual children, who left England on the following day to carry out the vocation to the Carmelite Order which he had fostered and encouraged in her since she had been a little child, and to which he often referred as one of his most un-mixed consolations as a spiritual director.

The Fathers were slow to believe that so precious a life was in real danger: it seemed almost impossible that they should lose him who had been their centre and leader from the first. Of the twenty-seven members of the Community subject to him, there were only four who had not been brought to St. Philip by his guidance, and none who did not feel the more, as years went on, that their religious perseverance and progress were dependent upon him more than upon any other human influence.

As the news of his condition became widely rumored, inquiries and expressions of sympathy poured in from every side. Prayers, communions, and masses were offered up, in the hope that one so highly valued and so tenderly loved might yet be spared to his children and his people. From the Continent, as well as from England, many assurances were received of the intercession which was continually being made for this object. Two Novenas were arranged for the same intention, one in preparation for the Feast of St. Philip, May the 26th, and another privately made at the end of June, under the patronage of the holy Curé of Ars.

Father Faber meanwhile was getting rapidly worse, and on the 16th of June, after the visit of the doctors,

it was thought necessary to administer to him the last sacraments at once. About half-past eight in the evening, the Holy Viaticum was brought to him by Father Dalgairns, who was the senior Father and confessor of the house, accompanied by all the members of the Community. Father Faber received it with great devotion, sitting in an arm-chair, dressed in his habit. He said the Confiteor very clearly, and made all the responses himself. When the Blessed Sacrament had been taken back to the chapel, the same procession returned to Father Faber's room with the Holy Oil. Before receiving Extreme Unction, he replied to the questions appointed by the English Ritual. To some of the answers he made slight additions: when asked whether he firmly believed all the articles of Faith which the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church believes and teaches, he said, "Most firmly, most firmly." To the question, "Do you, for God's sake, forgive from your heart every one who has offended you, or been your enemy?" he answered, "Yes, I do; I never had any." The next was, "Do you now, from your heart, ask pardon of every one whom you have offended by word or deed?" to which he replied, "I do; especially of every member of the Community: I have been proud, uncharitable, unobservant, and I ask pardon of all." After all the questions he said again, "I have been unkind and uncharitable; I wish I had been more kind:" and as, after the administration of Extreme Unction, the Fathers left the room, he repeated, "Thank you all," two or three times: then, turning to the one who happened to remain in

attendance on him, he said: "Ah John! it's a grand thing to die a Christian," and, after a pause, "I have nothing to forgive anybody for, nothing against a single member of the Community: I would give my life for any one of them."

The dangerous symptoms of Father Faber's illness increased so fast in the latter part of the month of June that his medical attendants thought the end was near at hand. On the evening of the 28th, his forty-ninth birthday, he saw the members of the Community one by one, recommending himself to their prayers, and giving to each some parting gift. To one he said, speaking with frequent pauses: "God has been so good, and arranged it all so well—I like to have it settled to-day. This is my birthday, and the doctor says I am going fast—and probably without pain; no, not without pain, for that is impossible, but with as little pain as possible. . . . I wish to die stripped of everything—one thing we must all go on doing—pray that I may save my soul. He that perseveres to the end. . . ."

At this time Father Faber was not the only invalid in a dying state at the Oratory. Father Antony Hutchison, whose health had been destroyed by the labors he had imposed upon himself during the first years of the establishment of the Congregation in London, especially in the foundation of the schools in Holborn, and who had been for some years a constant sufferer, was now rapidly approaching his end. On the 23d of June he received the last sacraments, but still continued the work on which he had been engaged,

of passing his book on Loreto and Nazareth through the press. On the 11th of July he revised the proofs, with the assistance of Father Law, said his office as usual, and was taken into the garden in a bath-chair, but toward evening it became evident that his strength was failing. Mr. A. Smee, his brother-in-law, under whose medical care he had been for the last few weeks, was immediately sent for, but was unable to suggest any remedies, and Father Hutchison tranquilly expired shortly after midnight, on Sunday, the 12th of July. He was buried at St. Mary's, Sydenham, on the 16th of July, the Feast of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

For eighteen years he had been the constant companion and friend of Father Faber, for whom he had the greatest admiration and love. Himself singularly gifted both in mind and person, he loved to work in secret, and few even of the frequenters of the Oratory were aware of the influence which he possessed in the Congregation. Father Faber cordially reciprocated his affection, and valued his talents so highly that some years before, when speaking of the change which his own death would make in the government of the house, he said, "The Community will first take (for Superior) the next senior Father, and then Antony." At this time many were found to say of the two friends, "Lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided."

On the 14th of July, Father Faber received a visit of farewell from His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, who also sent him the following letter:

London, July 14, 1863.

My dear Father Faber:

There were many things which I desired to say to you this afternoon, but which I did not say; so I must write some of them.

I cannot but think how consoled and fortified you must now feel, by your having, from the moment of your joining the Church, so entirely devoted your time and abilities to the particular and almost exclusive work of promoting and extending in it the spirit of holiness and of true piety. And your exertions have been eminently blest not only in England, but in every country, as the Holy Father himself declared to me.

Thousands must now be praying to God, to return to you the blessings you have been the cause of to them.

If I may use the expression, you have put under contribution every treasure of God's grace, in your own favor. Mary's joys and sorrows, Bethlehem and Calvary, our Lord's sacred passion, the most Adorable Eucharist, and His whole Self. Surely, the hour has come for the reward of all this, or rather, for the fullest return from the love of Jesus and Mary to their faithful and devoted servant.

I cannot doubt that it is so: though it is natural for him to look at the other side of the account, and think of his debts rather than of the accumulated claims which he has been erecting to divine clemency, indulgence, and liberality. There can be no danger in dwelling on the mercies rather than on the justice of God; and therefore none in making the best of our claims upon the former, so as to disarm the latter. If one has for years been endeavoring to cleave to the cross, and to cling to the hem of Mary's garment, it is the office of hope to plead these affectionate occupations of a life in favor of mercy, grace, and confidence, at the approach of death. I only wish that I could look forward to similar motives and rights, when, in the same crisis, the sense of such heavy responsibilities, so little answered, will weigh on me.

I will not dwell on the great work which you have founded, and which will remain, not long, but forever, to perpetuate the good you have done while living. It is not the mere edifice, however great, of the Oratory, which will do this, but the spirit of St. Philip which you have brought into London, and which will ever continue alive and active in his children. To have founded such a work as this ought much to comfort you, and fill you with peace, and even joy. Indeed, this spiritual cheerfulness and humble confidence is so completely the spirit of St. Philip, that your hour of suffering and anxiety is not so much its truest test, as it is its very natural and native element; as the beautiful phosphorescence of the sea can only be seen in agitated waters.

Your good Father will be near you in this your trial; never, indeed, possibly more so, and with him those many Saints and servants of God, whom you have made known, revered and invoked, by so many in this country.

And if my sincere affection, expressed to God and His Blessed Mother, in fervent prayer, and my poor blessing, can add a further drop to the abundance of better and holier consolations, you have them fully and cordially, daily repeated. *Ora pro me.*

Your affectionate servant and Father in Christ,
N. CARD. WISEMAN.

Father Faber was attended during his illness by Dr. Bence Jones and Dr. J. W. Ogle, who, if they were unable to check his malady effectually, were constant in their endeavors to mitigate the sufferings it entailed. He was also visited several times a day by Mr. E. C. Pollard, whose unwearied kindness he gratefully acknowledged. The infirmarian of the Community was Father Philip Gordon, and upon him the charge and responsibility of nursing him mainly devolved. When he left London at the end of August, his place was

taken by Father Benedict Cumberlege. The infirmarian was assisted by the devoted services of Brother Philip Ryan, a lay-brother of the Congregation. It is needless to say that all the members of the Community did what they could to assist them in their work, each taking with alacrity and joy his turn of attendance upon their beloved Father. It is impossible to look back upon those months of anxiety without seeing the grace with which they abounded for all, and feeling the strength of the tie of love by which St. Philip's children are united.

At all times during his illness, whenever Father Faber felt that he had given way to some impatience, or had any other burden upon his conscience, he would send for one of the Fathers to give him absolution, and as often as was practicable he received the Holy Communion. He would frequently have prayers read to him, chiefly from the Prayers of St. Gertrude, a work which he had been in the constant habit of using, and recommending to others. He had the happiness of receiving, through the kindness of Mgr. Talbot, the special benediction of the Holy Father, which filled him with much joy.

He was occasionally strong enough to be carried down to a carriage, and to take short drives. Once or twice he visited St. Mary's, where he would sit on the lawn, overlooking the view into Kent, and giving directions about the superintendence of the grounds when he should himself be gone. His last visit there was on the 24th of June, after which time he felt unequal to so distant an excursion.

He lingered on, however, from day to day, and week to week, in a state of excessive pain. At times he would be unable to remember the proper words to express his thoughts, and he afterward told one of the Fathers that this inability to speak accurately, when his mind was still clear, was the greatest suffering of all. He still took great interest in Community affairs, conversing freely with the Fathers who were at home, arranging matters of business, and dictating many letters. He also received the visits of a number of friends, who came to see him for the last time. Many had been strangers to him for years, and he rejoiced especially to have the opportunity of renewing old ties of friendship before he died. One of his last visitors, a priest, availed himself of the occasion to ask advice about a plan he had formed of settling at Oxford, when Father Faber, who had been unusually depressed before, at once brightened up, and with his old voice and manner, said: "If you do, you 'll lose your soul." His visitor urged the good that might be done to others, but he answered repeatedly, "Yes! you may do good to others, but you will lose your own soul." Toward the end of July, he was much gratified by a visit from Father Newman, who came from Birmingham to bid him farewell. On the 30th of July, Father Gordon wrote to Sister Mary Philippa, at the Convent of St. Dominic, Stone, where a report of Father Faber's recovery had gained credence:

The Oratory, S. W.,
July 30.

I am sorry to say that the report you have heard is quite untrue. The doctors have never given the slightest hope of cure. When the dropsy first set in it was thought probable it might carry him off quickly. Then came erysipelas, and there was the chance of that spreading rapidly, and so causing death, but the remedies have kept it below the knee. At the same time all these are symptoms of the steady progress of the fatal disease; but the worsening or improving of these various symptoms gives rise to contradictory reports. Now that the dropsy is kept down, one sees how wasted the Father is; he has not lain down for a month, and his legs below the knee are all covered with open wounds.

To-day there is a great decrease of strength, and I should not be surprised if he was to leave us on the Assumption.

I am writing this in the Father's room, and he begs you will tell "dear Mother Margaret" that there is no one in England with whom he has more heartily sympathized than with her, and no one from whom he and his congregation have received more unvarying kindness than from her. It has pleased God mercifully now to take from him the fear of death, but he feels as if his spiritual state might have been more safe and certain if the fear had remained. The devil has not been allowed to trouble him in his faith, though there have been plenty of temptations to temper and impatience; and for the last five weeks there has been daily communion. He says he knows he need not beg that she will continue her prayers for his poor soul, and above all that God will send some Curé d'Ars into dear England. Finally, if she has any opportunity of doing so, without bringing him forward obtrusively, he would like her to say for him to Dr. Ullathorne many affectionate and respectful things.

Matters continued in the same state during the month of August, but early in September, as the pa-

tient's weakness increased, attacks of delirium became frequent, and the sedatives employed to promote sleep caused so much irritation that he experienced but little relief from them. He received the Holy Communion daily up to the 24th of September inclusive. A considerable change was perceptible on the 25th. He became quite still, and his attendants were able to put him into bed, which had not been done since the month of June. Here he lay supported by pillows, not speaking, but gazing steadily at a large white crucifix before him, and moving his eyes sometimes from one of the Five Wounds to another. As evening came on it was clear that his end was approaching, and his confessor, Father Dalgairns, determined to watch with him through the night, as well as Father Cumberlege. When he was told that his death was near, he only repeated fervently his favorite exclamation, "God be praised!" Shortly after midnight the Community was summoned to assist at his last moments, and the commendation of his soul was made, but the crisis passed over, and the Fathers again retired.

When the writer entered his room at six o'clock on the morning of the 26th, it was plain that he was not likely to live more than an hour. The time passed in silence; the dying Father was lying on his bed breathing heavily, with his eyes closed, or when open, still fixed upon the crucifix. About half-past six, Father Rowe said he would go and say mass for him, and an intelligent look showed that his intention was appreciated. Just after seven a sudden change came over the Father; his head turned a little to the right, his

breathing seemed to stop ; a few spasmodic gasps followed, and his spirit passed away. In those last moments his eyes opened, clear, bright, intelligent as ever, in spite of the look of agony on his face, but opened to the sight of nothing earthly, with a touching expression, half of sweetness, and half of surprise. His own words came forcibly upon one who knelt before him, for it seemed the realization of the picture which he himself had drawn :

“ Only serve Jesus out of love, and while your eyes are yet unclosed, before the whiteness of death is yet settled upon your face, or those around you are sure that that last gentle breathing was indeed your last, what an unspeakable surprise will you have had at the judgment-seat of your dearest Love, while the songs of heaven are breaking on your ears, and the glory of God is dawning on your eyes, to fade away no more forever ! ” *

For this was the end of a life which from first to last had been *religious*. In early childhood the things of God had been his joy ; as he grew up he had sought painfully and anxiously the truth as it is in Christ, and then had given up all to find it. Every letter tells that it was his engrossing thought, every line of poetry bears the mark of heavenly aspiration ; the golden words wherein his work will be still continued, and the sweet music of his hymns of praise, speak in language which cannot be mistaken the singleness of purpose with which he sought the interests of Jesus, and the chivalrous ardor with which he promoted the Church's cause. To this he devoted talents, energy,

* All for Jesus, chap. ii.

and health, only caring to labor where the will of God had placed him, and thus, when he came to die, his history might have been written in the simple words — he served Jesus out of love.

The preparations for the funeral were quickly made. The body was dressed in the sacerdotal vestments which Father Faber had carefully prepared for his burial, and shortly afterward several photographs were taken of it by Mr. T. R. Williams, of Regent Street. It was then taken down to the Little Oratory, which was opened to the public, in order that the faithful might satisfy their devotion by praying around their Father's body, as it lay on a plain mattress on the floor of the chapel, in a repose which seemed that of sleep rather than of death. Several Fathers were continually occupied in touching the hands with the rosaries, medals, &c., of the people who crowded round. The same was the case on the next day, although it had been found necessary to close the coffin in the morning.

On the evening of Tuesday the 29th, the body was taken through the house to the Church, where Vespers of the Dead were sung. On the following morning at half-past nine, the Solemn Dirge began. While the body of the church was filled by the mourning people, the upper part, as well as the sanctuary, was thronged with priests, who had come to pay to Father Faber their last tribute of respect. One hundred and twenty were thus assembled, the majority of whom belonged to the diocese of Westminster. The religious communities were represented by some of their members, and the Oratory at Birmingham by Father Newman and

Father St. John. It was noticed that, as in life he had left his own people to obey the call of God, so in the whole crowd of mourners around his coffin, there was not one who was connected with him by ties of blood. The mass of Requiem was sung by Father Stanton, and after the absolutions at its close, Father Faber was borne away, amidst the tears and lamentations of the multitude, from the Church he had served so faithfully, and the people he had loved so well. The funeral carriages were accompanied on foot by many to St. Mary's, Sydenham, where the remainder of the office was performed. It was a fine autumnal day, and the sun shone brightly as Father Faber's body passed slowly down the walks which he had so often trodden, and was laid in the quiet little burial-ground, which he had himself marked out and planted round. His grave had been prepared at the foot of the cross of its consecration, and there, with the conviction that they would never look upon his like again, his sorrowing children left him.

Not alone at the Oratory, and among his own people, was lamentation made over Father Faber's death. Far and wide, as the tidings spread, did the Catholics of England and France mourn the loss of one whose name had become a household word. Many were the prayers offered for the soul of the departed, and many were the words spoken to commemorate his worth. On the Sunday after his death, the Right Rev. Mgr. Manning, in recommending Father Faber to the prayers of the congregation of St. Mary of the Angels,

Bayswater, used these words, which were noted down at the time:

"I cannot read this last name to you, dear brethren, without saying a few words. Yesterday a great servant of God was taken from us; we all knew him, some have listened to his words, some have been his penitents, all have known him by his writings, but I think I may venture to say that no one knew him so long or so intimately as myself. I knew him as a boy; we were at the University together, and even then I was astonished at the wonderful gifts which we have all seen developed since. I will not speak of his natural gifts, although for the gift of intellect, for beauty of mind, and eloquence of speech, he stands almost unequalled. These gifts are small compared to the supernatural graces bestowed on him. He was a great priest; he was the means of bringing multitudes into the One Fold, and he died as a priest should die, amid the prayers and tears of his flock. Though he lived in the world, I never saw any one so detached from the world; if ever there was a higher or a lower path to choose, he always chose the higher; if ever there was a truth to be spoken, he spoke it unhesitatingly, without any desire to accommodate it to the tastes and fashions of men. I know of no greater glory that can come upon the head of a priest than this. The name of his first book is like a note in music; in all his writings, in all his teachings, there is the same strain throughout — All for Jesus. I should not have detained you so long, but I could not pass over in silence the name of Father Faber. I repeat it again, a great servant of God has been taken from us. I am sure you will all join me in the prayer, 'May my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like to his.'"

No biographer can end his labors without feeling that they are incomplete. If he has been on terms of

intimacy with his subject, he recalls many characteristic words and actions which he cannot permit himself to record. The very ties which bound him most closely to his friend, in which the dear memory is especially present, must be passed over in silence. Many a time, when thinking of an incident which to him is full of eloquence, he must restrain his pen; and at last he gives his work to the public almost with dissatisfaction. Facts may be stated clearly, and the course of events accurately traced, but the most faithful biography can only be an imperfect portrait, and those to whom the original has been familiar will ever miss the rich color, the soft shading, and the thousand other nameless graces by which their love was won.

It would be unreasonable to hope that in the present instance it could be otherwise. There is scanty comfort in funeral honors; a monument, *ære perennius* though it be, is a monument still; a remembrance, but not so much as a shadow, of the living. Words cannot reproduce the gracious presence, the musical voice, the captivating smile — cannot give back to earthly life the charm of person or the fascination of manner, any more than the fire of genius or the nobility of soul — and cannot therefore satisfy those whose labors were cheered and sorrows comforted, whose interior lives were formed and directed to God, whose brightest, happiest hours were blessed by the wisdom, holiness, and love of Frederick William Faber.

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